

Song
Praises

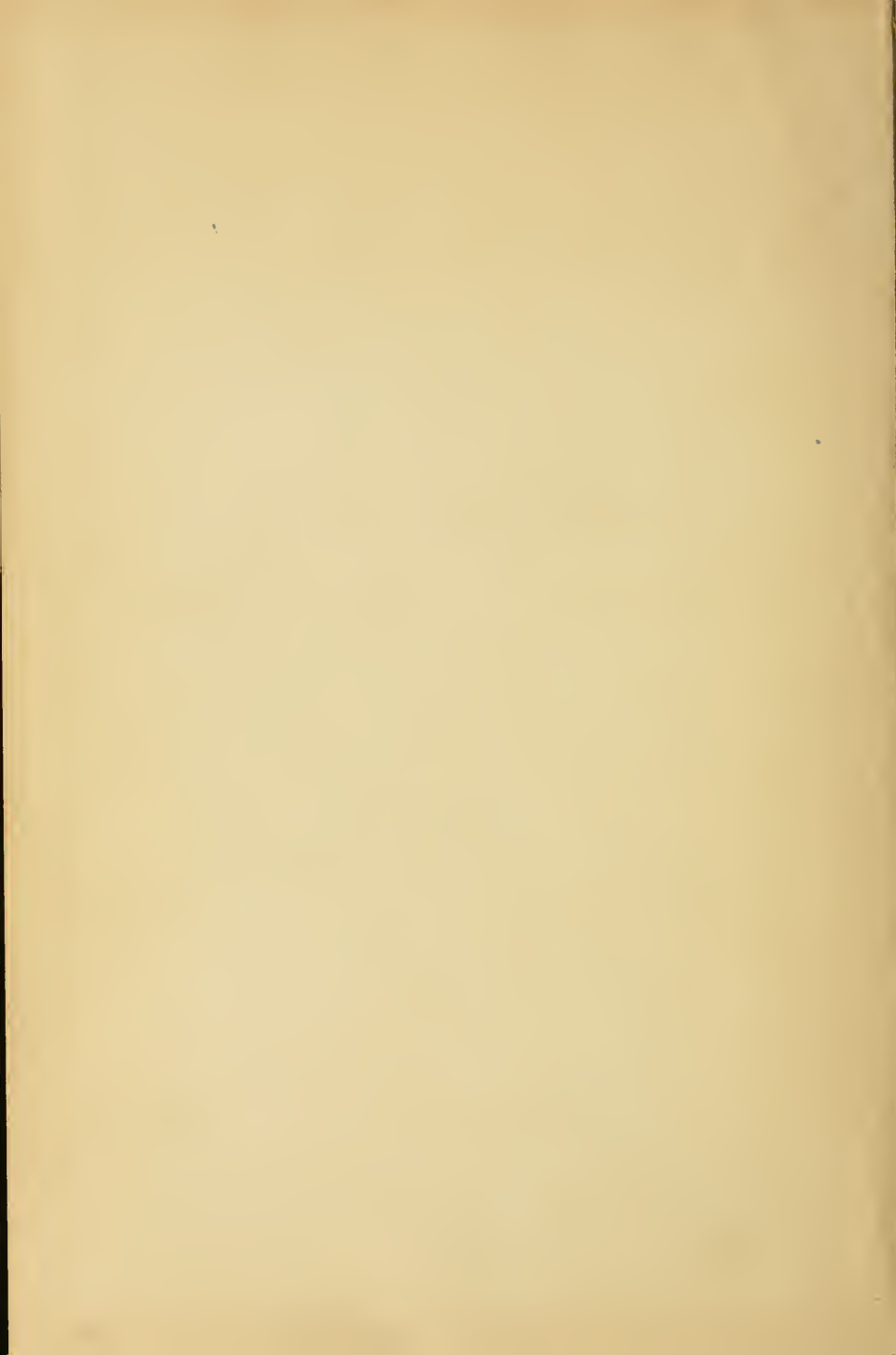
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SONG PRAISES

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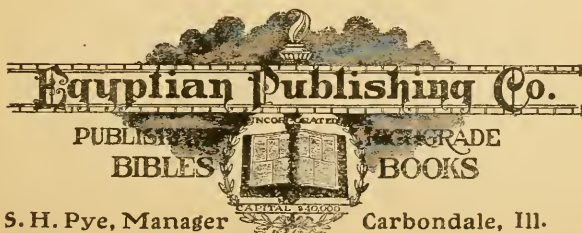
FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, EPWORTH LEAGUE
MEETINGS, CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR
AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES,
EVANGELISTIC SERVICES,
PRAYER MEETINGS,
AND FOR FAMILY AND PRIVATE DEVOTIONS

BY

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

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Carbondale, Ill.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Praise in Song, as distinguished from Praise in Sermon or Prayer, is a service that all may join in with hearty acclaim. A good new song is always welcome, and as long as Christian people sing, so long will there be a demand for the old theme of salvation, repeated by later tongues in different words, and in a more modern way, perhaps, but still the same "sweet story of old" that shall ever be "new." Our Author has given us in SONG PRAISES the best of his productions,—the product of his riper years and of close observation of the needs of our young people.

The publishers have aimed to assist him by using the best material in the arts of printing and binding, and they send the book forth in the hope that millions of tuneful voices will gladly join in praising their Maker and Redeemer in the use of these Songs.

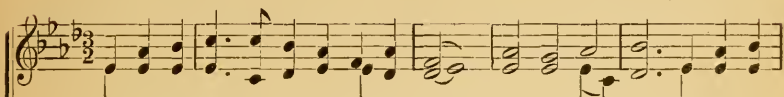
THE PUBLISHERS.

Song Praises

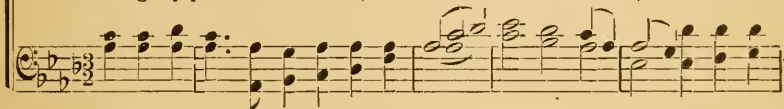
Lead Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

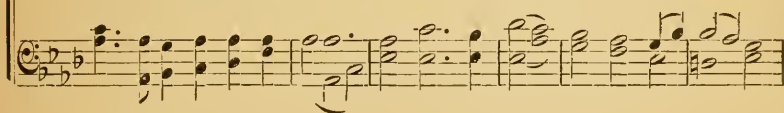
JOHN B. DYKES.



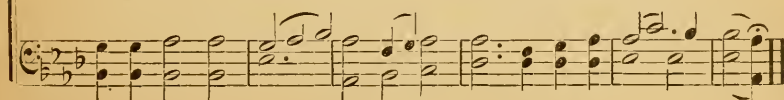
1. Lead, kindly light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and



dark and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on; I lov'd the gar-ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



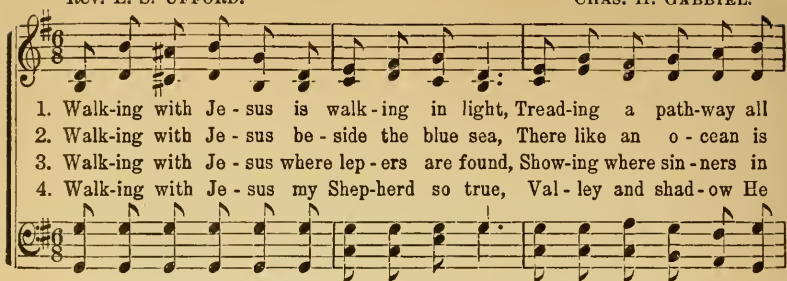
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
an-gel fac-es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while.



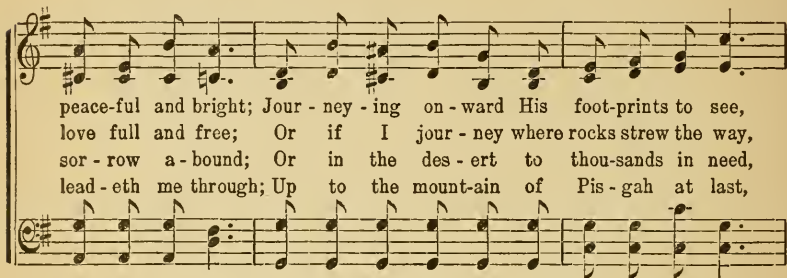
Walking With Jesus.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

CHAS. H. GABBIEL.

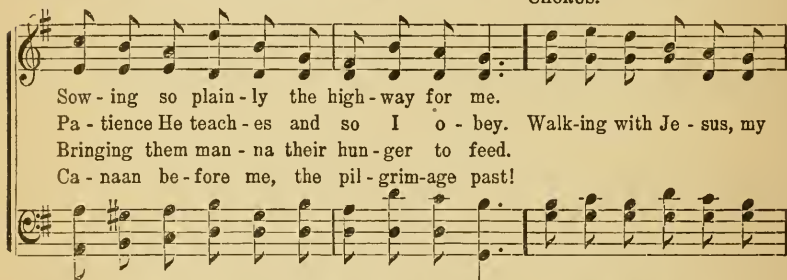


1. Walk-ing with Je - sus is walk-ing in light, Tread-ing a path-way all
 2. Walk-ing with Je - sus be - side the blue sea, There like an o - cean is
 3. Walk-ing with Je - sus where lep - ers are found, Show-ing where sin - ners in
 4. Walk-ing with Je - sus my Shep-herd so true, Val - ley and shad-ow He

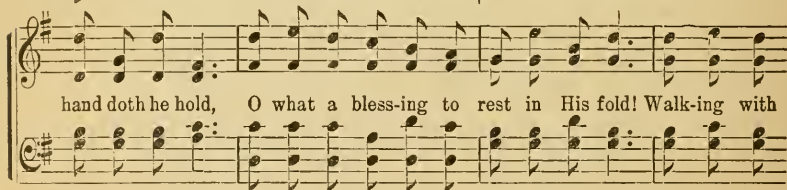


peace-ful and bright; Jour - ney - ing on - ward His foot-prints to see,
 love full and free; Or if I jour - ney where rocks strew the way,
 sor - row a - bound; Or in the des - ert to thou-sands in need,
 lead - eth me through; Up to the mount-ain of Pis - gah at last,

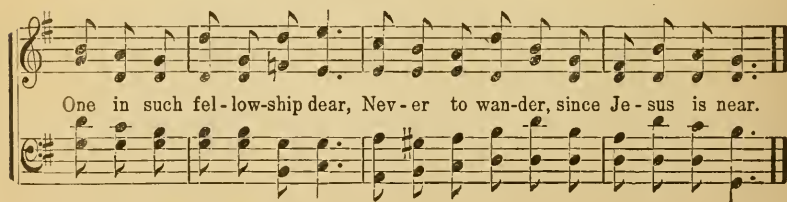
CHORUS.



Sow - ing so plain - ly the high-way for me.
 Pa - tience He teach - es and so I o - bey. Walk-ing with Je - sus, my
 Bringing them man - na their hun - ger to feed.
 Ca - naan be - fore me, the pil - grim-age past!



hand doth he hold, O what a bless-ing to rest in His fold! Walk-ing with



One in such fel-low-ship dear, Nev - er to wan-der, since Je - sus is near.

My Savior First of All.

5

FANNY J. CROSBY.

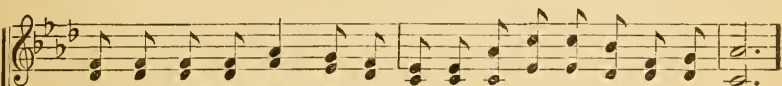
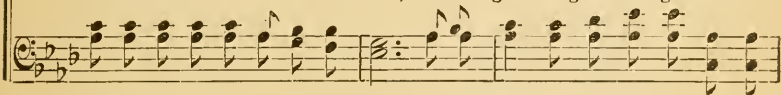
JNO. R. SWENEY.



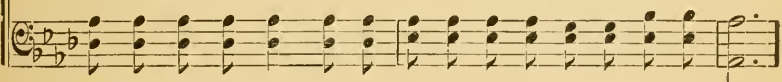
1. When my life work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, in a robe of spot-less white He will



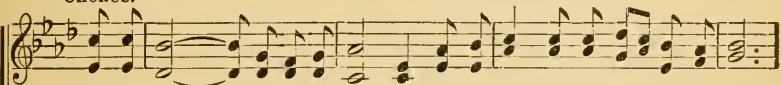
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



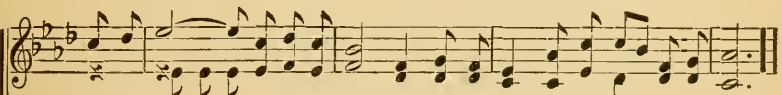
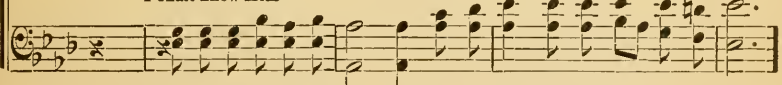
reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer-cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.



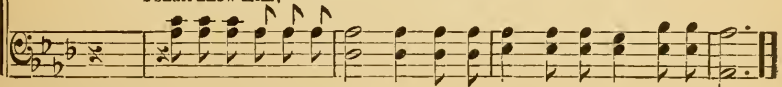
CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him



I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,



What a Change.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O what a change! From the darkness of night In - to the blaze of the
 2. O what a change! From my hun - ger for bread In - to the place where God's
 3. O what a change! From my bur - den of care In - to the love He in -
 4. O what a change! In the flash of an eye, When we shall meet with our

clear shin - ing light; Out of my weak - ness to pow - er and might,
 chil - dren are fed; In - to the bless - ing of life from the dead,
 vites me to share, In - to His joy from the sor - row I bear,
 Lord by and by; In - to a realm where we nev - er shall die,

CHORUS.

O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my

heart there has been, O what a change! O what a change! O what a

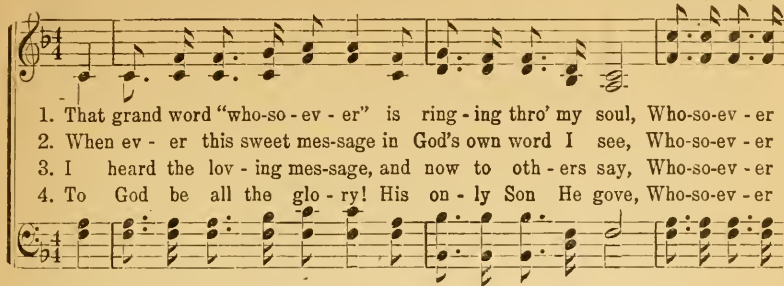
change, since the Sav - ior came in! O what a change! O what a change!

The Grand Word, "Whosoever."

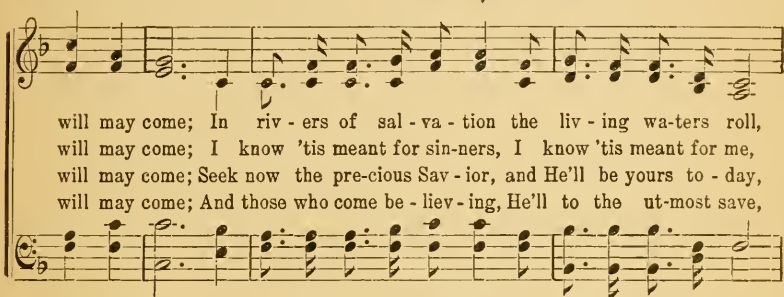
7

E. E. H.

E. E. HEWITT.

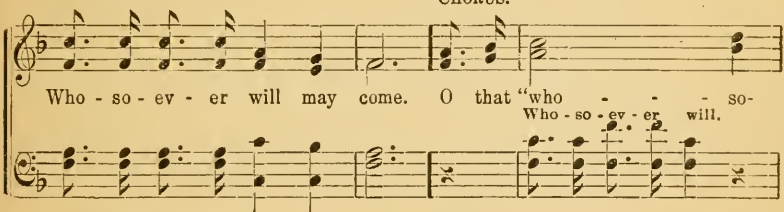


1. That grand word "who-so-ev-er" is ring-ing thro' my soul, Who-so-ev-er
 2. When ev-er this sweet mes-sage in God's own word I see, Who-so-ev-er
 3. I heard the lov-ing mes-sage, and now to oth-ers say, Who-so-ev-er
 4. To God be all the glo-ry! His on-ly Son He gave, Who-so-ev-er

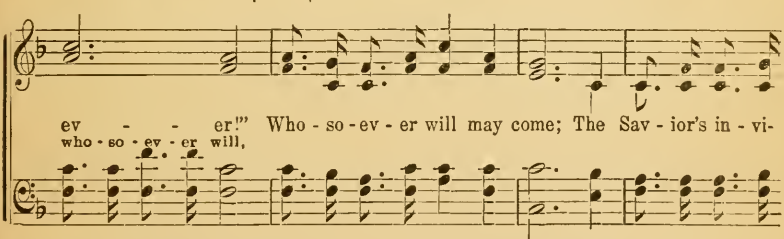


will may come; In riv-ers of sal-va-tion the liv-ing wa-ters roll,
 will may come; I know 'tis meant for sin-ners, I know 'tis meant for me,
 will may come; Seek now the pre-cious Sav-ior, and He'll be yours to-day,
 will may come; And those who come be-liev-ing, He'll to the ut-most save,

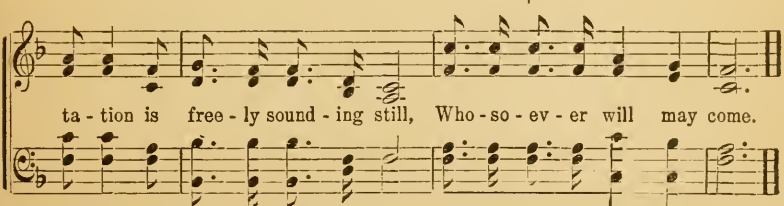
CHORUS.



Who-so-ev-er will may come. O that "who
 Who-so-ev-er will, so-



ev-er!" Who-so-ev-er will may come; The Sav-ior's in-vi-




ta-tion is free-ly sound-ing still, Who-so-ev-er will may come.

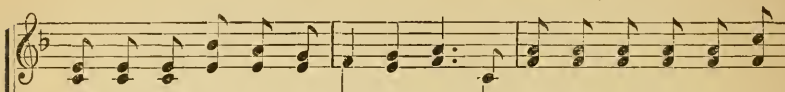
If We Were More Like Jesus.

W. M. LIGHTHALL.

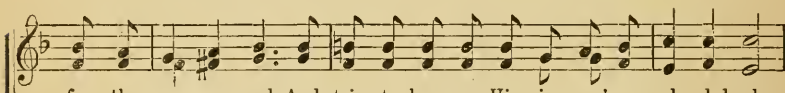
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. If we were more like Je - sus in the life we live, If we would
 2. If we were more like Je - sus when the world is bright, If we would
 3. If we were more like Je - sus when the world goes wrong, If we would
 4. If we were more like Je - sus in this world be - low, If we would

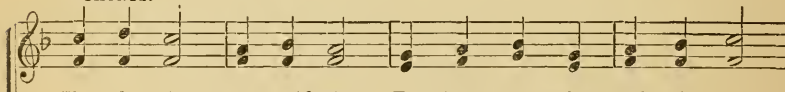


all our tal - ents to the Master give, If we would on - ly trust Him
 let Him lead us in the truth and right, If noth - ing could en - tice us,
 conquer troub - le with a hap - py song, If we would good for e - vil
 al - ways take Him where-so - e'er we go, If we are watch - ing, wait - ing

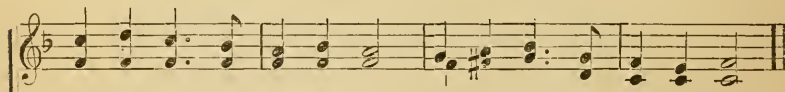


for the grace we need, And strive to hon - or Him in ev - ry word and deed:—
 that the world doth hold, One mo - ment to for - sake Him and His love un - told:—
 do to those who frown, And bear a cross as glad - ly as we'd wear a crown;
 when the Lord doth come, The mansions He's preparing will be home sweet home.

CHORUS.



Then, O then we would win Err - ing ones from paths of sin;



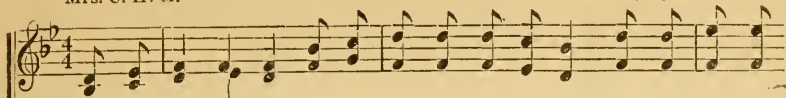
Then, O then the world would see More of Christ in you, in me.

Make Him Yours.

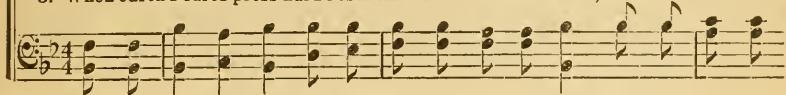
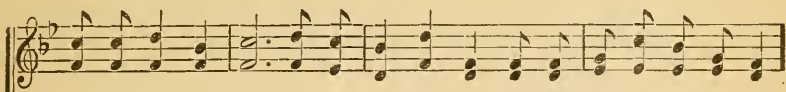
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Mrs. C. H. M.


Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.




1. I am stand - ing now on the prom - is - es of God, On the Rock that
 2. All my sins are lost in the fount - ain of His blood; Of my cleans - ing
 3. When earth's cares press hard Jesus knows and un - der - stands, And the oil of

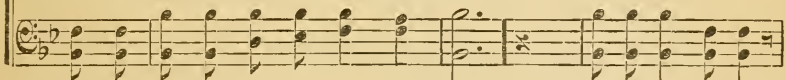
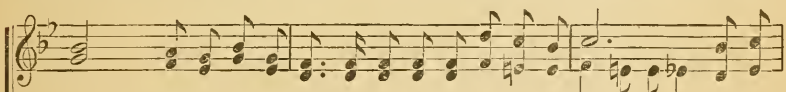
ev - er - more en - dures; And this song I sing as I jour - ney on my way,
 He my soul as - sures; I want all the world of His sav - ing grace to know;
 gladness on us pours; You may have Him now as your Sav - ior and your Lord,



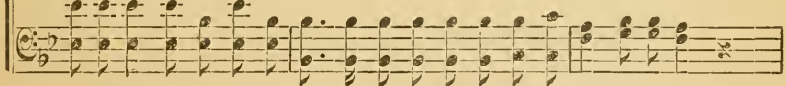
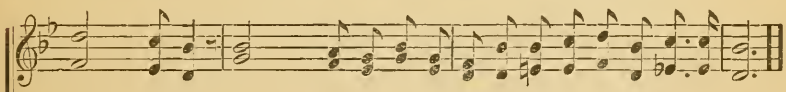
CHORUS.




Claim the prom - is - es, and make Him yours!
 Trust the Sav - ior now, and make Him yours. He is my Sav - ior,
 He is my Re - deem - er, make Him yours. He is my Savior,

my Savior, Christ, the friend to sinners precious, make Him yours! He is
 He is my Sav - ior, make Him yours!

my Sav - ior, my Sav - ior, While He's waiting to be gracious, make Him yours.
 He is my Savior, He is my Savior;



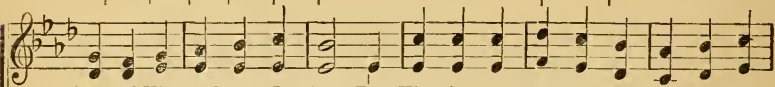
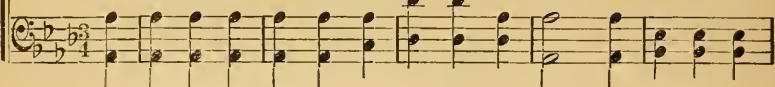
He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

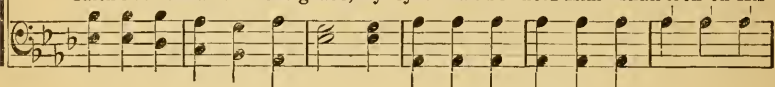
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



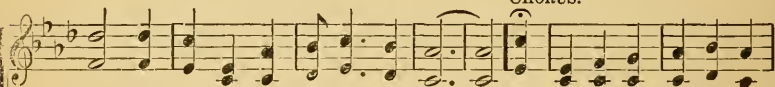
1. I'm hap-py in Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, And all the day
2. He stood at the door a-mid sun-shine and rain, So pa-tient-ly
3. I stand on the mount-ain of sun-shine at-last, No cloud in the
4. I praise Him, be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro'



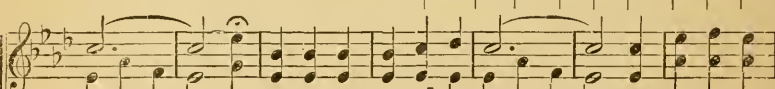
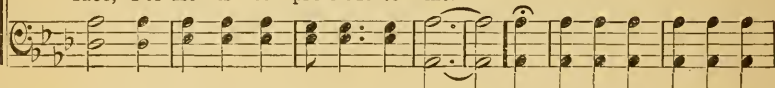
long of His good-ness I sing; To Him in my weak-ness I lov-ing-ly
wait-ing an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in
heav-ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is
faith in His mar-vel-ous grace, My eyes shall be-hold Him—shall look on His



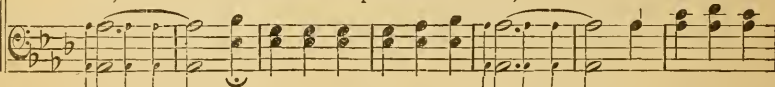
CHORUS.



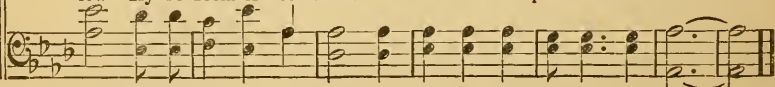
cling, For He is so pre-cious to me. so
vain, For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to
past, For He is so pre-cious to me.
face, For He is so pre-cious to me.



pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me,
me, For He is so pre-cious to me, 'Tis heav-en be-



low My re-deem-er to know For He is so pre-cious to me. . . .

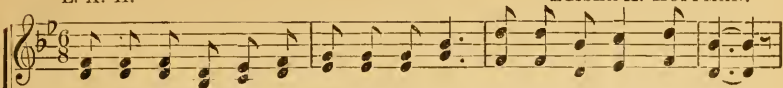


Is Thy Heart Right With God.

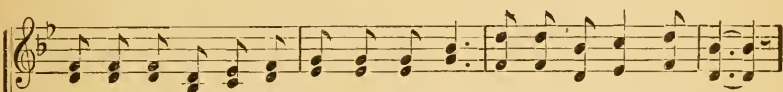
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E. A. H.

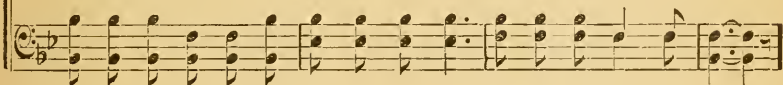
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



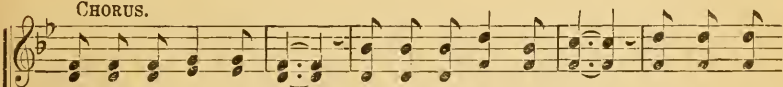
1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast Thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walk-ing in heav-en's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



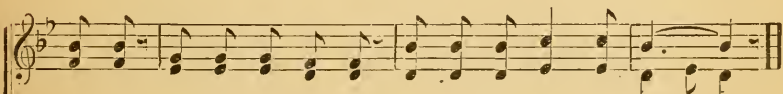
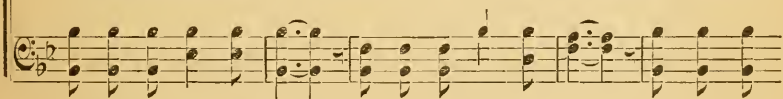
Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O-ver all e-vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does He each mo-ment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
 Is thy soul wear-ing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



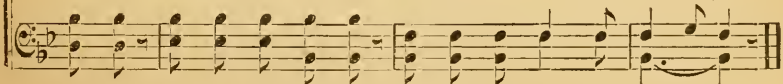
CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crim-son flood, Cleans'd and made



ho-ly, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God?
 of God?



The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's
 2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprink-led way, The
 3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To

no other way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
 path that the Sav-ior trod If I e'er would climb to the heights sub-lime
 walk in it nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the Cross - Tree road I miss.
 Where the soul's at home with God. The way of the cross leads
 Where He waits at the o - pen door.

home, The way of the cross leads home, It is sweet to
 leads home, leads home,

know as I on - ward go That the way of the cross leads home.

Song of the Soul-Winner.

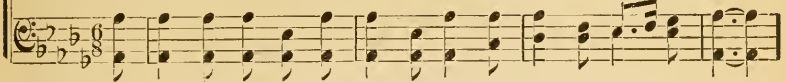
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B. W.

BESSIE WEBB.



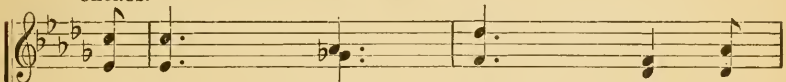
1. Take full pos-ses-sion of me, O Lord, And let Thy love con-trol;
2. Fill with Thy spir-it my heart, O Lord, And make me pure and whole;
3. Give me the courage and strength, O Lord, To safe-ly reach the goal,
4. Put mu-sic in-to my heart, O Lord, And while life's bil-lows roll,



O fill me with an earn-est zeal To win for Thee a soul.
 Live Thou and rule with-in that I May win for Thee a soul.
 Where lies my own su-preme de-sire— To win for Thee a soul.
 Thy grace and help to me im-part To win for Thee a soul.



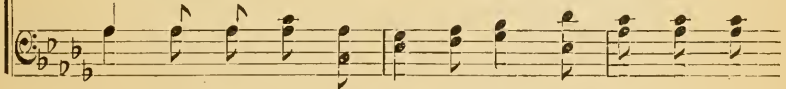
CHORUS.



Put mu - sic, mu - sic, Put
 Put mu - sic of love, sweet mu - sic of love,



mu - sic in - to my heart, And help
 to - day, And help me, O

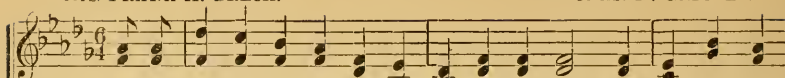


me, help me To win a soul for Thee
 Lord, with pow-er I pray,

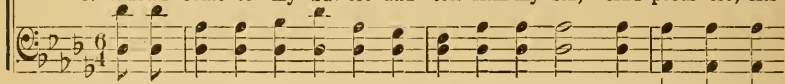



MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

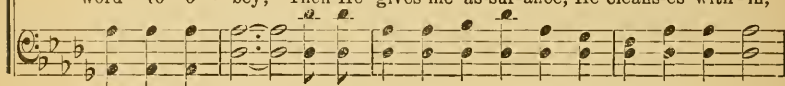
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.




1. I am glad that I know Je - sus loves me so well, And will - ing - ly
 2. I am glad that He ev - er is pa - tient and kind, And com - forts my
 3. When I come to my Sav - ior and tell Him my sin, And prom - ise, His



hears when I pray; That He free - ly for - gives when I cease to re - bel,
 heart day by day; And that when I am tempt - ed I al - ways shall find,
 word to o - bey; Then He gives me as - sur - ance, He cleans - es with - in,



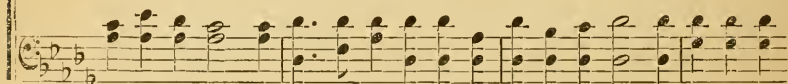
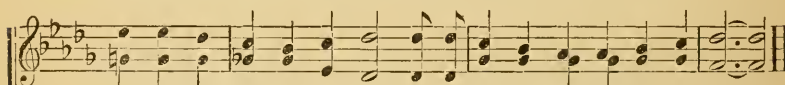
CHORUS.



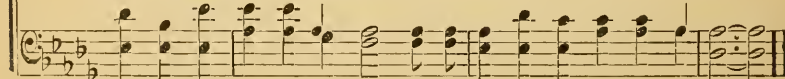
And He nev - er will turn me a - way. He nev - er will
 That He nev - er will turn me a - way.
 For He nev - er will turn me a - way. He nev - er, no, nev - er will

turn me a - way, He nev - er will turn me a - way; He says, "He that
 nev - er, no, nev - er,

com - eth" shall not be cast out, So He nev - er will turn me a - way.

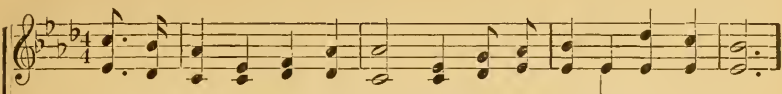


Clinging to Jesus.

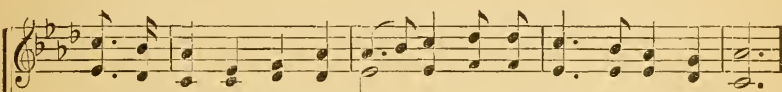
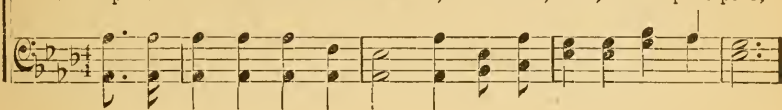
15

CARL REED.

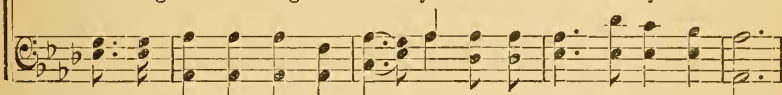
DR. W. H. DOANE.



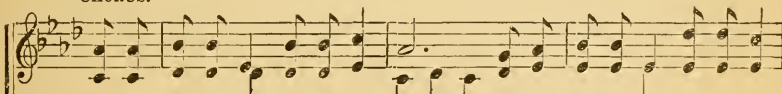
1. Close to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, Keep me, walking, day by day;
2. I am help - less—lost with-out Thee, Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone;
3. Thou hast died for me, Lord Je - sus, How can I such love for - get?
4. Ev - 'ry day I grieve Thy spir - it, Wound the heart that broke for me,
5. Help me live as Thou wouldst have me; Cleanse me, Lord, and keep me pure;



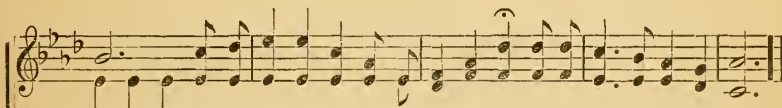
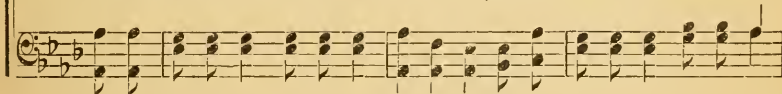
Let me feel Thy pres-ence with me, Be my ref - uge all the way.
Un - der - neath Thy wings of mer - cy Hide, and keep me all Thine own.
Not on earth or in Thy pres-ence Can I ev - er pay the debt.
Yet in Thy great love and mer - cy Cast me not a - way from Thee.
Give me grace and strength that safe - ly To the end I may en - dure.



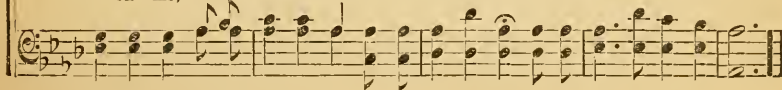
CHORUS.



Draw me near-er, still near-er to Thee; . . Look in ten-der com-passion on
to Thee;



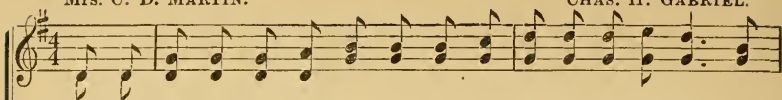
me; Turn me not away! Here me while I pray; Nearer, nearer, Lord to Thee.
on me;



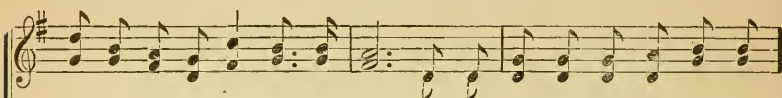
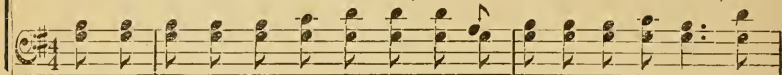
16 To Jesus You May Go and Be Saved.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

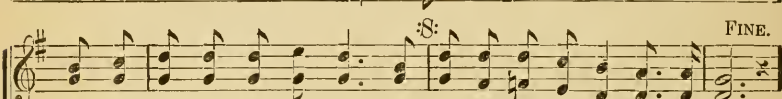
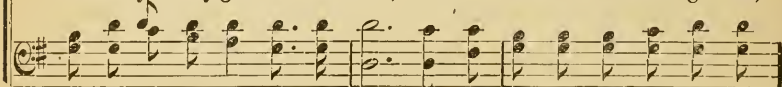
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



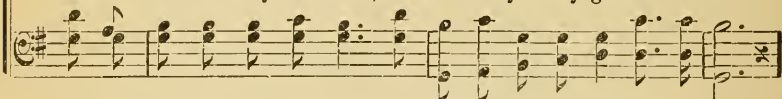
1. Tho' your sins be red as crim-son, Tho' your heart be fill'd with grief, To
2. In the gos-pel in-vi-ta-tion "Who-so-ev-er" is the word, To
3. On the cross where Je-sus suf-fered, God's e-ter-nal love was shown, To



Je-sus you may go and be saved; Of the sin-ful all a-round you
 Je-sus you may go and be saved; You at once may find sal-va-tion
 Je-sus you may go and be saved; Now no oth-er name is giv-en,



You may feel your-self the chief, To Je-sus you may go and be saved.
 As you look to Christ the Lord, To Je-sus you may go and be saved.
 And no oth-er way is known, To Je-sus you may go and be saved.

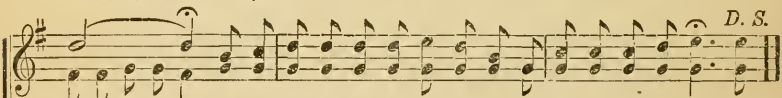


D. S.—Je-sus you may go and be saved.

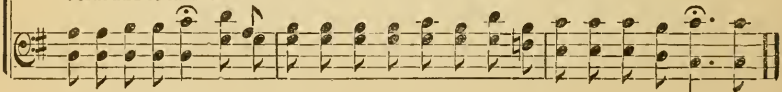
CHORUS.



Yes, you may go to Je-sus Yes, you may go to Je-sus You may go to Je-sus and be
 to Je-sus to Je-sus You may go to



saved! . . . In the gos-pel in-vi-ta-tion "Who-so-ev-er" is the word, To
 Jesus and be saved!

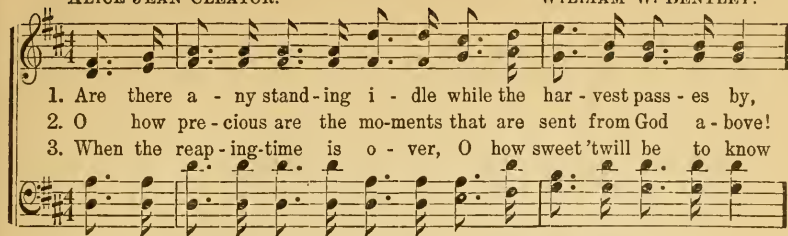


You Are Needed.

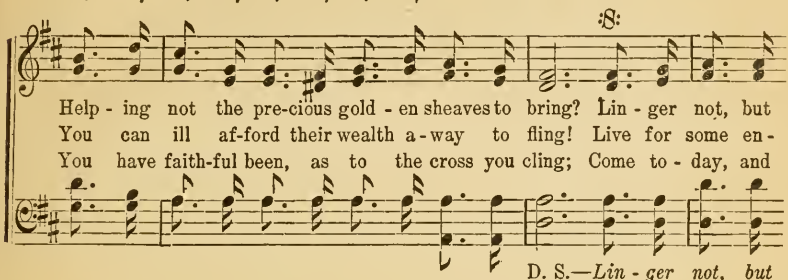
17

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

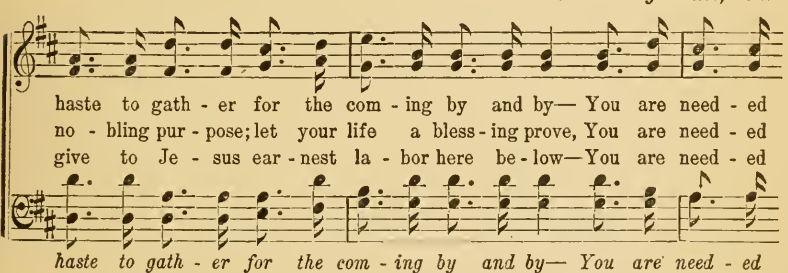


1. Are there a - ny stand - ing i - dle while the har - vest pass - es by,
 2. O how pre - cious are the mo - ments that are sent from God a - bove!
 3. When the reap - ing - time is o - ver, O how sweet 'twill be to know



Help - ing not the pre - cious gold - en sheaves to bring? Lin - ger not, but
 You can ill af - ford their wealth a - way to fling! Live for some en -
 You have faith - ful been, as to the cross you cling; Come to - day, and

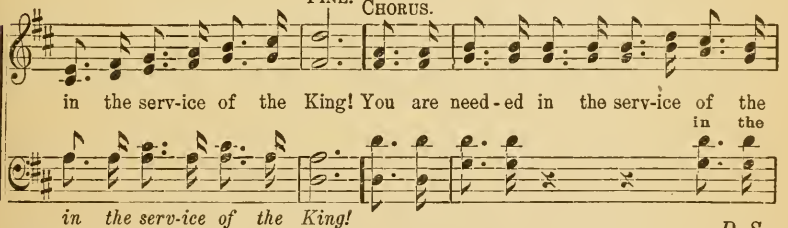
D. S.—Lin - ger not, but



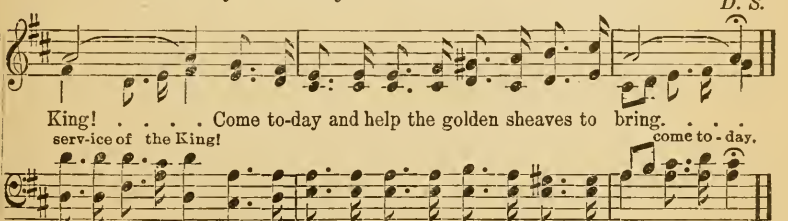
haste to gath - er for the com - ing by and by— You are need - ed
 no - bling pur - pose; let your life a bless - ing prove, You are need - ed
 give to Je - sus ear - nest la - bor here be - low— You are need - ed

haste to gath - er for the com - ing by and by— You are need - ed

FINE. CHORUS.



in the serv - ice of the King! You are need - ed in the serv - ice of the
 in the serv - ice of the King!



King! Come to - day and help the golden sheaves to bring.
 serv - ice of the King! come to - day.

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Hith - er - to Thy hand hath led me, Still lead on; Dai - ly man - na
 2. Let Thy Spir - it gen - tly guide me, Still lead on; Then no e - vil
 3. When I come to death's dark riv - er, Still lead on; Thou who art of

Thou hast fed me, Still lead on. Sav - ior, choose for me the way,
 can be - tide me, Still lead on. Tho' the path be rough and steep,
 life the giv - er, Still lead on. Let Thy pres - ence light my way

Lead me in it lest I stray; Hour by hour and day by day, Still lead on.
 Or the wa - ters dark and deep, Thou hast pow'r to guard and keep, Still lead on.
 To that land of end - less day, Where I nev - er more can stray, Still lead on.

CHORUS.

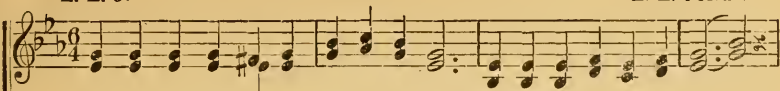
Still lead on, Still lead on, O lov - ing Sav - ior, lead me, Ev - 'ry day and hour lead

on, lead on, Keep me ev - er, leave me nev - er, Still lead on!
 on, lead on,

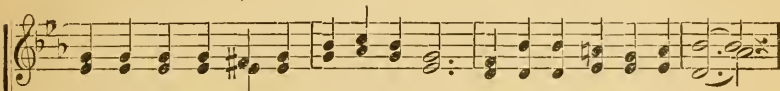
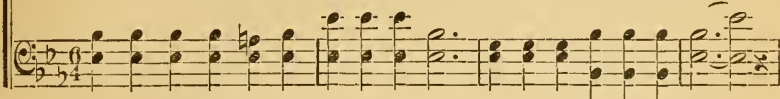
He is the Savior You Need.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.



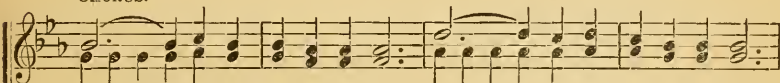
1. Have you ac-cept-ed of Je-sus, the Lord? He is the Savior you need!
2. He will support you when tempted and tried, He is the Savior you need.
3. He will de-liv-er thee out of de-spair, He is the Savior you need;
4. Trust Him, be-lieve Him, ac-cept and o-bey, He is the Savior you need;



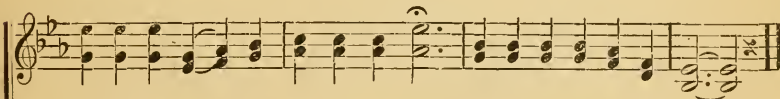
Do you be-lieve Him and trust in His word? He is the Sav-ior you need.
He will be near you to guard and to guide, He is the Sav-ior you need.
He all your bur-dens and sor-rows will share, He is the Sav-ior you need.
Doubting no lon-ger, re-ceive Him to - day, He is the Sav-ior you need.



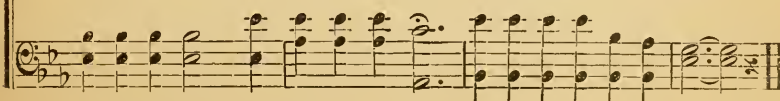
CHORUS.



He . . . is the Sav-ior you need, He . . . is a Sav-ior in-deed;
He is the Sav-ior. He is a Sav-ior.



Cru-ci-fied One, God's well be-loved Son, He is the Sav-ior you need.



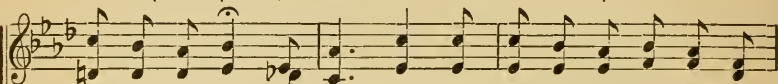
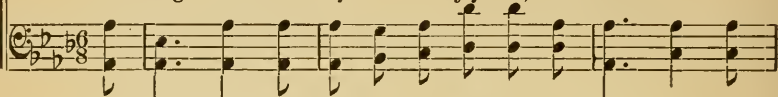
The King Comes This Way.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

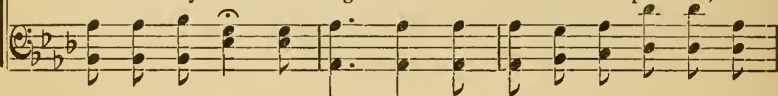
DR. J. B. HERBERT.



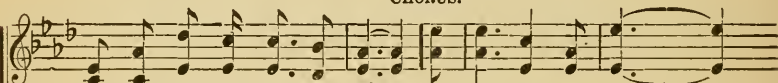
1. O pil - grim so lone - ly and wea - ry, No long - er so
2. He know - eth our fal - len con - di - tion, He feels ev - 'ry
3. The King comes this way! heav - y la - dened, Thy bur - den now
3. The King comes this way! O be joy - ful, Make haste now to



des - o - late stray, One wait - eth to ten - der - ly bless Thee, For
grief that we bear, And calls "Come to me, all ye wea - ry!" Then
lay at His feet; His hand on Thy head with His bless - ing Would
wel - come thy Lord Who brings thee sal - va - tion and par - don, And

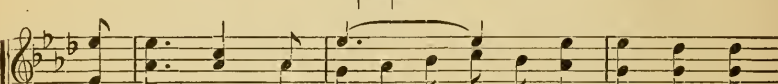


CHORUS.

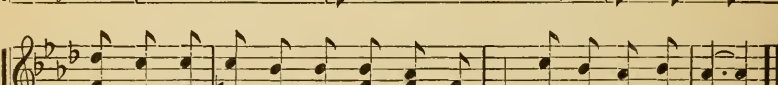
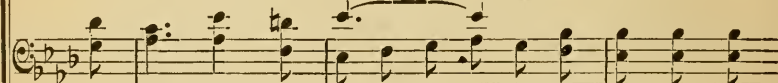


Je - sus is com - ing this way.
bring Him thy sor - row and care. The King comes this way!
Mar - ah's dark wa - ters make sweet.
is thy ex - ceed - ing re - ward.

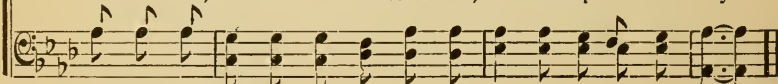
He is com - ing!



The King comes this way! He is com - ing! Then hast - en to



wel - come Him, has - ten to wel - come Him, O ac - cept Him to - day.



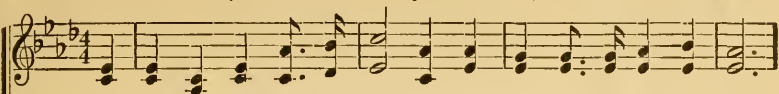
My Savior's Love.

21

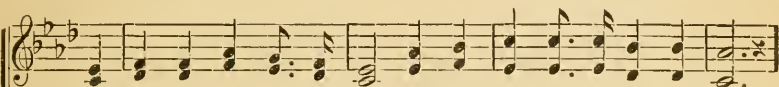
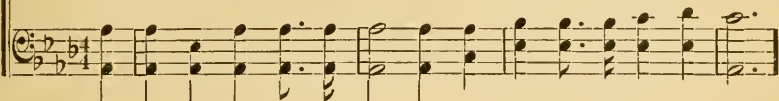
C. H. G.

(Inscribed to Rev. Elijah P. Brown.)

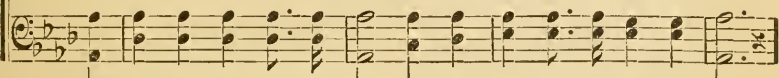
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I stand a - mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus, the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed—"Not my will but thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransom'd in glo - ry, His face I at last shall see,



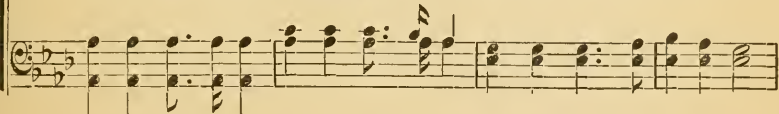
And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort Him in the sor - row He bore for my soul that night.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



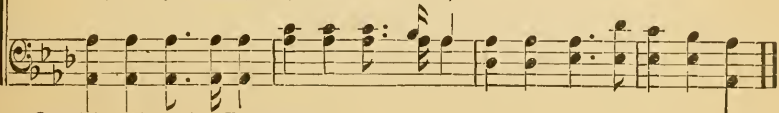
CHORUS.



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:—
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!



How mar-vel-ous, how won-der-ful, Is my Sav-ior's love for me!
Oh, how mar-vel-ous, oh, how won-der-ful,

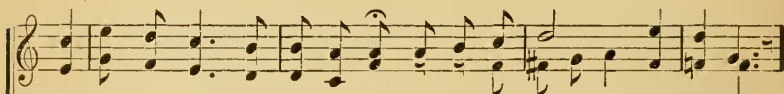


Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

E. S. LORENZ.



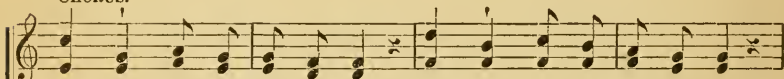
1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re-peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear; It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;



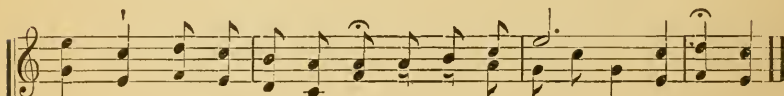
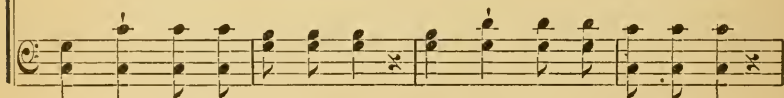
It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
 Who bids all anx - ious fears de-part— I love the name of Je - sus.
 Its mu - sic dries the fall-ing tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
 Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.
 Oh, praise the name



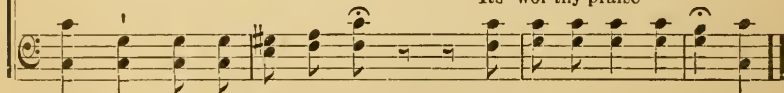
CHORUS.



"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;



"Je - sus," let all saints pro-claim Its wor-thy praise for - ev - er.
 Its wor-thy praise



E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ev - 'ry soul that comes to Je - sus is to Him so dear, That He
 2. One of His shall chase a thousand, thro' His sav - ing might, Two shall
 3. When this earthly toil is o - ver, com-eth then the rest, In the

guards it as His treasure, with a love sin - cere; Are you His with glad sur -
 o - ver - come ten thousand, putting them to flight; When His hosts go forth to
 hap - py home up yon - der, with the pure and blest; When His ransom'd children

ren - der, trust - ing Him a - new, When He writ - eth up the peo - ple,
 bat - tle, are you read - y, too? When the trum - pet calls for serv - ice,
 gath - er, far a - bove the blue, When He mak - eth up His jew - els,

CHORUS.

will the Lord count you? Count me, count me,
 Count me, Lord, O count me,

Thine, yes, Thine a - lone would I ev - er be, Count me,
 Count me, Lord.

count me! When Thou writ-est up the peo-ple, bless-ed Lord, count me.
O count me!

More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je - sus I would know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord,
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;

More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. { Is there a - ny one can save us from the guilt and pow'r of sin?
 2. { Is there a - ny one can ope the door of heav'n to let us in?
 3. { Is there a - ny one can keep us pure and hap - py ev - 'ry day?
 4. { Is there a - ny one can guide us o'er life's rough and rug - ged way?
 5. { Is there a - ny one can cheer us, when our earth - ly hopes grow dim?
 6. { "Peace that pass-eth un - der - stand-ing," hope and joy are found in Him,

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on - ly One! It is Je - sus—He can
 Yes, there's One, on - ly One!

save us, He has pow - er to for - give! He can make us tru - ly

hap - py, in His full - ness we may live; If the word of His sal -

va - tion with the heart we will believe, He's the One, . . . the on - ly One.
 He's the One,

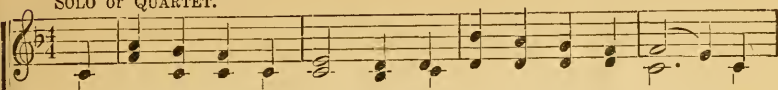
All We Like Sheep.

27

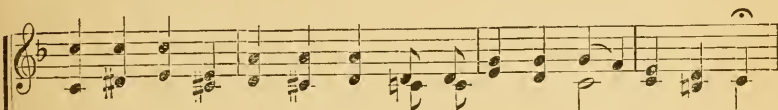
MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

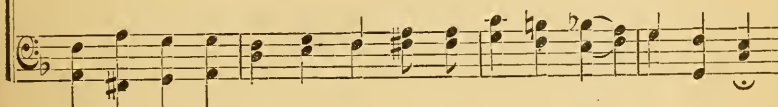
SOLO or QUARTET.



1. All we, like sheep, had wan-dered, And sin our doom had sealed, But
2. He was a man of sor-rows, Op-press'd with grief and strife, And
3. Then leave thy care with Je-sus, He's ten-der, just and true; The



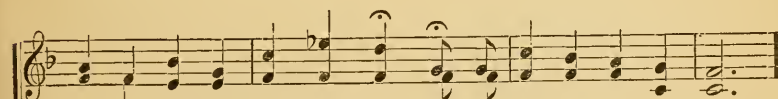
Christ was bruised for our trans-gres-sions, And by His stripes we are healed.
car-ried as a lamb to slaugh-ter, He died that we might have life.
lov-ing heart of Him who sor-rowed, Will al-ways watch o-ver you.



CHORUS.



From Christ new strength we bor-row, In Him find sweet re-lief; For



He has car-ried all our sor-row, And He has borne our grief.

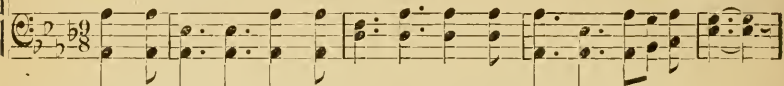


E. E. HEWITT.

R. A. GLENN.



1. There are songs of ho - ly rapt - ure Of a Sav - ior's won - drous love;
2. There are songs of glad - ness swell - ing, For His mer - cy, day by day;
3. There are songs of trust to cheer us In the dark and lone - ly night,
4. There are songs of ex - ul - ta - tion, When the val - ley - path we tread,



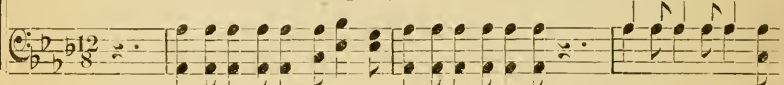
Of the fount - ain free - ly spring - ing From the riv - en Rock a - bove.
 Of our ma - ny bless - ings tell - ing, Heav'n - ly bless - ings by the way.
 Of the Friend, who, ev - er near us, Brings a - gain the morn - ing light.
 For His pre - cious con - so - la - tion, For the glo - ry just a - head!



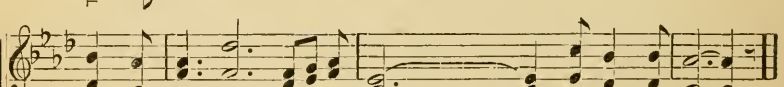
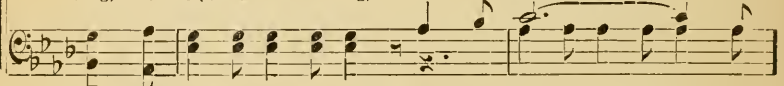
CHORUS.



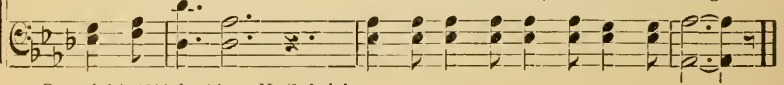
Oh, the mu - - - sic of the king - dom, How it helps . . the
 Oh, the music of the kingdom, music of the kingdom, How it helps the soul a -



soul a - long As we're march - - - - ing,
 long, it helps the soul a - long, As we're march - ing on - ward



march - ing on - ward To the bless - - - - ed land of song.
 To the blessed land, the land of song.



Blessed Redeemer.

29

FANNY CROSBY.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.

1. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, gra-cious-ly hear us Breathing de-vo-tion like
 2. Tran-quil-ly fad-ing, slow-ly de-clin-ing, Twi-light is pass-ing in
 3. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, leave us, oh, nev-er Un-til, thro' grace, Thy dear

in-cense to Thee; Ten-der-ly shield us, lov-ing-ly cheer us, Blessed Re-beau-ty a-way; Now on Thy bo-som safe-ly re-clin-ing, Teach us, our face we shall see, Till we shall praise Thee, sing-ing for-ev-er; Je-sus, our

CHORUS.

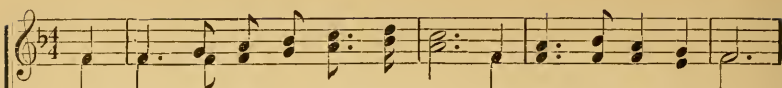
deem-er, Thy chil-dren are we.
 Fa-ther, oh, teach us to pray. While in Thy king-dom an-gels a-Sav-ior, all glo-ry to Thee.

dore Thee, Joy-ful-ly sing-ing ev-er be-fore Thee, Grant our pe-

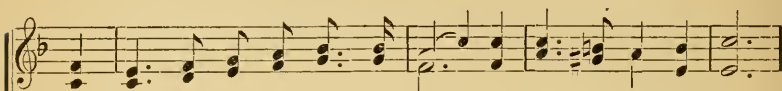
ti-tion; hear, we im-plore Thee, Voic-es now sing-ing prais-es to Thee.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.




1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of *grace* so full and free;
 2. Of *peace* I on - ly know the name, Nor found my soul its rest
 3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re-deem-er's feet;
 4. And oh, what rapt-ure will it be With all the host a - bove,



I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res-cued me.
 Un - til the sweet-voic'd an - gel came To soothe my wea - ry breast.
 No re - al *joy* in life I know, But in His serv - ice sweet.
 To sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty The won - ders of His *love*.


CHORUS.

The half . . . was nev-er told,



The half was nev - er told, The half was nev-er told,
 nev-er told, nev-er told

The half . . . was nev-er told.



1. Of *grace* di - vine, so won - der - ful, The half was nev - er told.
 2. Of *peace*, etc.
 3. Of *joy*, etc. nev-er told.
 4. Of *love*, etc.

God's Precious Word.

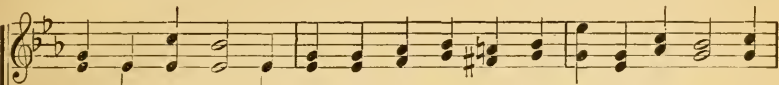
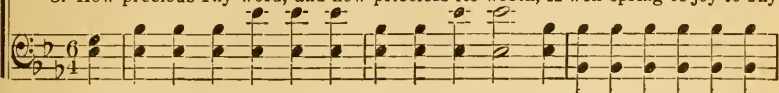
31

REV. W. R. FITCH.

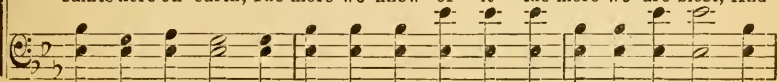
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Thy word, gra-cious Lord, I have hid in my heart, That I from Thy precepts may
2. It's coun-sel, so wise, I will heed and o - bey, And keep in my heart that I
3. How precious Thy word, and how priceless its worth, A well-spring of joy to Thy



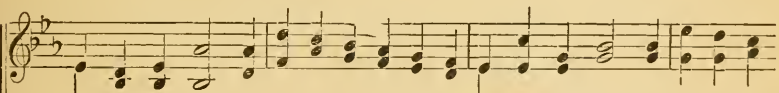
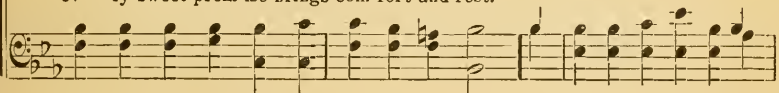
nev - er de - part; Its en-trance, I know, giv - eth light from a - bove, Be-
go not a - stray; A lamp to my feet it shall ev - er-more be, A
saints here on earth; The more we know of it the more we are blest, And



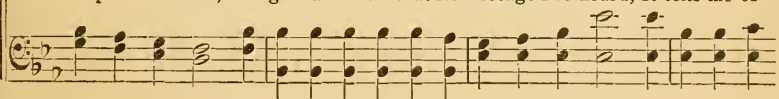
CHORUS.



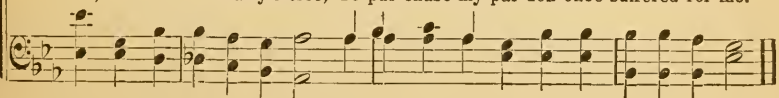
gets in our souls the true spir - it of love.
chart to di - rect me o'er life's storm-y sea. I love it, I love it the
ev - 'ry sweet prom-ise brings com-fort and rest.



dear precious word, And glad am I now that its message I've heard; It tells me of

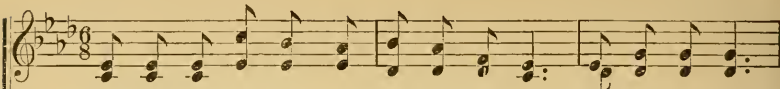


Him, who on Cal - va-ry's tree, To pur-chase my par-don once suffered for me.

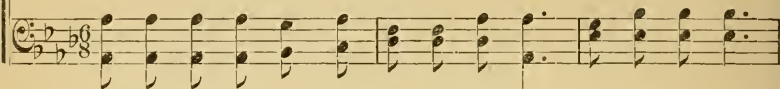
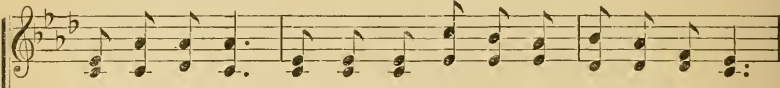


CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.


Dr. L. O. EMERSON.



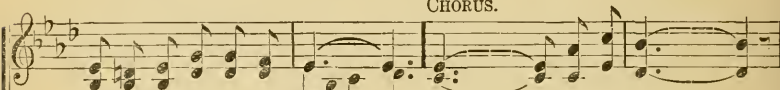
1. Je - sus is call - ing! O hear Him to - day, Call - ing for you,
 2. Je - sus is call - ing! Your serv - ice He needs, Call - ing for you,
 3. Je - sus is call - ing! He stands at the door, Call - ing for you,


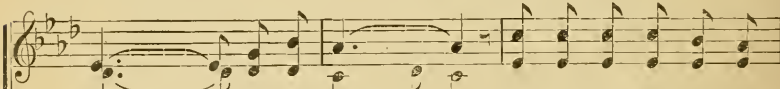
Call - ing for you; Will you not quick - ly the sum - mons o - bey?
 Call - ing for you; Ten - der - ly, pa - tient - ly with you He pleads,
 Call - ing for you; O - pen your heart, and His mer - cy im - plore,



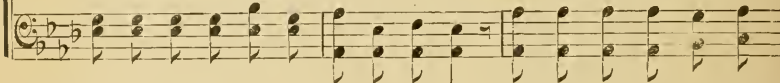
CHORUS.



Je - sus is call - ing for you! . . . Call - ing for you, . . .
 for you! Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing for you,

Call - ing for you, . . . Hear Him to - day—do not
 Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing for you,




turn Him a - way, Je - sus is call - ing for you. . . .
 for you.



I am Longing.

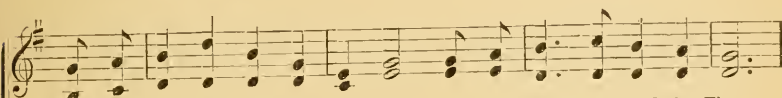
33

Mrs. W. HOWARD KEESLER.

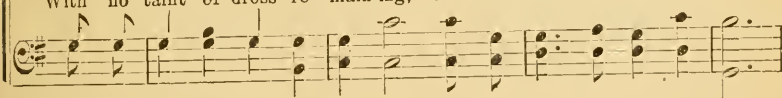
CHAS H. GABRIEL.



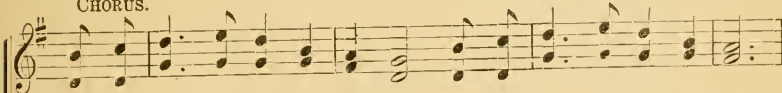
1. I am long - ing, Sav - ior, long - ing For a heart from sin set free,
2. I am long - ing, bless - ed Sav - ior, For a trust so pure and sweet
3. I am long - ing, pre - cious Sav - ior, For the mind that is in Thee,
4. I am long - ing, O my Sav - ior, For the peace that may be mine,
5. I will o - pen wide the por - tals Of my heart, dear Lord, to Thee;
6. Fill me Lord with all the full - ness Of Thy - self, is all my cry,



For a heart that knows no i - dol, On - ly love, my Lord, for Thee.
 That from Thee it will not wa - ver, But will keep me at Thy feet.
 That will keep me al - ways hum - ble; Grant, dear Lord, this gift to me.
 Which the world has not to of - fer,— It is all a gift of Thine.
 Do Thou cleanse it in the fount - ain That is flow - ing now for me.
 With no taint of dross re - main - ing, This a - lone can sat - is - fy.



CHORUS.



I am long - ing, bless - ed Je - sus, For a life of pur - i - ty;



Make me will - ing, O my Sav - ior, All of self to cru - ci - fy.



34 The Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY,

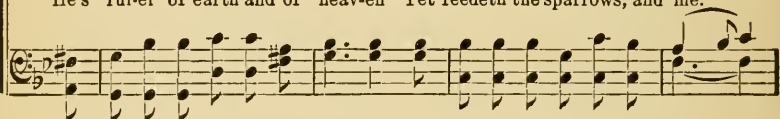
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. The Lord God om-nip - o - tent reigneth, He weigheth the mountains in scales,
2. The Lord God om-nip - o - tent reigneth, The Mas - ter of earth and of sea;
3. The Lord God om-nip - o - tent reigneth, The sea heeds His might-y com - mand,
4. The Lord God om-nip - o - tent reigneth, His mer-cies are boundless and free;



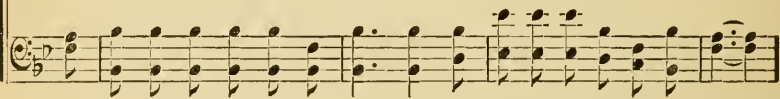
And yet to the least of His chil-dren, His Fath-er-ly love can-not fail.
He rul-eth the waves and the tempest, Yet tenderly careth for me.
Yet e-ven the weakest and poor-est, Are led by His dear lov-ing hand.
He's rul-er of earth and of heav-en Yet feedeth the sparrows, and me.



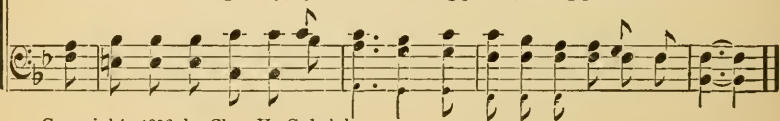
CHORUS.



The Lord God om - nip - o - tent reign-eth To day and for-ev - er the same!



A-wake! shout His glo - ry, ye na-tions, Sing praise, O sing praise to His name!

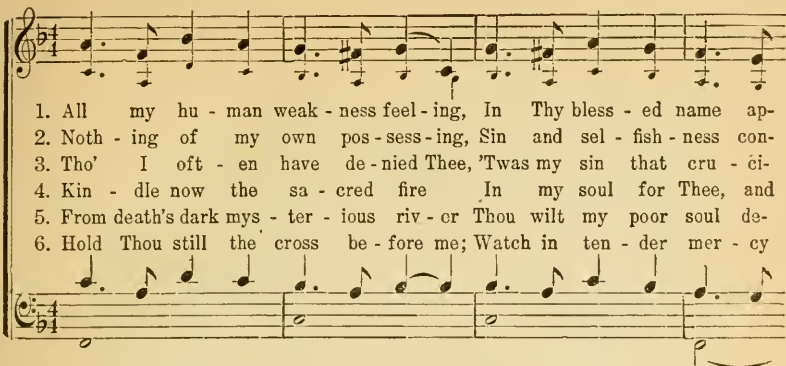


Lord, I Come.


35

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

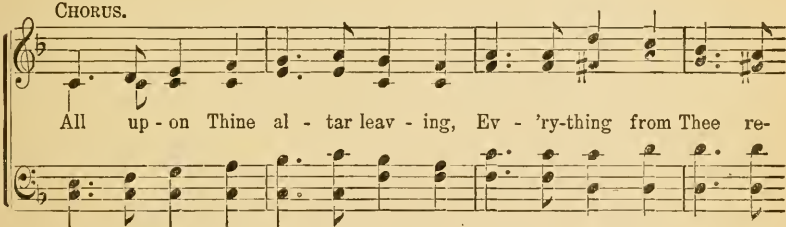


1. All my hu - man weak - ness feel - ing, In Thy bless - ed name ap -
 2. Noth - ing of my own pos - sess - ing, Sin and sel - fish - ness con -
 3. Tho' I oft - en have de - nied Thee, 'Twas my sin that cru - ci -
 4. Kin - dle now the sa - cred fire In my soul for Thee, and
 5. From death's dark mys - ter - ious riv - er Thou wilt my poor soul de -
 6. Hold Thou still the cross be - fore me; Watch in ten - der mer - cy

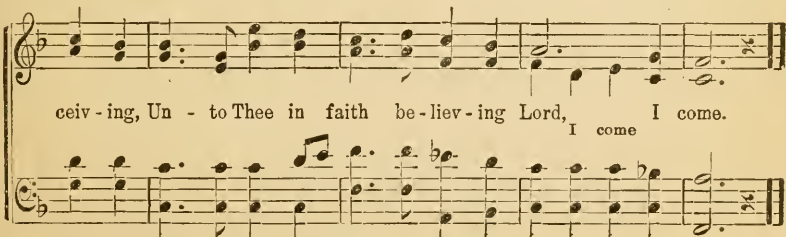


peal - ing, Now for more of Thy re - veal - ing, Lord, I come!
 fess - ing, For an un - de - serv - ed bless - ing, Lord, I come!
 fied Thee! Yet for - give me love me, guide me—Lord, I come!
 high - er Lift me; For this one; de - sire Lord, I come!
 liv - er; To be Thine, yea Thine for - ev - er, Lord, I come!
 o'er me Till I see Thy face in glo - ry; Lord, I come!

CHORUS.



All up - on Thine al - tar leav - ing, Ev - 'ry-thing from Thee re -



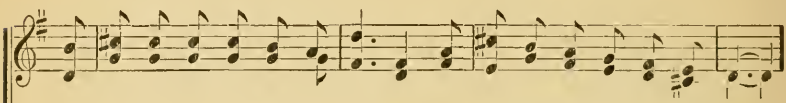
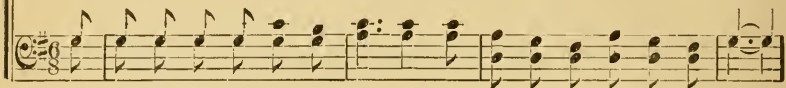
ceiv - ing, Un - to Thee in faith be - liev - ing Lord, I come. I come.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY.

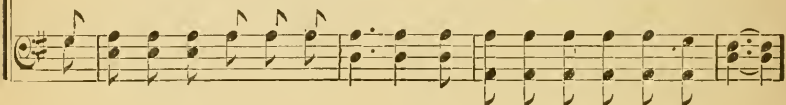
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. The dear lov-ing Sav-ior is near me, Sweet com-fort to ev-er af-ford;
2. He calls un-to me as a Shep-herd, Who gath-ers His flock to the fold,
3. Tho' oft-times I care-less-ly grieve Him And wan-der a-way in my pride,
4. Oh, sweet is the love of the Sav-ior, More pre-cious than sil-ver and gold,



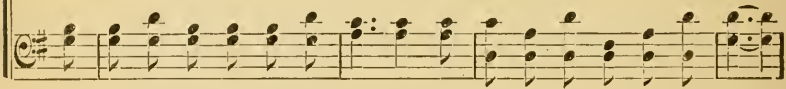
His prom-is-es nev-er will fail me; I know I can trust in His word.
 When slow-ly the shad-ows of ev-'ning De-scend up-on mount-ain and wold.
 He fol-lows and calls to me gen-tly; His love draws me back to His side.
 In-spir-ing the heart of the sing-er To voice the glad sto-ry of old.



CHORUS.



I know I can trust in the Sav-ior, His prom-ise will ev-er en-dure;



Tho' earth-ly af-fec-tion may fail me, The love of the Mas-ter is sure.



Love Him More and More.

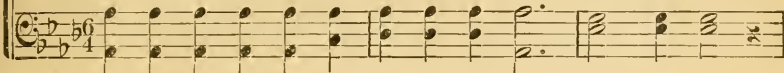
37

E. G. Y.

E. G. YOUNG.



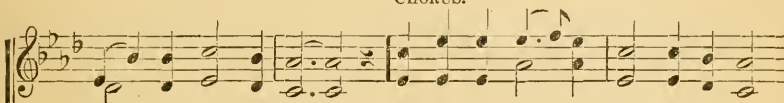
1. Think of all Je - sus hath suf - fer'd for you, Love Him more,
2. Think of the sor - row for you He en - dured, Love Him more,
3. No one so wor - thy of love as is He, Love Him more,



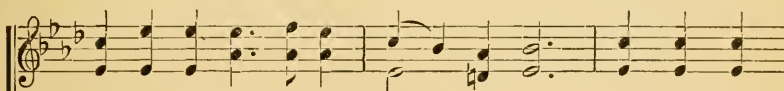
more and more; Think of His an-guish and death on the tree,
 more and more; That you a home with Him might be as - sured,
 more and more; And O, what joy with Him ev - er to be!



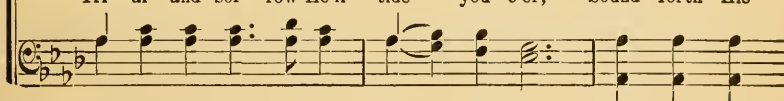
CHORUS.



Love Him more and more.
 Love Him more and more. Love Him with all your hearts de - vo-tion!
 Love Him more and more.



Tri - al and sor - row He'll tide you o'er; Sound forth His




prais-es o'er land and o - cean, And love Him more and more.

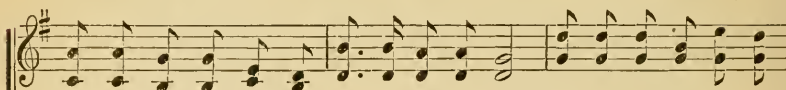


Rev. W. B. WILLIAMS.


CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Je - sus is a won-drous Sav - ior, He a - lone can save! We thro'
 2. Tho' un-meas-ured my trans-gres-sion, He a - lone can save! From temp-
 3. From the snares of sin al - lur - ing He a - lone can save! Ev - er-

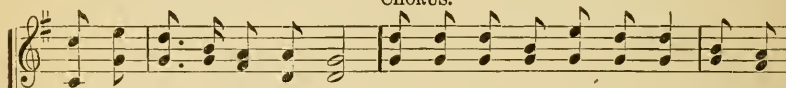


Him may claim God's fav - or, He a-lone can save! Think how great His con - deta - tion and op - pres - sion He a-lone can save. For He came for our sal - last - ing life as - sur - ing. He a-lone can save! Penance, wealth nor works a-




scen-sion, And how glo - rious His as - cen - sion! 'Tis be - yond our com - pre - va - tion, Lift - ed us from deg - ra - da - tion, And from end - less con - dem - nify us While the hosts of sin as - sail us; Hear the voice of Je - sus

CHORUS.



hen-sion! He a - lone can save.
 na - tion, He a - lone can save. Bless-ed be His glo - rious name, He can
 bail us, He a - lone can save.



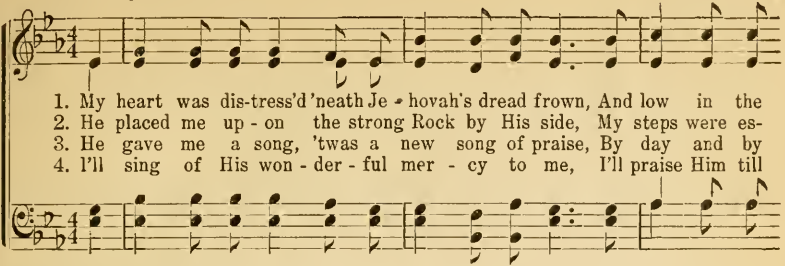
save! He can save! Un - to all the world pro-claim He a - lone can save!

He Brought Me Out.

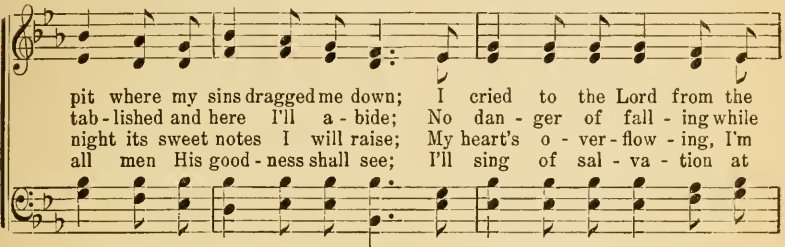
39

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.
Cho. by H. L. G.

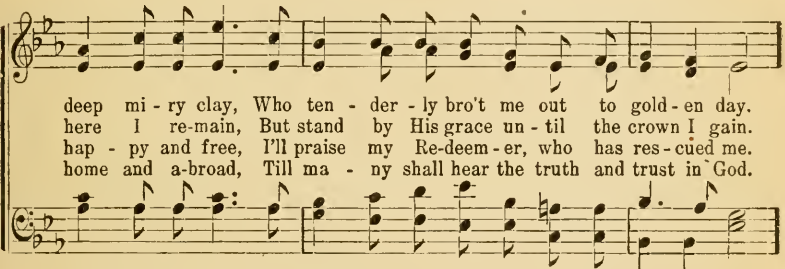
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. My heart was dis-tress'd 'neath Je - hovah's dread frown, And low in the
2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by His side, My steps were es-
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by
4. I'll sing of His won - der - ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise Him till

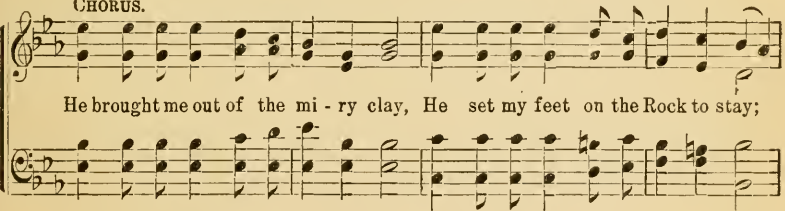


pit where my sins dragged me down; I cried to the Lord from the
tab - lished and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while
night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver - flow - ing, I'm
all men His good - ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at



deep mi - ry clay, Who ten - der - ly bro't me out to gold - en day.
here I re - main, But stand by His grace un - til the crown I gain.
hap - py and free, I'll praise my Re - deem - er, who has res - cued me.
home and a - broad, Till ma - ny shall hear the truth and trust in God.

CHORUS.



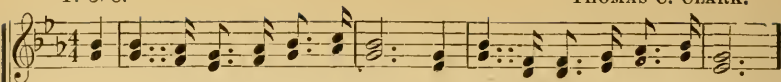
He brought me out of the mi - ry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;



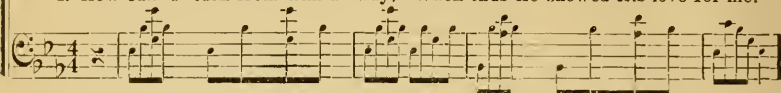
He puts a song in my soul to - day, A song of praise, hal - le - lu - jah!

T. C. C.

THOMAS C. CLARK.



1. Up - on the cross the Sav-ior died, He gave His precious life for me;
2. He left His Fa-ther's house a-bove, That He might bring me to the light,
3. For me He trod Geth-sem-a - ne, For me the trai-tor's kiss re - ceived;
4. How can I turn from Him a - way, When thus He showed His love for me?



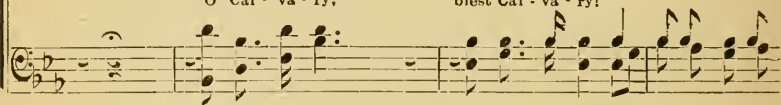
They pierced His hands, His feet, His side—My Sav - ior, He who set me free.
 To win me by a pa-tient love, From sor-row and from dark-est night.
 For me He wore the crown of thorns, For me His heart in pit - y grieved.
 I'll give my all to Him and say—"For ev - er let me live for Thee."



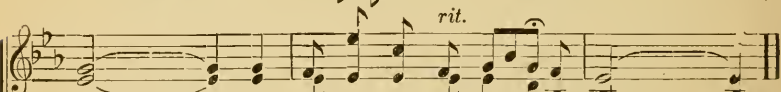
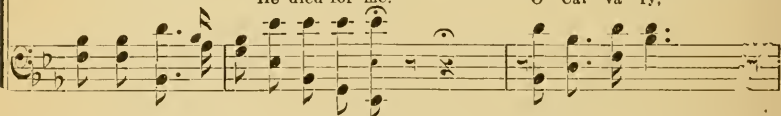
REFRAIN.



O Cal - va - ry,..... blest Cal - va - ry!..... For on thy cross my
 O Cal - va - ry, blest Cal - va - ry!



Sav-ior died for me!..... O Cal - va - ry,..... dear Cal - va -
 He died for me! O Cal - va - ry,



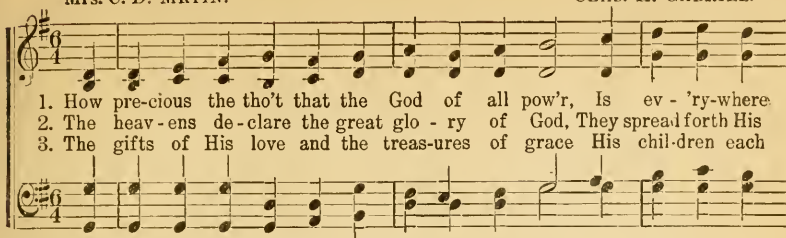
ry,..... Thou'rt blest for all e - ter - ni - ty!.....
 dear Cal - va - ry, e - ter - ni - ty!



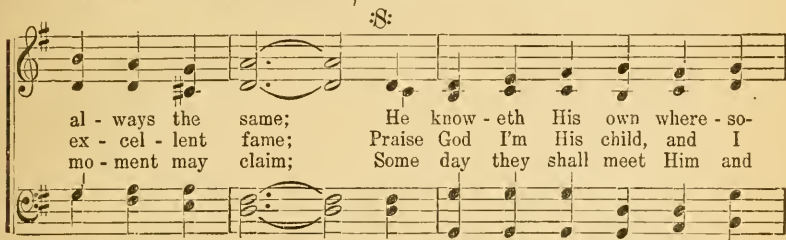
He Calleth the Stars by Their Name. 41

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

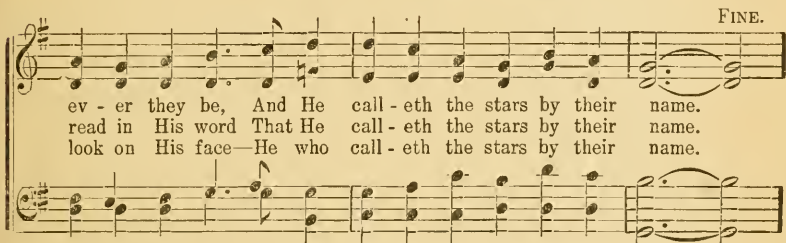


1. How pre-cious the tho't that the God of all pow'r, Is ev - 'ry-where
 2. The heav - ens de - clare the great glo - ry of God, They spread forth His
 3. The gifts of His love and the treas - ures of grace His chil - dren each



al - ways the same; He know - eth His own where - so -
 ex - cel - lent fame; Praise God I'm His child, and I
 mo - ment may claim; Some day they shall meet Him and

D. S.—He know - eth His own where - so -

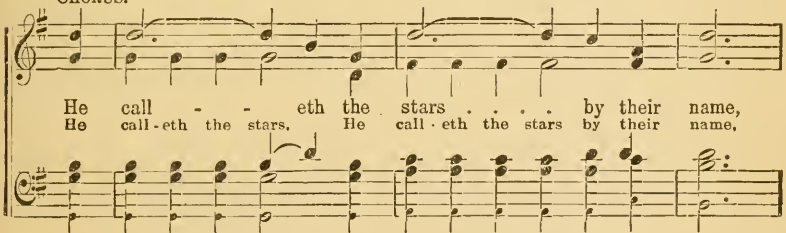


ev - er they be, And He call - eth the stars by their name.
 read in His word That He call - eth the stars by their name.
 look on His face—He who call - eth the stars by their name.

FINE.

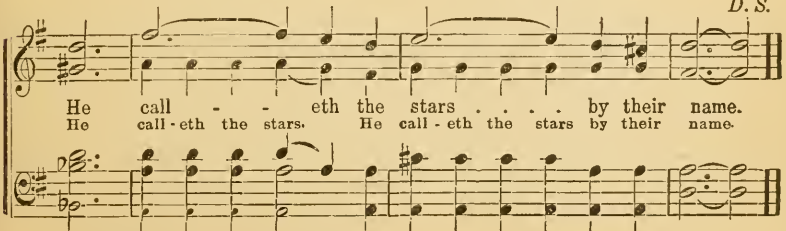
ev - er they be, And He call - eth the stars by their name.

CHORUS.



He call - - - eth the stars . . . by their name,
 He call - eth the stars, He call - eth the stars by their name,

D. S.



He call - - - eth the stars . . . by their name.
 He call - eth the stars, He call - eth the stars by their name.

J. M. SLUSSER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the wea - ry tasks of the day are done, And our
 2. Oh, the path was rough and our hearts are sore, For we
 3. Oh, the blind - ing dust and the cru - el thorn! Is there
 4. Oh, He knows the thorns, for they pierced His' brow; Yet He

spir - its wel-come the set - ting sun, In the twi-light hush, lo! the
 lost the way, with the load we bore; Bless-ed shad-ows, fall, for the
 room for such a torn black-ened form? Hark! I hear my name, for the
 loved men then and He loves us now, Spite of stain and sin:—still the

REFRAIN.

good Shepherd stands, call - ing, call - ing:— "I am the door,

I am the door Ye are bruised, ye are thirst-y, Come, be

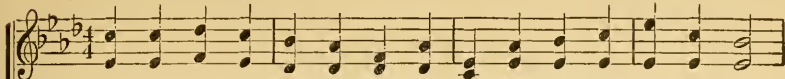
healed and re-freshed, And go in and out,..... and find pas - ture.
 And go in and out,

Ready to Follow the Master.

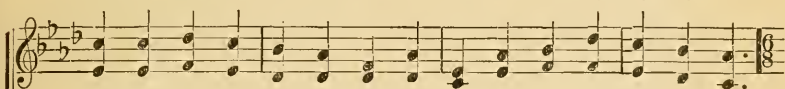
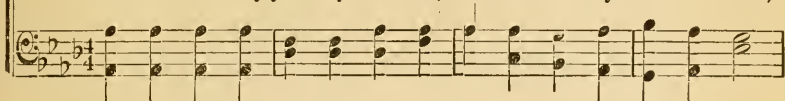
43

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

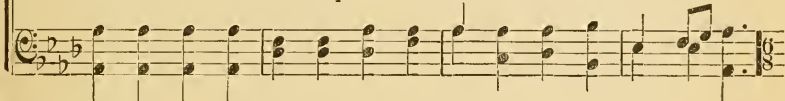
Dr. J. B. HERBERT.



1. Je - sus, Thou art my Re-deem - er, All in all Thou art to me;
2. What would now be my con - di - tion Had there been no Cal - va - ry?
3. Thou hast borne my heav - y bur - dens, Pour'd out bless - ings full and free;
4. Lord I'll take Thy yoke up - on me, I will dai - ly fol - low Thee,



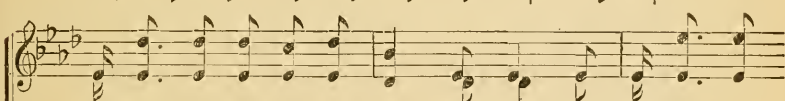
Thoudidst suf - fer death to save me, Yet what have I done for Thee?
 O how mar - vel - ous Thy good - ness, Yet what have I done for Thee?
 Day by day in love hath kept me, Yet what have I done for Thee?
 Till in heav - en I shall praise Thee For what Thou hast done for me.



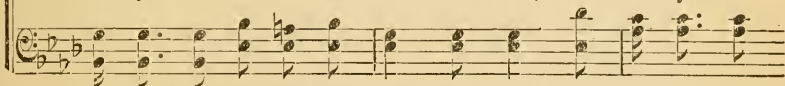
CHORUS.



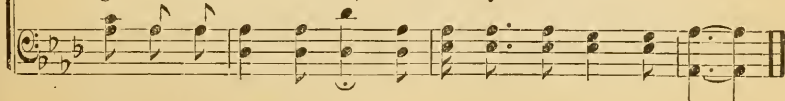
I'm read - y to take up my cross for Thee, I'm



read - y to count all but loss for Thee; I'm read - y to

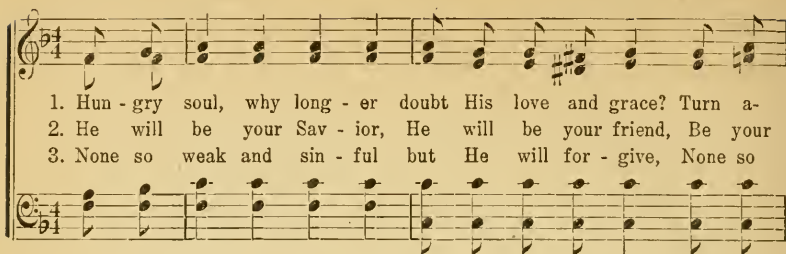


go where Thou send - est me, I'm read - y to fol - low Thee.

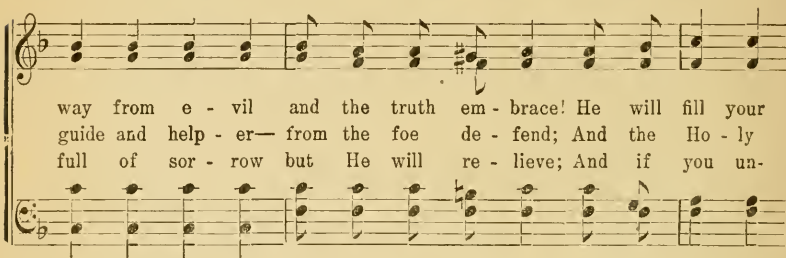


Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

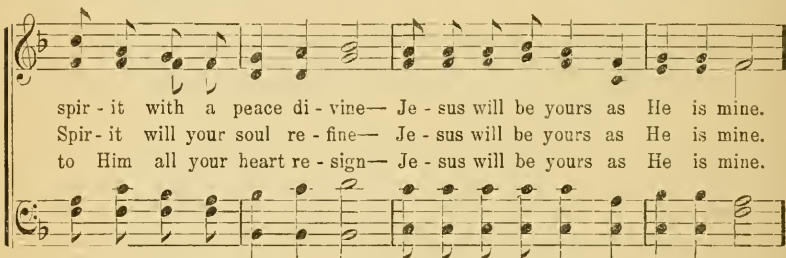
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Hun - gry soul, why long - er doubt His love and grace? Turn a -
 2. He will be your Sav - ior, He will be your friend, Be your
 3. None so weak and sin - ful but He will for - give, None so

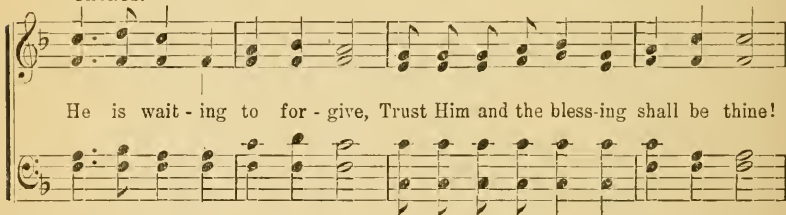


way from e - vil and the truth em - brace! He will fill your
 guide and help - er— from the foe de - fend; And the Ho - ly
 full of sor - row but He will re - lieve; And if you un -

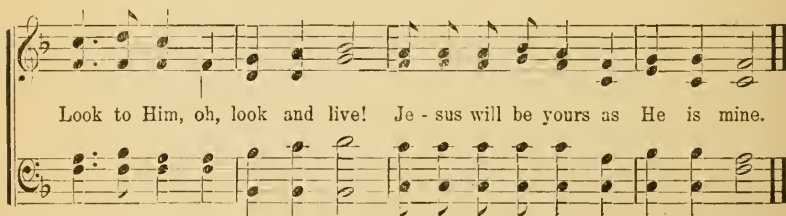


spir - it with a peace di - vine— Je - sus will be yours as He is mine.
 Spir - it will your soul re - fine— Je - sus will be yours as He is mine.
 to Him all your heart re - sign— Je - sus will be yours as He is mine.

CHORUS.



He is wait - ing to for - give, Trust Him and the bless - ing shall be thine!



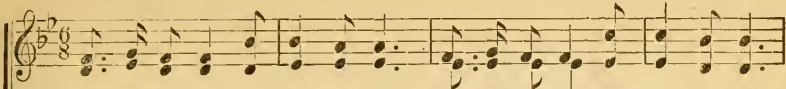
Look to Him, oh, look and live! Je - sus will be yours as He is mine.

My Soul's Desire.

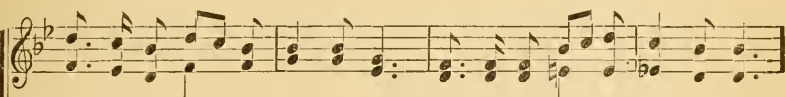
45

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

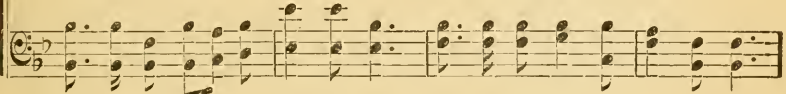
THEODORE E. PERKINS.



1. On - ly one thing my soul de - sires— Just to be what my Lord re-quires,
2. Just to lay ev - 'ry i - dol by— Read-y to an-swer "Here am I,"
3. Filled with the Ho - ly Ghost may I La - bor for Him as days go by;
4. Je - sus, the prom - ise I would claim! Kin - dle the Pen - ti - cost - al flame!



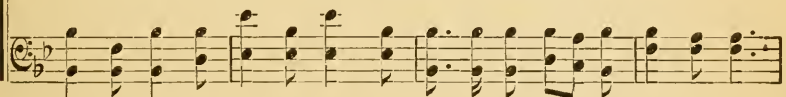
Just to be such as He will own, Just to be His, and His a - lone.
 Will-ing to let His will de - cree Just what and where my work shall be.
 Let me a faith-ful reap - er be, Gath - er - ing for e - ter - ni - ty.
 Breathe up-on me Thy spir - it now, As at the mer - cy seat I bow.



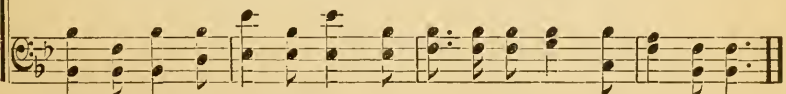
CHORUS.



Just to go where He may lead me, Read - y the cross for Him to bear;

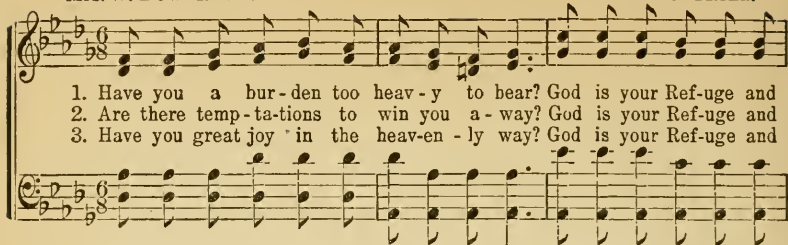


Just to work where He may need me, Just to be faith-ful, is my pray'r.

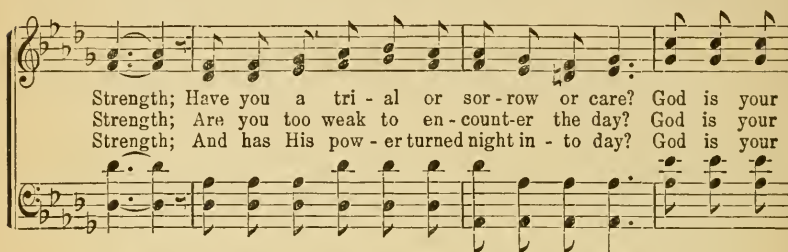


Mrs. W. HOWARD KEESLER.

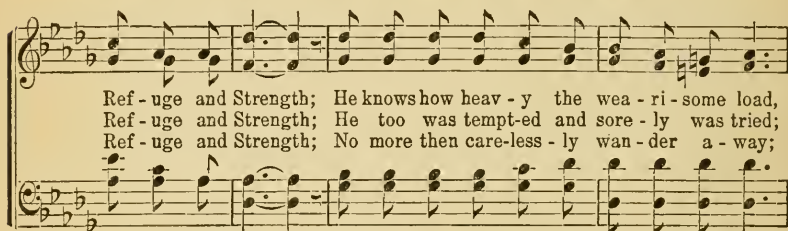
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



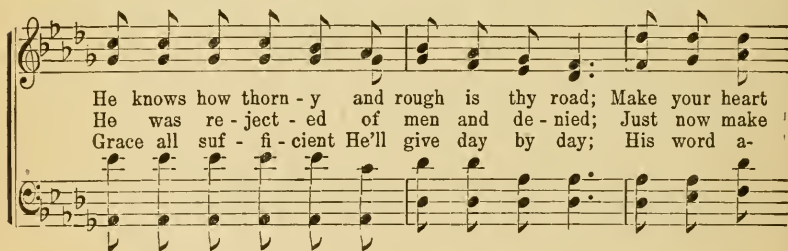
1. Have you a bur-den too heav-y to bear? God is your Ref-uge and
 2. Are there temp-ta-tions to win you a-way? God is your Ref-uge and
 3. Have you great joy in the heav-en-ly way? God is your Ref-uge and



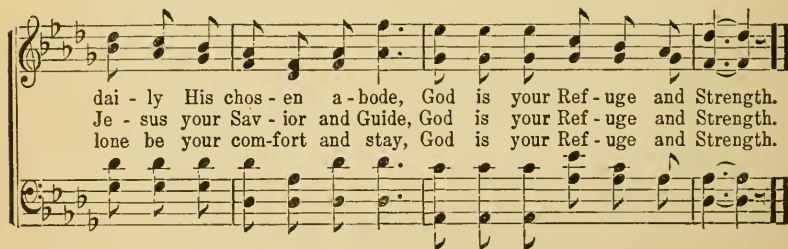
Strength; Have you a tri-al or sor-row or care? God is your
 Strength; Are you too weak to en-count-er the day? God is your
 Strength; And has His pow-er turned night in-to day? God is your



Ref-uge and Strength; He knows how heav-y the wea-ri-some load,
 Ref-uge and Strength; He too was tempt-ed and sore-ly was tried;
 Ref-uge and Strength; No more then care-less-ly wan-der a-way;



He knows how thorn-y and rough is thy road; Make your heart
 He was re-ject-ed of men and de-nied; Just now make
 Grace all suf-fi-cient He'll give day by day; His word a-



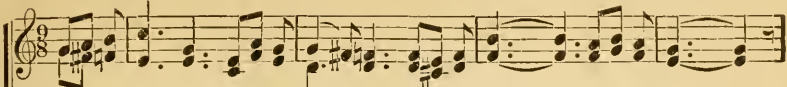
dai-ly His chos-en a-bode, God is your Ref-uge and Strength.
 Je-sus your Sav-ior and Guide, God is your Ref-uge and Strength.
 lone be your com-fort and stay, God is your Ref-uge and Strength.

All the Lord's.

47

C. H. M.

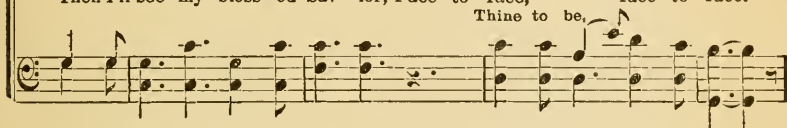
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Less than all I dare not of - fer Un - to Thee, un - to Thee;
2. Small the gift, but Thou wilt take it, This I know, this I know;
3. Keep me hum-ble, meek and low - ly, Ev - ry day, ev - 'ry day;
4. When I cross o'er death's dark riv - er, Saved by grace, saved by grace,
Un - to Thee, un - to Thee;



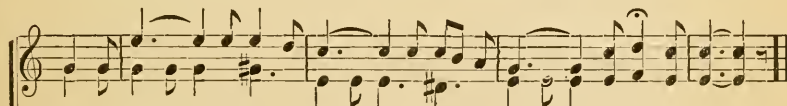
Here I make a full sur-ren - der, Thine to be, Thine to be.
And Thy precious blood wilt make it White as snow, white as snow.
Save and sanc-ti - fy me whol - ly; This I pray, this I pray.
Then I'll see my bless - ed Sav - ior, Face to face, face to face.
Thine to be,



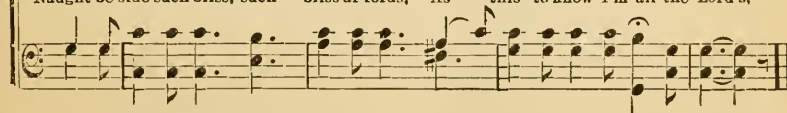
CHORUS.



All the Lord's, yes, all the Lords to be, Now and ev - er, all the Lord's;
All, all the Lord's, ev - er all, all, all the Lord's;



Naught be-side such bliss af-fords As this, to know I'm all the Lord's.
Naught be-side such bliss, such bliss af-fords, As this to know I'm all the Lord's,



Resting on His Promise.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am rest-ing on the prom-ise of my Sav-ior, As I find it
 2. I am rest-ing on the prom-ise of my Sav-ior, And there is no
 3. I am rest-ing on the prom-ise of my Sav-ior, And I know that
 4. I am rest-ing on the prom-ise of my Sav-ior, And when death at

writ-ten in His bless-ed Word; For I know that He will nev-er
 hour so dark with bit-ter grief, But that I can catch a gleam of
 in temp-ta-tion's anx-ious hour, He will look with mer-cy on my
 last shall claim the rest-less soul, I shall trust in Him to lead me

dis-ap-point me, But, in need, the sweet-est com-fort will af-ford.
 light from heav-en, And can hear His ten-der mes-sage of re-lief.
 ev-'ry weak-ness, And will gird me with His sav-ing grace and pow'r.
 thro' the val-ley, And a-cross the wave tho' bil-lows dark-ly roll.

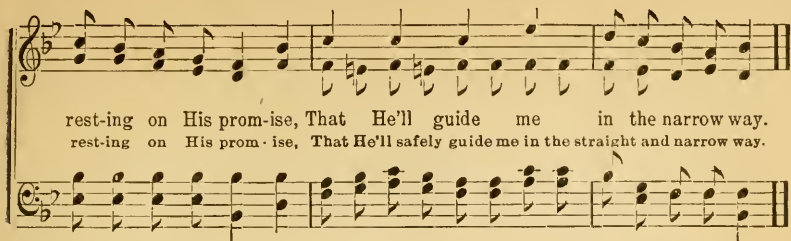
CHORUS.

I am rest - - - ing, rest-ing on His prom-ise, O how
 rest-ing on His promise, rest-ing on His prom-ise, O how sweet to

sweet to trust Him day by day! I am rest - - - ing,
 trust the Sav-ior, trust Him day by day! I am rest-ing on His prom-ise.

Resting on His Promise.

49

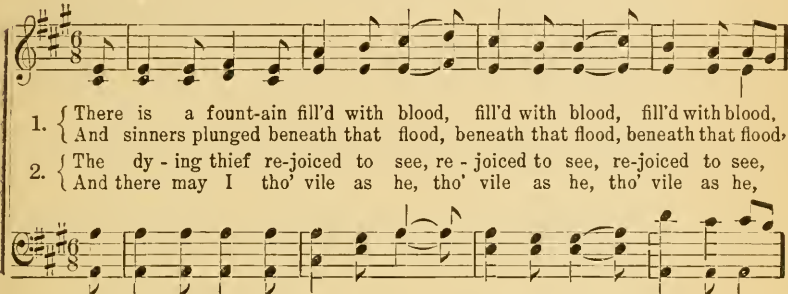


rest-ing on His prom-ise, That He'll guide me in the narrow way.
rest-ing on His prom-ise, That He'll safely guide me in the straight and narrow way.

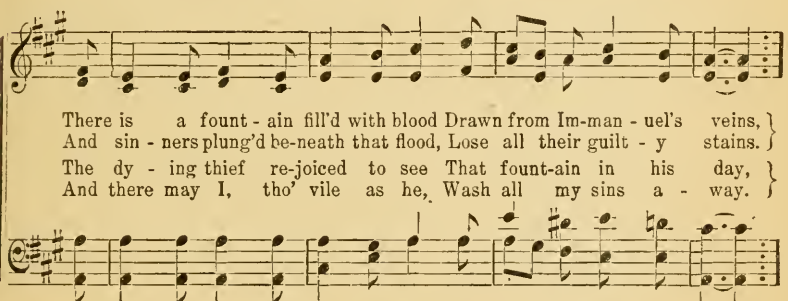
Glorious Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE.

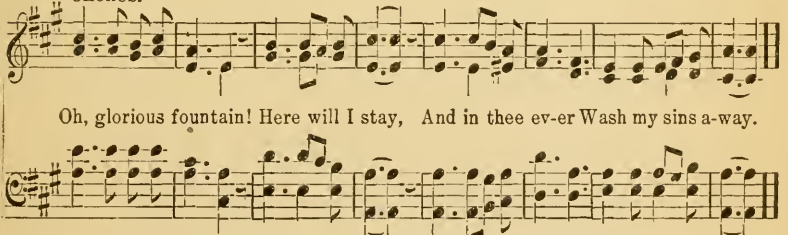


1. { There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood.
2. { The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see,
And there may I tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,



There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, }
And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. }
The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day, }
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. }

CHORUS.



Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood;
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God:
Are saved, to sin no more.</p> | <p>4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream:
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme:
And shall be till I die.</p> |
|---|--|

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

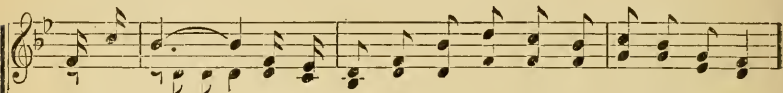
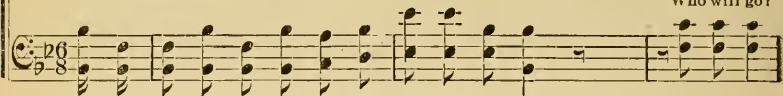


1. Who will go to the res-cue, the lost ones to save? Who will go? . . .

2. Who will go to the res-cue? The har-vest is white, Who will go? . . .

3. Who will go to the res-cue in Je-sus' dear name? Who will go? . . .

Who will go?

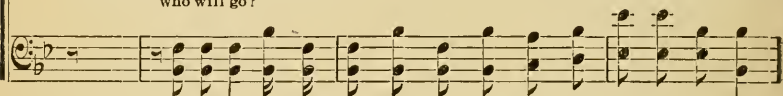


who will go? . . . To o-bey the com-mand, that our Mas-ter once gave,

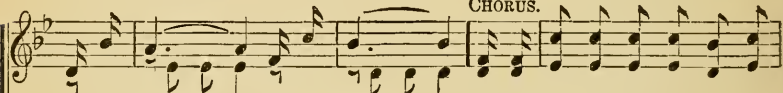
who will go? . . . For the day is ad-vanc-ing, and soon com-eth night,

who will go? . . . Who the mes-sage of life to the world will proclaim?

who will go?



CHORUS.

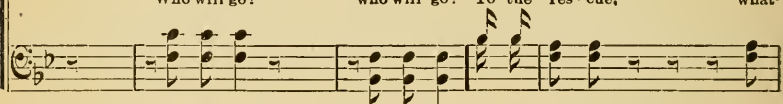


Who will go? . . . who will go? . . . To the res-cue, what-ev-er the

Who will go?

who will go? To the res-cue,

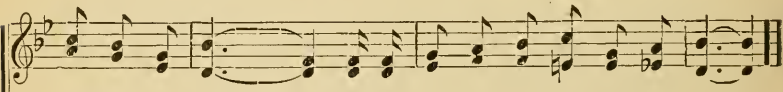
what-



cost, . . . No longer the service de-lay; . . . Thy neighbor, thy

ev-er the cost,

Who will go?



broth-er is lost! . . . To the res-cue and save him to-day!

thy broth-er is lost!



His Yoke is Easy.

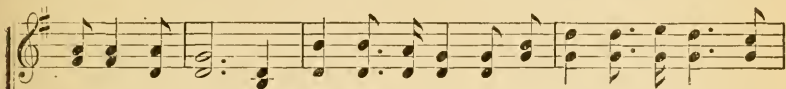
51

EDGAR LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.

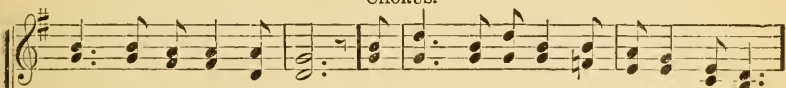


1. Oh, come to the Lord, at His side press a - long; His yoke is
2. His mer - cy is bound-less, His heart full of love; His yoke is
3. He seeks for the lost in the by - ways of sin; His yoke is

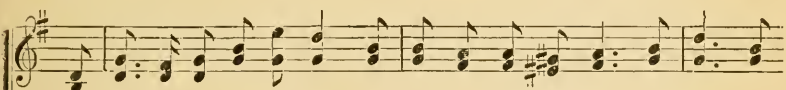


eas - y to bear; While walk - ing with Him swell the cho - rus of song, His
eas - y to bear; He leads all who will to the mansions a - bove, His
eas - y to bear; His in - fi - nite love would the wan - der - er win, His


CHORUS.



yoke is eas - y to bear. His yoke is eas - y, His bur - den is light;



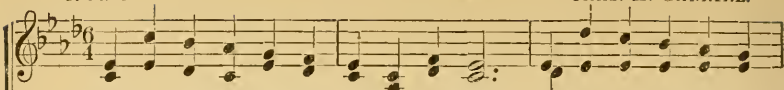
He'll give you strength and courage, and keep you day and night; His yoke is



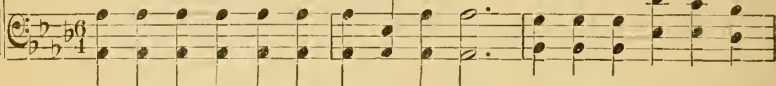
eas - y, oh, do not de - spair, It is eas - y, so eas - y to bear.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Glad - ly the will of my Lord I o - bey; He is my keep - er from
2. Not o - ver things of the world will I grieve; All that He sends I will
3. Tho' I may see but one step at a time, As up the path - way to
4. Liv - ing, I'll serve Him where - ev - er I go, E'en tho' it be where the
5. When I shall stand face to face with my King, Still to the word of His



day un - to day; He is my Guide, and He know - eth the way, His
 glad - ly re - ceive, Sat - is - fied just to look up and be - lieve, His
 glo - ry I climb, Yet I be - lieve in the prom - ise di - vine, His
 dark wa - ters flow; Dy - ing, I'll praise Him, for well do I know His
 prom - ise I'll cling, And with the ran - somed for - ev - er I'll sing—His



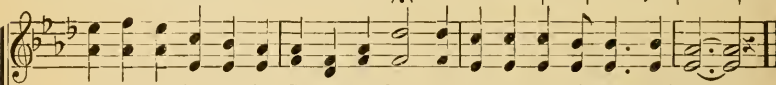
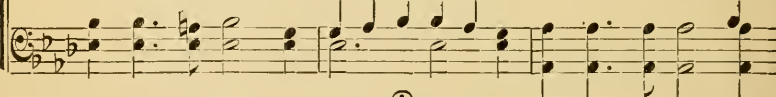
CHORUS.



grace is suf - fi - cient for me. . . . His grace is suf -
 grace is suf - fi - cient for me, His grace is suf - fi - cient, suf -



fi - cient for me, His grace is suf - fi - cient for me; Then
 fi - cient for me, His grace is suf - fi - cient,

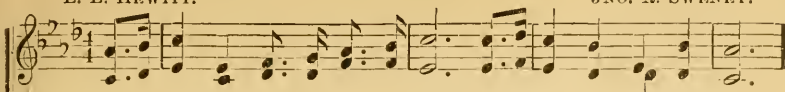


why should I fear, with a Sav - ior so dear? His grace is suf - fi - cient for me.

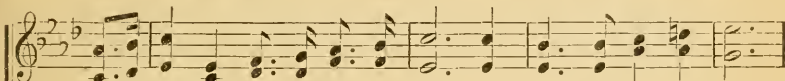


E. E. HEWITT.

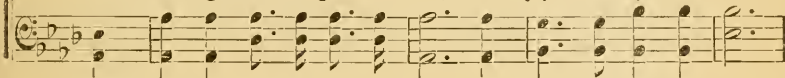
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King;
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



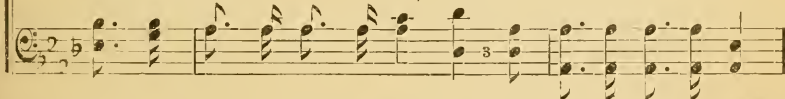
Than glows in a-ny earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
 And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
 For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.



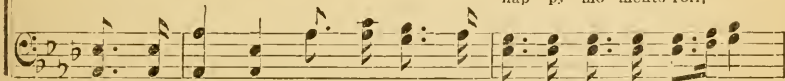
CHORUS.



Oh, there's sun - - shine, bless-ed sun - - shine,
 Oh, there's sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul.



While the peace-ful hap-py mo-ments roll, When
 hap-py mo-ments roll,



Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in my soul.

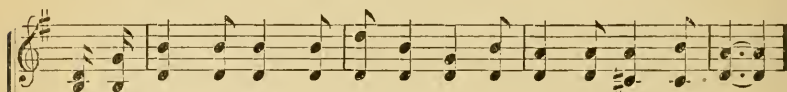


Rev. W. B. WILLIAMS.


CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. "He is al - to-geth - er love - ly!" My Re-deem - er, Sav - ior, Friend;
 2. "He is al - to-geth - er love - ly!" O how beau - ti - ful and fair!
 3. "He is al - to-geth - er love - ly!" He the poor and weak doth love!



He that loved me when a strang-er, Tru - ly lov - eth to the end;
 In His life so pure and ho - ly, Who with Him can we com - pare?
 He the blind and lame re - gard-eth, Fit - ting them for heav'n a - bove.




Tho' a wan - der - er, an a - lien, Once I was in - deed to Him,
 Not a fault in Him is men - tioned, Not a sin His life to mar;
 He the pen - i - tent makes hap - py By the pard'n-ing of his sin;



Yet He gave His life a ran - som That He might my soul re - deem.
 He than all the fair the fair - est He's the bright and Morn-ing Star.
 He the faith - ful doth en - a - ble The bright crown of life to win.

CHORUS.



"He is al - to-geth - er love - ly," And His name hath won-drous charm;

How I love Him, dear - ly love Him, Lean - ing on His might - y arm.

No, Not One.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
 4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for - sake Him? No, not one! no, not one!
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin - ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

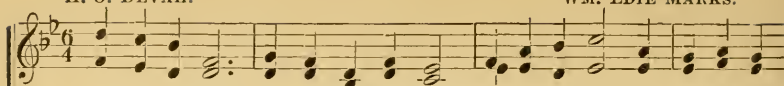
Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no not one!

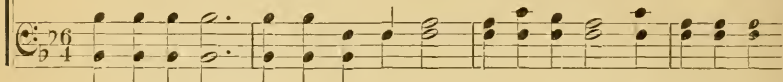
You Ought to Know Him.

H. O. DEVAH.

WM. EDIE MARKS.



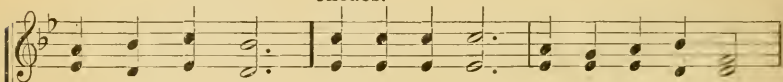
1. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a Sav - ier, ten - der and
2. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a faith - ful Shep - herd and
3. I have a friend—you ought to know Him; Will you not let Him en - ter your



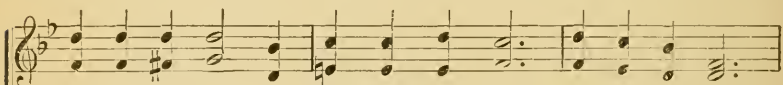
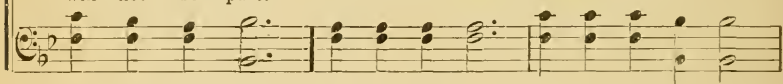
true. Je - sus, my King — how I a - dore Him, And He should be as
Guide; Sor - row He shares, bur - dens He light - ens, Ev - 'ry good thing by
heart? Peace He will give you without measure, Bless - ing un - told, that



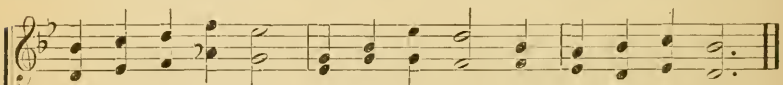
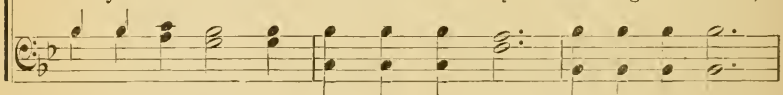
CHORUS.



pre - cious to you.
Him is sup - plied. I have a Friend—you ought to know Him;
will not de - part.



Will you not come and meet Him to - day? Wait - ing He stands,



ten - der - ly plead - ing:— "I am the Life, the Truth and the Way."

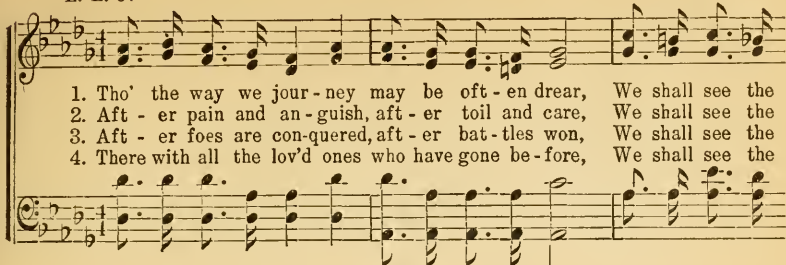


We Shall See the King Some Day.

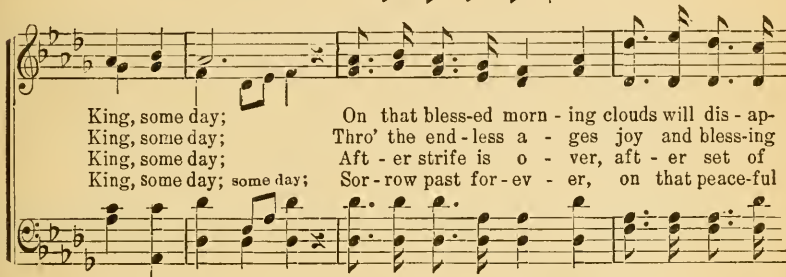
57

L. E. J.

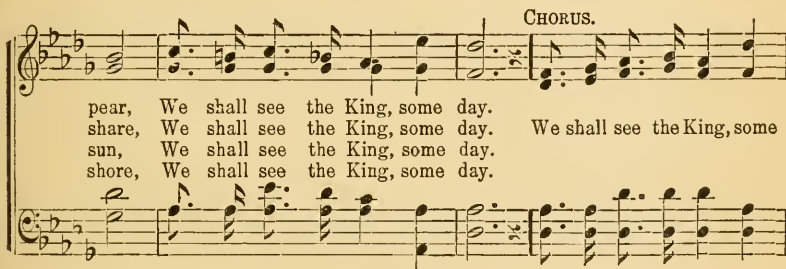
L. E. JONES.



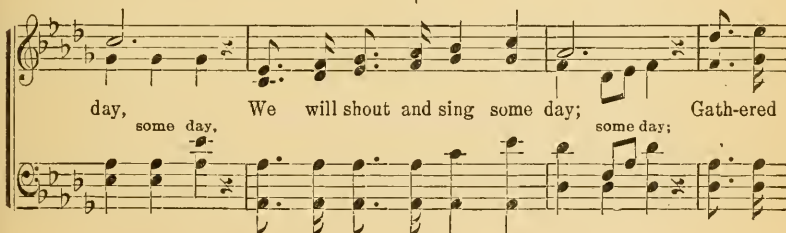
1. Tho' the way we jour - ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
 2. Aft - er pain and an - guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
 3. Aft - er foes are con - quered, aft - er bat - tles won, We shall see the
 4. There with all the lov'd ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the



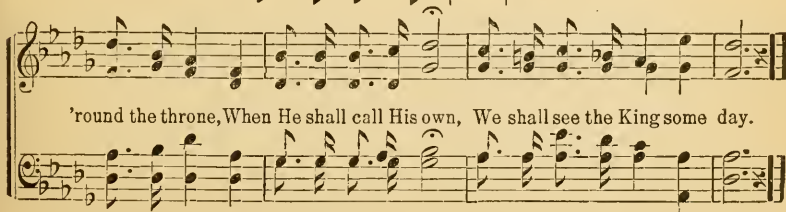
King, some day; On that bless - ed morn - ing clouds will dis - ap -
 King, some day; Thro' the end - less a - ges joy and bless - ing
 King, some day; Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of
 King, some day; some day; Sor - row past for - ev - er, on that peace - ful



CHORUS.
 pear, We shall see the King, some day.
 share, We shall see the King, some day. We shall see the King, some
 sun, We shall see the King, some day.
 shore, We shall see the King, some day.



day, some day, We will shout and sing some day; some day; Gath - ered



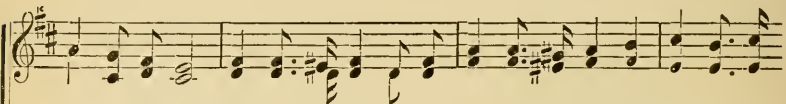
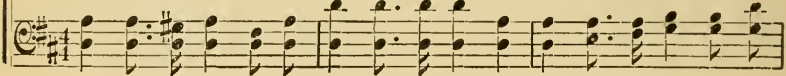
'round the throne, When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

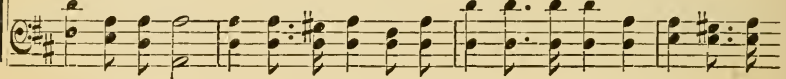
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



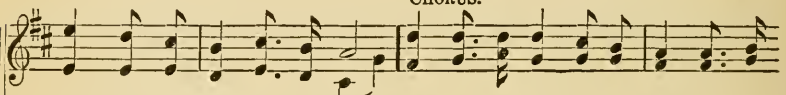
1. Help has been laid up - on One that is might-y, Safe is the soul that shall
2. Help has been laid up - on One that is might-y, Millions have test-ed His
3. Help has been laid up - on One that is might-y, He is suf - fi - cient all



rest on His arm; None are so weak but His strength would sustain them, None are so wonderful pow'r, Found Him both a - ble and will - ing to save them, Found in the need to supply; Turn from earth's follies, for - sake ev - 'ry ref - uge And on the

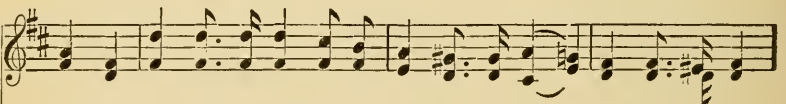
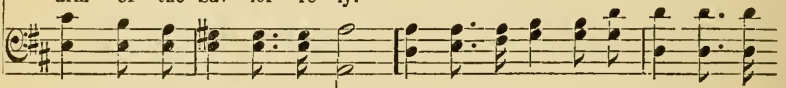


CHORUS.

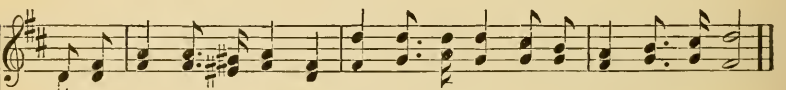


frail but He shields them from harm.

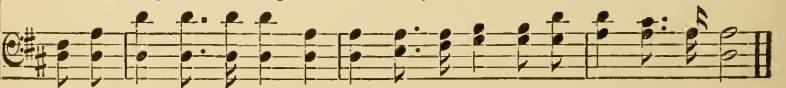
Sav - ior a strong might-y tow'r. No one is a - ble to save you but
arm of the Sav - ior re - ly.



Je - sus, He has re-deemed by His own pre-cious blood; Come to Him now!



He's the help of the help-less, Give all your life to the dear Son of God.

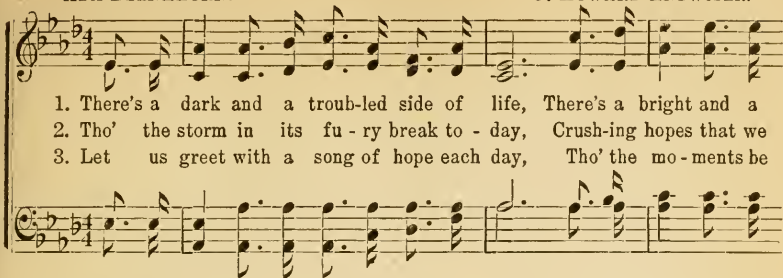


Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.

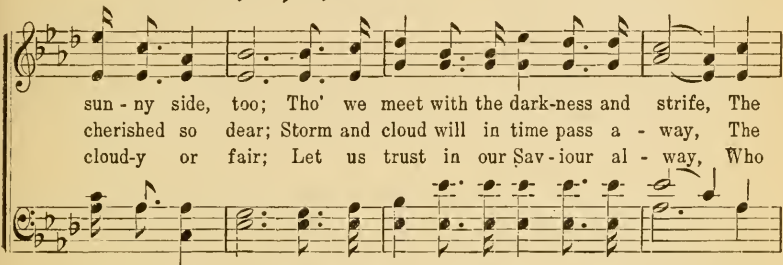
59

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

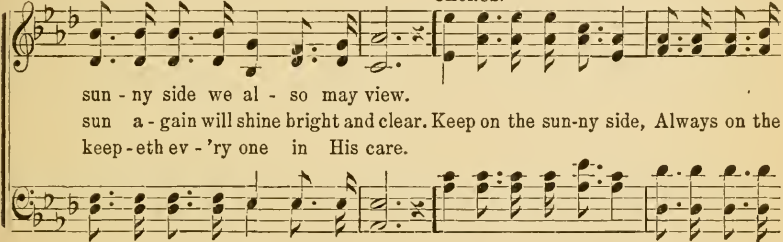


1. There's a dark and a trou-ble-d side of life, There's a bright and a
 2. Tho' the storm in its fu-ry break to-day, Crush-ing hopes that we
 3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo-ments be

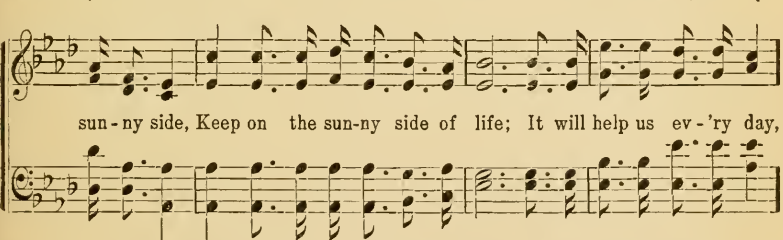


sun-ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the dark-ness and strife, The
 cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a-way, The
 cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav-iour al-way, Who

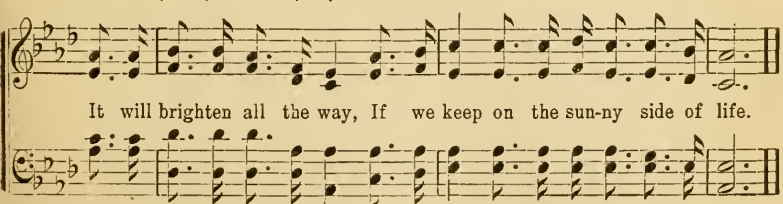
CHORUS.



sun-ny side we al-so may view.
 sun-a-gain will shine bright and clear. Keep on the sun-ny side, Always on the
 keep-eth ev-'ry one in His care.



sun-ny side, Keep on the sun-ny side of life; It will help us ev-'ry day,

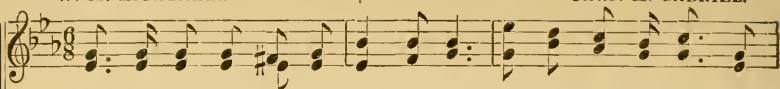


It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sun-ny side of life.

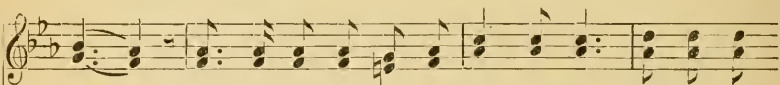
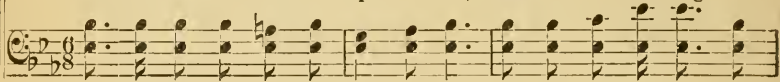
Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. LIGHTHALL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



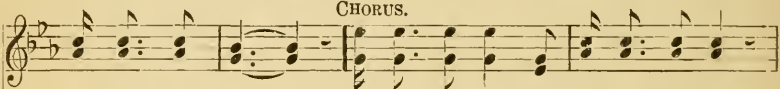
1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop-ing His way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to



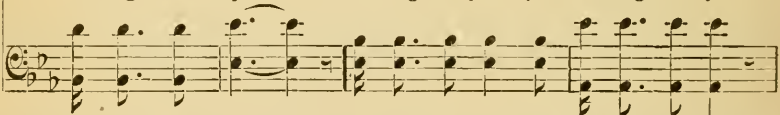
you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
 you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
 you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is
 you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is



CHORUS.



look-ing to you. Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!



Let your light shine the dark-ness through, Like a sun-beam, for



lit-tle you dream What some-one is look-ing to you.



Sing His Praises.

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F. S. SHEPARD.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



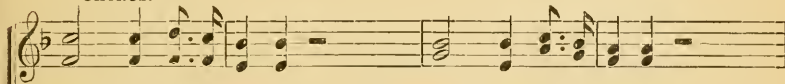
1. Lift your voic - es now in praise of Je - sus For, His wondrous love so free;
2. For His wondrous grace and lov - ing fa - vor, Now ex - alt our Sav-ior King;
3. He hath wrought a work of great re-demp-tion For those ruin - ed by the fall;



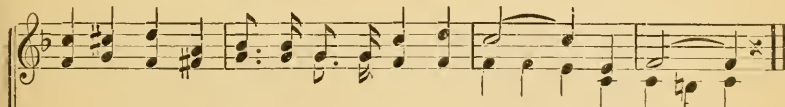
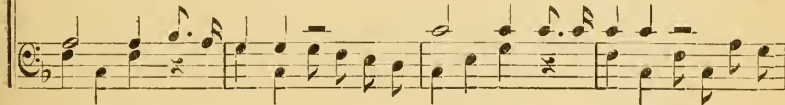
Her - ald forth the news of full sal - va-tion, Bought for us on Cal - va - ry.
Tell His good-ness un - to ev - 'ry na-tion, Loud the praise of Je - sus sing.
And from ev - 'ry bond of sin can free us, Send the bless-ed news to all.



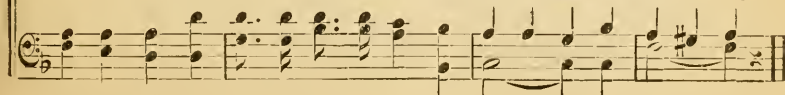
CHORUS.



Sing, sing ye His prais-es! Sing, sing ye His prais-es!
Sing, oh, sing! Sing, oh, sing His praises! Sing, oh, sing! Sing, oh, sing His praises!

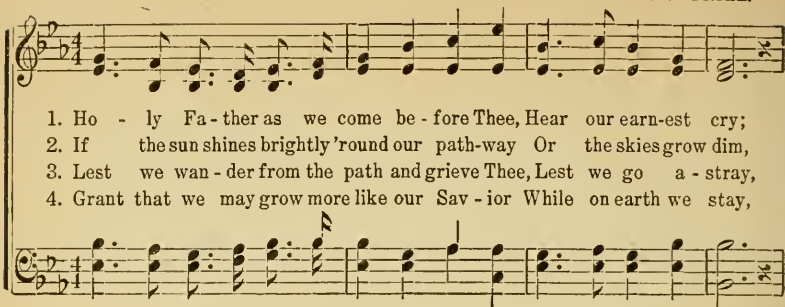


Now a - dore our bless-ed Lord and King, Our Lord and King.
Our bless-ed, bless - ed Lord and King,

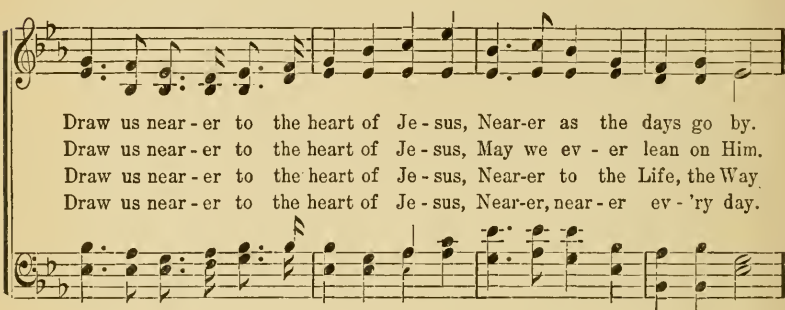


MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

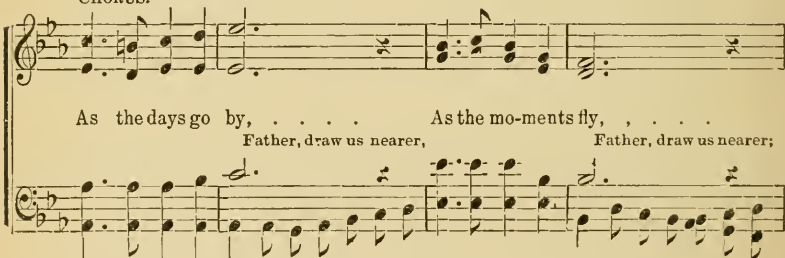


1. Ho - ly Fa - ther as we come be - fore Thee, Hear our earn - est cry;
 2. If the sun shines brightly 'round our path - way Or the skies grow dim,
 3. Lest we wan - der from the path and grieve Thee, Lest we go a - stray,
 4. Grant that we may grow more like our Sav - ior While on earth we stay,

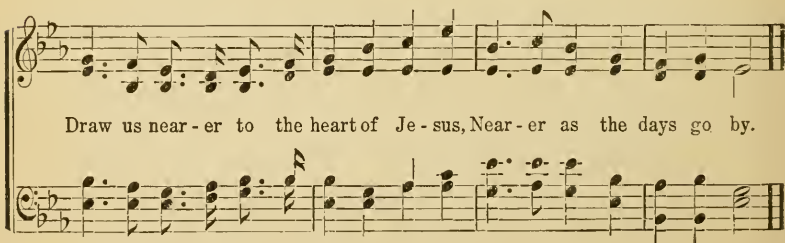


Draw us near - er to the heart of Je - sus, Near - er as the days go by.
 Draw us near - er to the heart of Je - sus, May we ev - er lean on Him.
 Draw us near - er to the heart of Je - sus, Near - er to the Life, the Way.
 Draw us near - er to the heart of Je - sus, Near - er, near - er ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.



As the days go by, As the mo - ments fly,
 Father, draw us nearer, Father, draw us nearer;



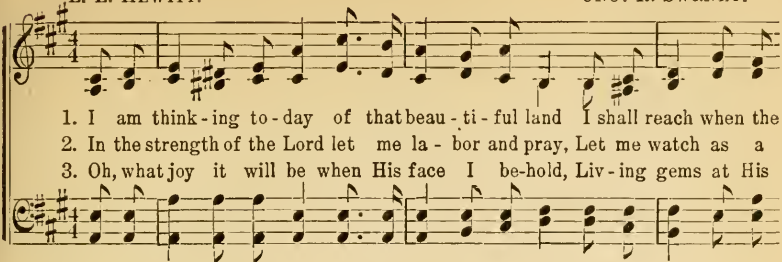
Draw us near - er to the heart of Je - sus, Near - er as the days go by.

Will There be Any Stars?

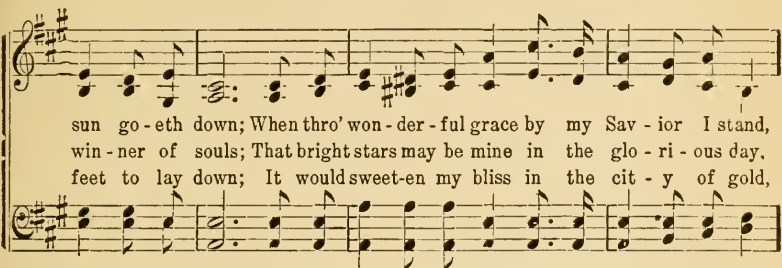
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C. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

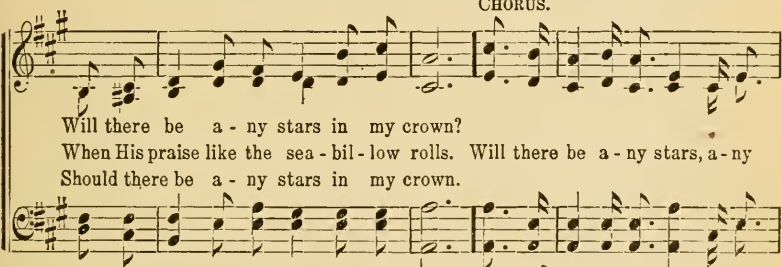


1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

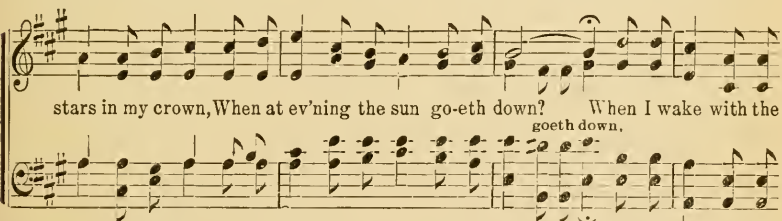


sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
 win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day.
 feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,

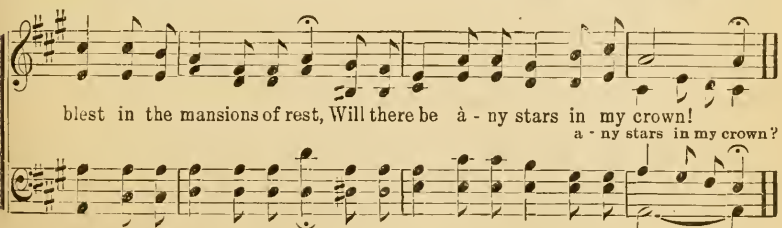
CHORUS.



Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?
 When His praise like the sea - bil - low rolls. Will there be a - ny stars, a - ny
 Should there be a - ny stars in my crown.



stars in my crown, When at ev'ning the sun go-eth down? When I wake with the
 goeth down,



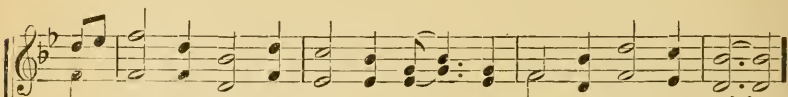
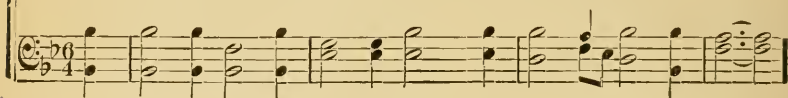
blest in the mansions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown!
 a - ny stars in my crown?

T. SHEPHERD.

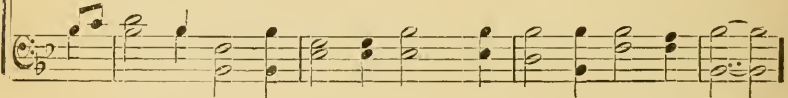
G. N. ALLEN.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;



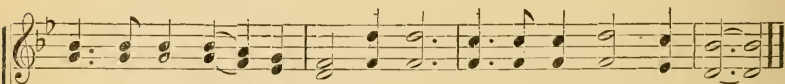
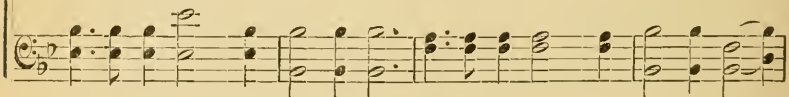
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste un - min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.



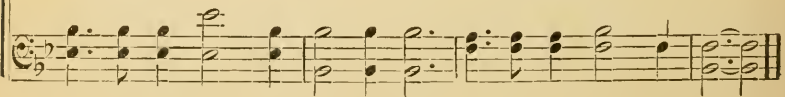
CHORUS.



Glad - ly I'll bear the cross for Thee, For Thou did'st bear it once for me,

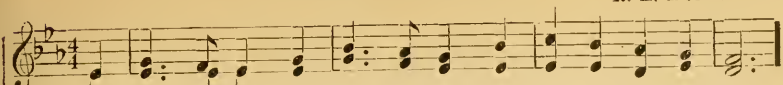


Then, when Thy face at last I see, I shall ob - tain the crown.




Chorus, words and music, Copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Gabriel,

R. E. HUDSON.




1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sov - reign die,
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up - on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe,

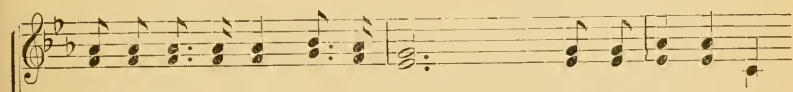


Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!


CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



bur - den of my heart rolled a - way — rolled a - way — It was there by faith



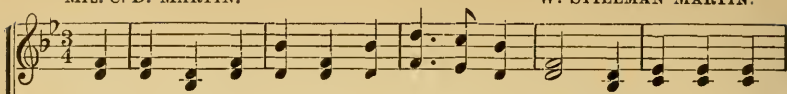
I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

Used by per.

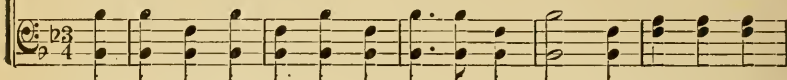
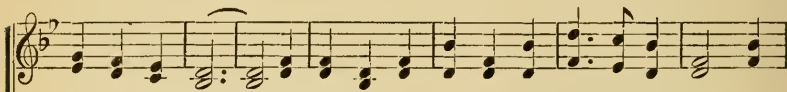
"From Glory to Glory."

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

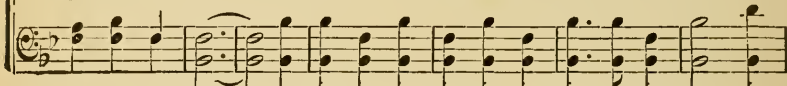
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



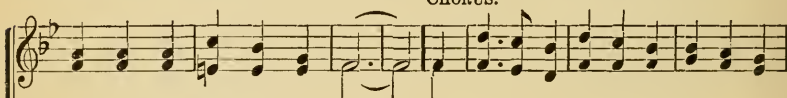
1. "From glo - ry to glo - ry" O won - der - ful change, How mar - vel - ous,
2. "From glo - ry to glo - ry" He lead - eth me on, Till ful - ness of
3. "From glo - ry to glo - ry" His prom - ise is sure, No word He has

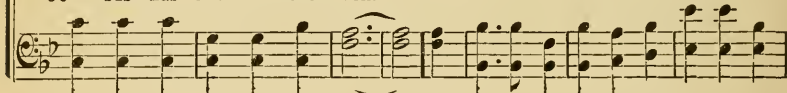
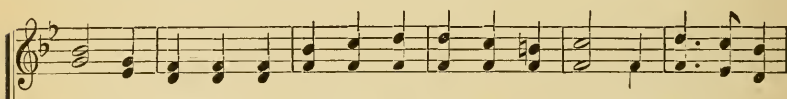
gra - cious and broad! Trans - lat - ed by grace from the king - dom of sin, To
glo - ry I know! O fore - taste of heav - en to feel His great love Con -
spok - en shall fail; Some day I ex - pect heav - en's glo - ry to share, When



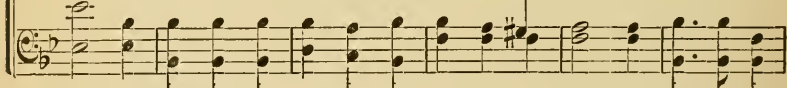

CHORUS.



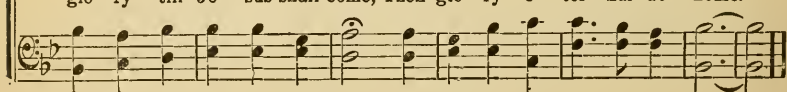
dwell in the king - dom of God.
strain - ing my life here be - low. "From glo - ry to glo - ry," O this is His
Je - sus has lift - ed the veil.

way! From dark - ness of mid - night to bright - ness of day; "From glo - ry to

glo - ry" till Je - sus shall come, Then glo - ry e - ter - nal at home.



A Clean Heart.

67

REV. WALTER C. SMITH.

FRED H. BYSHE.

1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my path hath mir-y been,
 2. If clear-er vis-ion Thou im-part, Grate-ful and glad my soul shall be;
 3. Yea, on-ly as this heart is clean May lar-ger vis-ion yet be mine,
 4. I watch to shun the mir-y way And stanch the springs of guilt-y thought,

Be it by wa-ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
 But yet to have a pur-er heart Is more to me, is more to me.
 For mir-rored in its depths are seen The things di-vine, the things di-vine.
 But, watch and strug-gle as I may, Pure I am not, pure I am not.

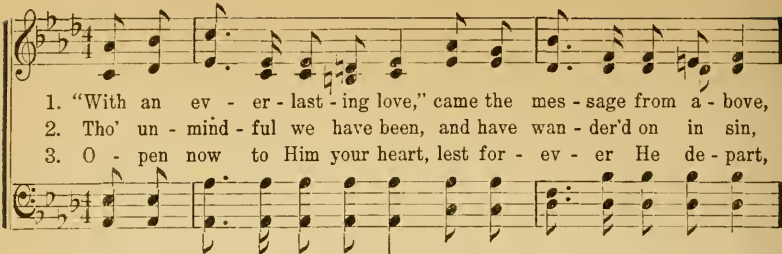
REFRAIN.

So wash me Thou with-out, with-in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
 Wash me Thou with-out, within, Or purge with fire, if that must be,

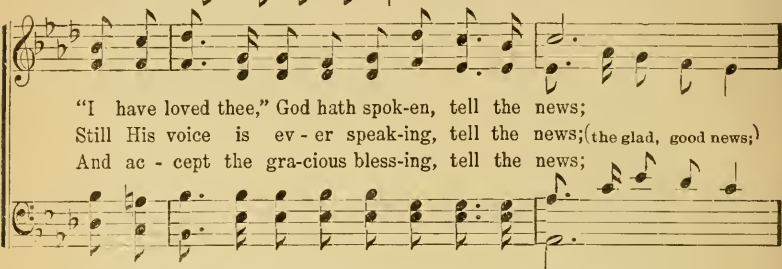
No mat-ter how, if on-ly sin Die out in me, Die out in me.
 A-ny-how, if on-ly sin die out in me,
 Die in me,

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

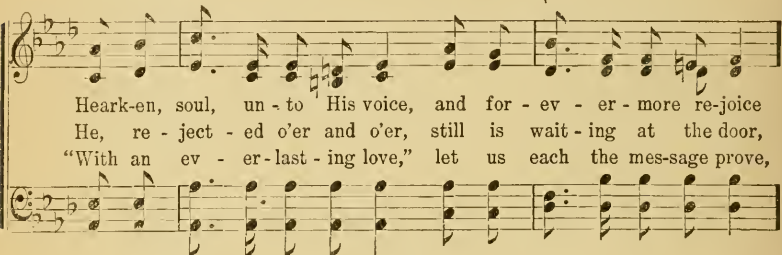
E. O. EXCELL.



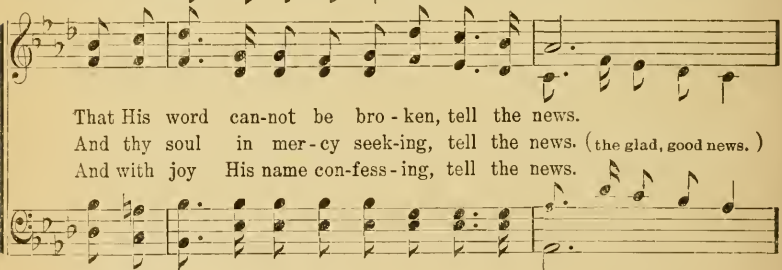
1. "With an ev - er - last - ing love," came the mes - sage from a - bove,
 2. Tho' un - mind - ful we have been, and have wan - der'd on in sin,
 3. O - pen now to Him your heart, lest for - ev - er He de - part,



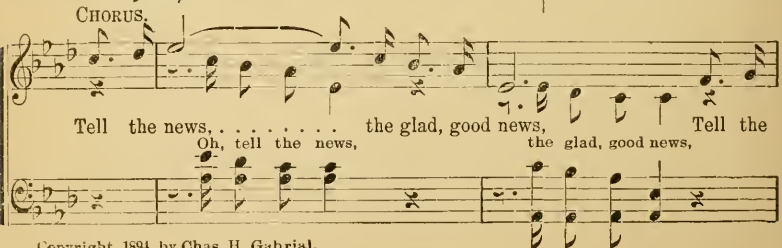
"I have loved thee," God hath spok-en, tell the news;
 Still His voice is ev - er speak-ing, tell the news; (the glad, good news;)
 And ac - cept the gra-cious bless-ing, tell the news;



Heark-en, soul, un - to His voice, and for - ev - er - more re-joice
 He, re - ject - ed o'er and o'er, still is wait - ing at the door,
 "With an ev - er - last - ing love," let us each the mes-sage prove,



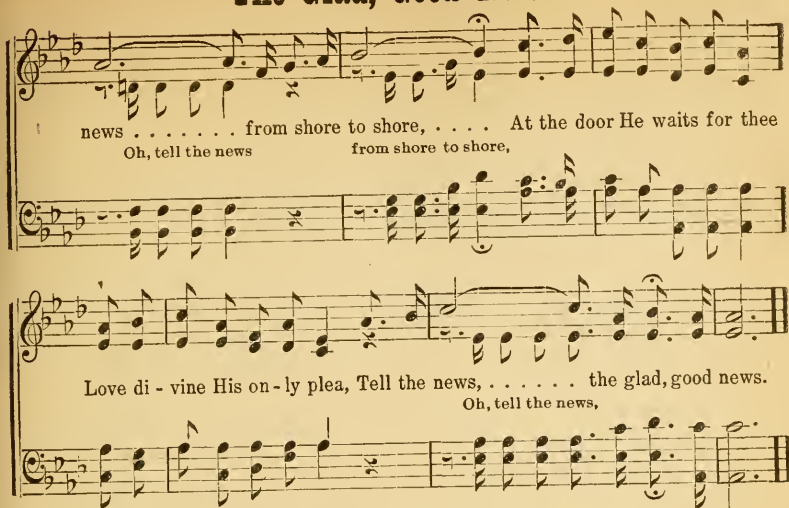
That His word can-not be bro - ken, tell the news.
 And thy soul in mer - cy seek-ing, tell the news. (the glad, good news.)
 And with joy His name con-fess-ing, tell the news.



CHORUS.
 Tell the news, the glad, good news, Tell the
 Oh, tell the news, the glad, good news,

The Glad, Good News.

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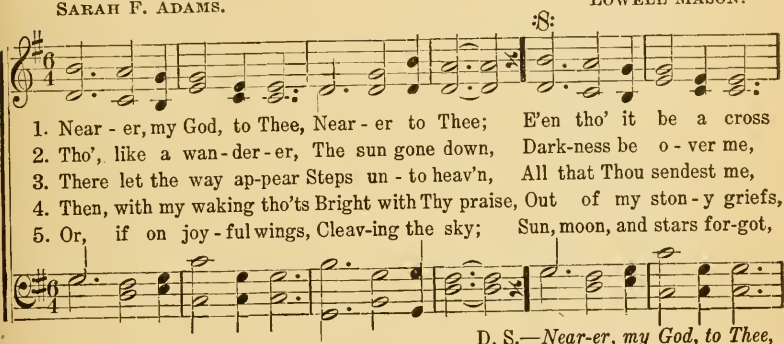
news from shore to shore, At the door He waits for thee
Oh, tell the news from shore to shore,

Love di - vine His on - ly plea, Tell the news, the glad, good news.
Oh, tell the news,

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

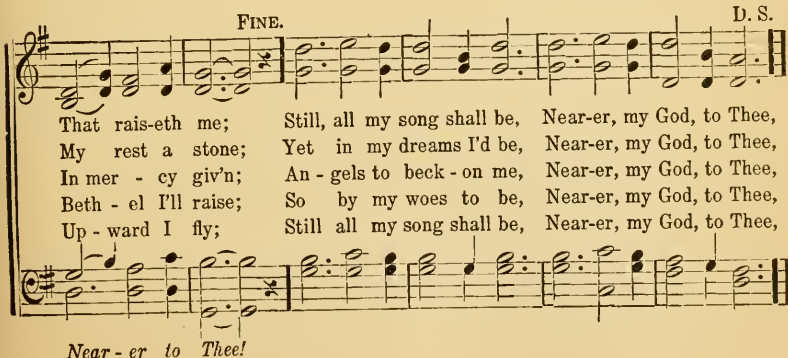
SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho', like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n, All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
5. Or, if on joy - ful wings, Cleav - ing the sky; Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,



FINE. D. S.

That rais - eth me; Still, all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee!

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am bound for the coun-try, where com-eth no night, In the
 2. I am bound for a coun-try, where pain is un-known, Where all
 3. I am bound for a coun-try, the land of the blest, 'Tis a

land by the bright Jas-per Sea, Where Je-sus, my Sav-ior, the
 sick-ness and sor-row shall cease; No weep-ing is there; not a
 place, where no sin e'er shall come. The weak shall be strong, and the

glo-ry and light, Is pre-par-ing a man-sion for me.
 sigh nor a moan Can be heard in that cit-y of peace.
 wea-ry shall rest, When they reach that bright cit-y called "home."

CHORUS.

Will you go? . . . Will you go? will you go? . . . will you go?
 . . . Will you go? . . . will you go?

1. Will you go to that coun-try so fair? . . . Will you go? . . .
 2. In the joys of the ransomed to share, . . .
 3. To that won-der-ful "cit-y four-square." Will you go?

Will You Meet Me?

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will you go? 'Tis a beau-ti-ful cit-y, will you meet me there?
will you go?

Save One.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Out in the break-ers are per-ish-ing souls, Save one, save one;
2. Out in the dark-ness of sin's aw-ful night, Save one, save one;
3. Out on the mount-ain so sad-ly a-stray, Save one, save one;
4. Lov'd ones or strangers, who-e'er they may be, Save one, save one;

Out where the cur-rent of sin mad-ly rolls, Save one, save one.
Tell them of Je-sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one.
From the sweet homeland so far, far a-way, Save one, save one.
Go in His Spir-it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.

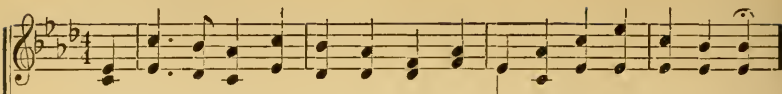
CHORUS.

Pit-y the per-ish-ing, La-bor and pray; Hast-en to res-cue them

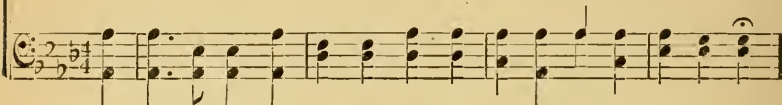
Save one to-day, Then in your heart will be heaven be-gun, Save one, save one.

W. M. LIGHTHALL.

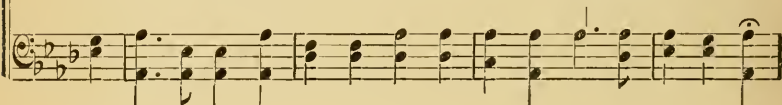
CARL FISCHER.



1. When earth-ly friends are few and far, When all my way seems lone and drear
2. 'Tis sweet to know that Thou dost guide, To know that Thou hast promised me
3. With such a friend I fear no foe; "Lo I am with Thee; Do not fear,"
4. 'Tis sweet to know that Thou art just, That Thy great heart doth feel for me,



When thro' the night shines not a star, 'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near.
That Thou wilt tar-ry by my side, I need but trust and Thou canst see.
O prom-ise sure, 'tis sweet to know I need but call and Thou wilt hear.
That when in love Thou dost re-prove, 'Tis but to draw me near-er Thee.



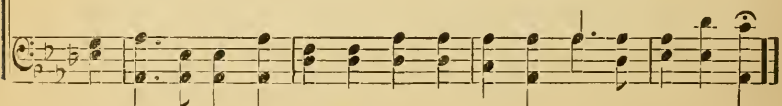
CHORUS.



'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near me, Guid-ing where I can-not see,



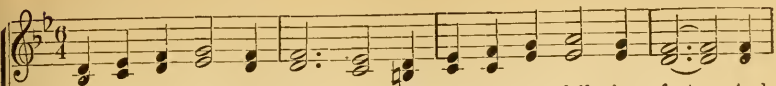
And when I call that Thou dost hear me, Lov-ing, guard-ing, keep-ing me.



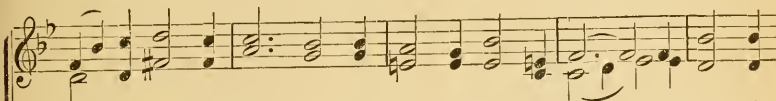
Show Me the Way, Dear Savior. 73

ALLIE TOLAND CRISS.

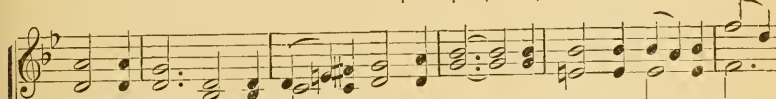
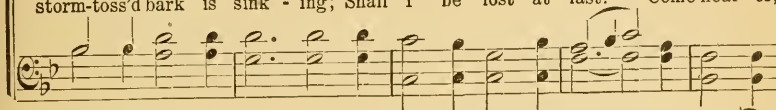
ALLIE TOLAND CRISS.



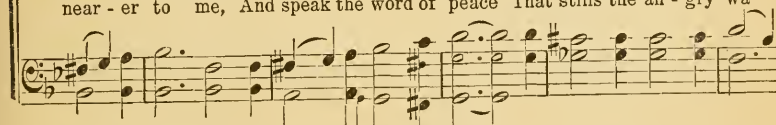
1. Show me the way, dear Sav - ior! The shad-ows are fall - ing fast; And
2. Show me the way, dear Sav - ior! The night is so wild and dark; I
3. Show me the way, dear Sav - ior! My cour-age is fail - ing fast; My



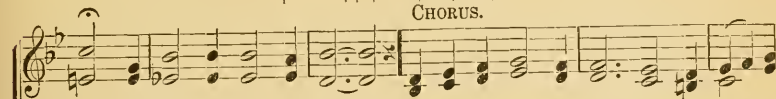
thro' the clouds a - bove me No ray of light is cast; The storm is
can - not stem the cur - rent, Un-less Thou guide my bark; Oh, fierc - er
storm-toss'd bark is sink - ing; Shall I be lost at last? Come near - er,



wild - ly ra - ging, The thun-ders loud-ly roar; The rest-less waves are dash-
grows the tem-pest, And wild - er rolls the sea! Help! help me O my Sav-
near - er to me, And speak the word of peace That stills the an - gry wa-

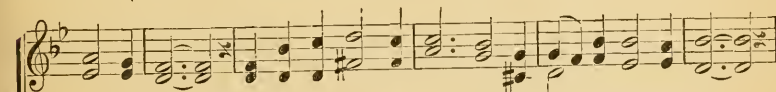
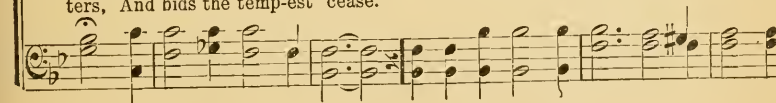


CHORUS.

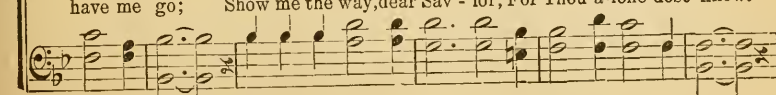


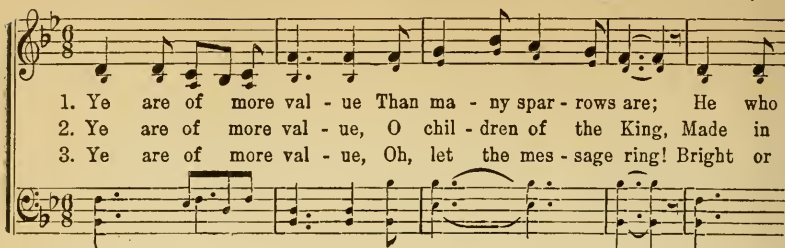
ing Against the wreck-strewn shore.

ior! I trust a-lone in Thee. Show me the way, dear, Savior That Thou wouldst
ters, And bids the temp-est cease.

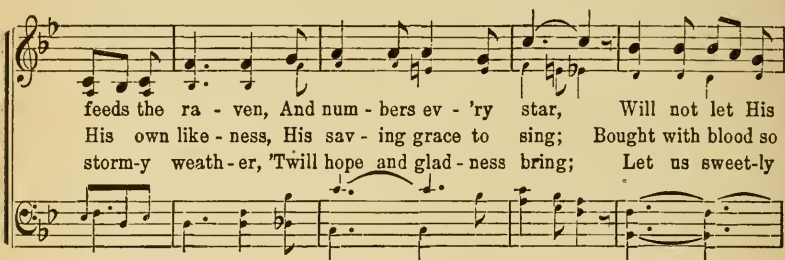


have me go; Show me the way, dear Sav - ior, For Thou a-lone dost know.

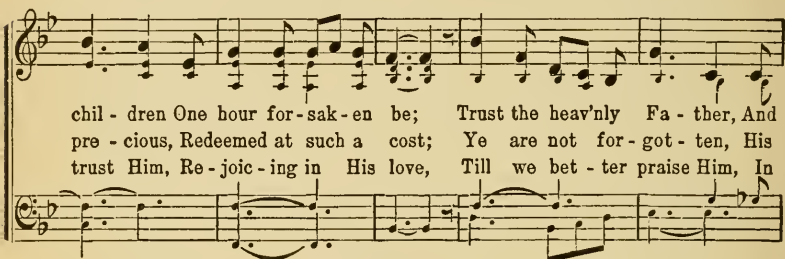




1. Ye are of more val - ue Than ma - ny spar - rows are; He who
 2. Ye are of more val - ue, O chil - dren of the King, Made in
 3. Ye are of more val - ue, Oh, let the mes - sage ring! Bright or

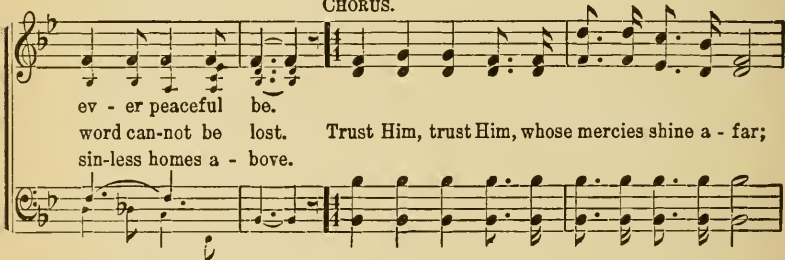


feeds the ra - ven, And num - bers ev - 'ry star, Will not let His
 His own like - ness, His sav - ing grace to sing; Bought with blood so
 storm-y weath - er, 'Twill hope and glad - ness bring; Let us sweet - ly

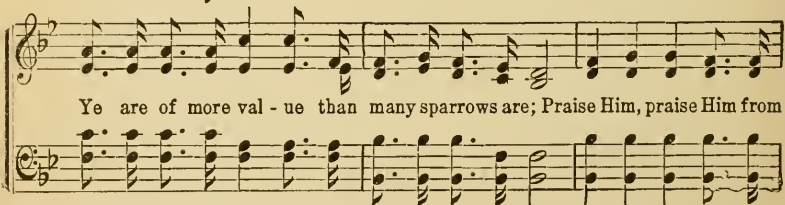


chil - dren One hour for - sak - en be; Trust the heav'nly Fa - ther, And
 pre - cious, Redeemed at such a cost; Ye are not for - got - ten, His
 trust Him, Re - joic - ing in His love, Till we bet - ter praise Him, In

CHORUS.



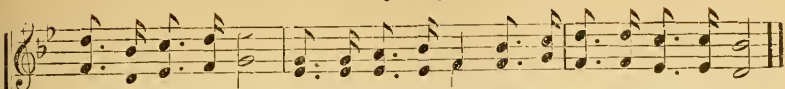
ev - er peaceful be.
 word can-not be lost. Trust Him, trust Him, whose mercies shine a - far;
 sin-less homes a - bove.



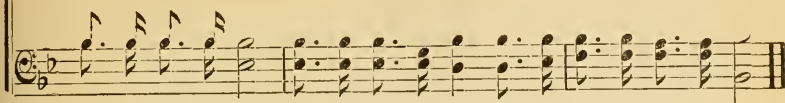
Ye are of more val - ue than many sparrows are; Praise Him, praise Him from

Than Many Sparrows.

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morn till evening star, Ye are of more val - ue than ma - ny sparrows are.



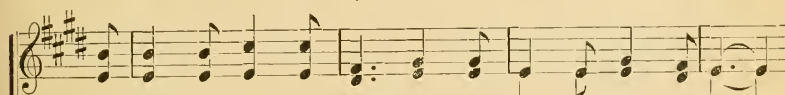
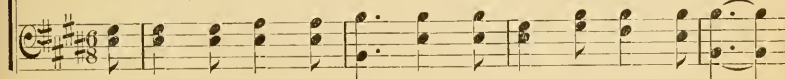
Consecration.

MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



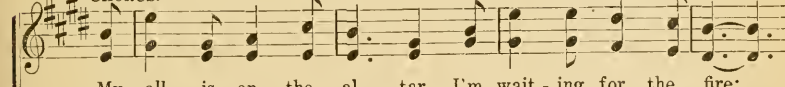
1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee,
2. Oh, Je - sus, might - y Sav - ior, I trust in Thy great name,
3. Oh, let the fire de - scend - ing Just now up - on my soul,
4. I'm Thine, O bless - ed Je - sus, Wash'd by Thy cleans - ing blood;



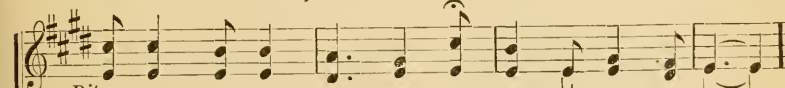
A con - se - cra - ted of - f'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be.
 I look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.
 Con - sume my hum - ble of - f'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
 Now seal me by Thy Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.



CHORUS.

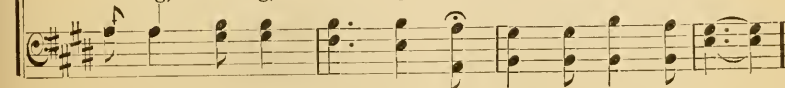


My all is on the al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire;



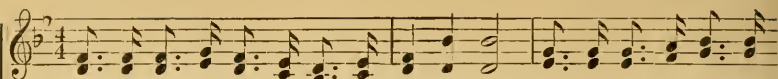
Rit.

Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

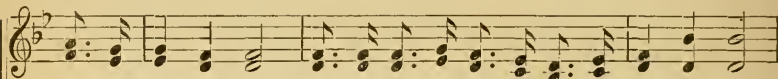
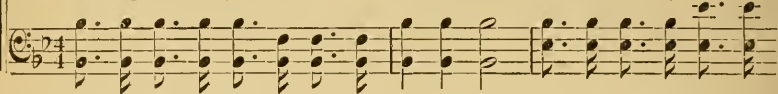


R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.



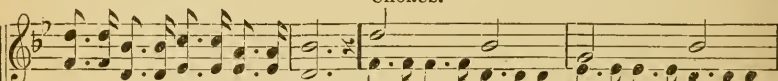
1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can-not fail, When the howl-ing storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es, I now can see Perfect, present, cleans-ing
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal-
5. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I can-not fail, List-'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment



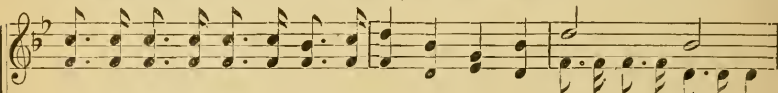
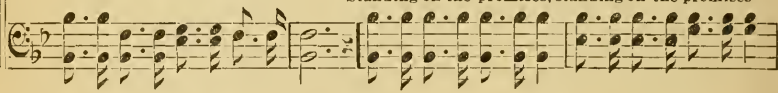
let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
ly by love's strong chord, O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,



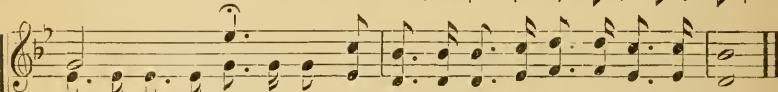
CHORUS.



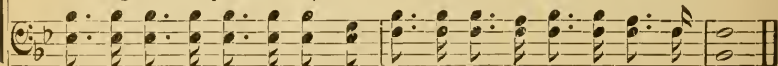
Stand-ing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises



Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - ing,
Standing on the prom-is-es,



stand - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
stand-ing on the prom - is - es,



Sunshine and Rain.

77

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a - round, With-out the bless-ing
 2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
 3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the

of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat - ter seed up - on the
 bur - den of our sin, refreshing rain, Would we know the sweet-ness of His
 days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-

Would we scat - ter seed

fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
 love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
 ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

CHORUS.

{ Sun-shine and rain, re - fresh-ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
 { Sun-shine and rain, to nour-ish the grow-ing grain Send us Lord, the

1 love, Show - ers from a - bove! 2 sun-shine and the rain.

E. P. STILES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-er free-ly mine;
 2. The Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
 3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev-er-ver-nal trees,
 4. The zeph-ys seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel-o-dy.

Here shines undimm'd one bliss-ful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.
 He gen-tle leads me with His hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.
 And flow'rs that nev-er fad-ing grow Where steams of life for-ev-er flow.
 As an-gels with the white robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

CHORUS.

O Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land! As on thy high-est mount I stand,

I look a-way a-cross the sea Where mansions are pre-pared far me,

And view the shin-ing glo-ry shore, My heav'n, my home for-ev-er-more.

From "Goodly Pearls," by John J. Hood. By per.

I Want To Scatter Sunshine.

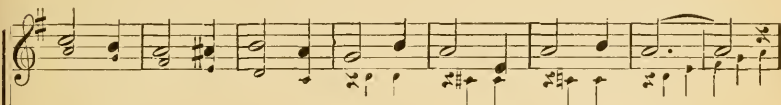
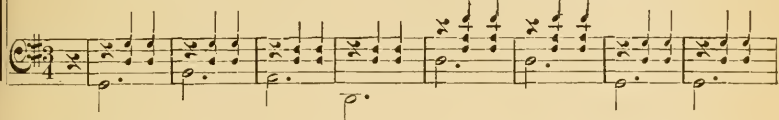
79

JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



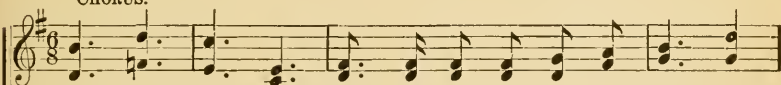
1. I want to scat-ter sun - shine For Je - sus ev - 'ry day; I
2. I want to scat-ter sun - shine, For ma - ny paths are drear; And
3. I want to scat-ter sun - shine, I want to gleam and glow With
4. To sad and troub-led broth - ers, Whom Sa - tan doth con-trol, I



want to glow as on I go, What-ev - er be the way.
here and there are hearts of care, That long for light and cheer.
great - er pow'r each day and hour, My love for Christ to show.
want to prove that Je - sus' love Keeps sun-shine in my soul.



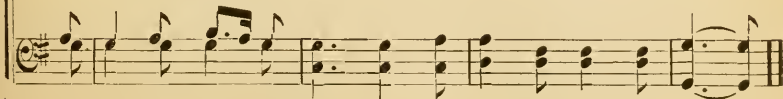
CHORUS.



Suu - shine! sun - shine! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful sun - shine!



I want to scat-ter sun - shine For Je - sus ev - 'ry day.



GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the might-y
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long, This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y
 con - flict In this His glorious day; Ye that are men now serve Him Against un-
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel ar - mor, And watching
 battle, The next, the vic-tor's song; To him that o-ver-com-eth, A crown of

shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed!
 number'd foes; Let courage rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength op-pose!
 un - to pray'r, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there!
 life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus

high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss!

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.


CHORUS.

1 2

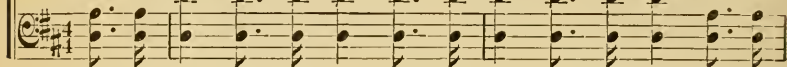
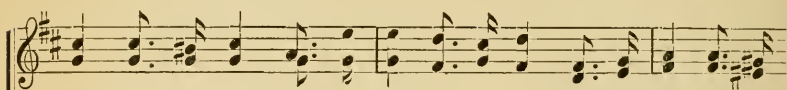
{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, Only trust Him now; }
{ He will save you, He will save you, (*Omit*) } He will save you now.

Rev. NEAL A. MCAULEY,


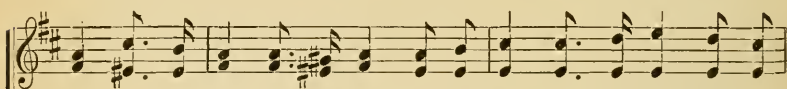
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.




1. Let us work for the Lord who has sav'd us from sin; Let us
 2. Let us pub - lish the sto - ry of good will to men; Let us
 3. Let us work, al - ways trust - ing, the pow'r of His love; Let us

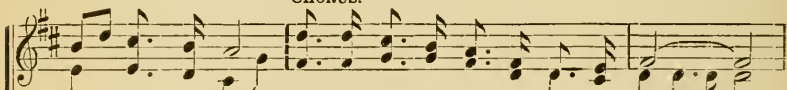
toil oth - er souls for His king - dom to win; Let us la - bor each
 plead with the way - ward a - gain and a - gain; Let us lift up the
 seek the a - noint - ing that comes from a - bove; Let us use ev - 'ry

day ev - er faith - ful and true, For the night com - eth soon when no
 fal - len and show them the way, And the Mas - ter will sweet - ly our
 means which His grace doth sup - ply, And His bless - ing will crown all our



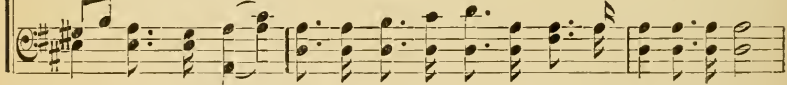
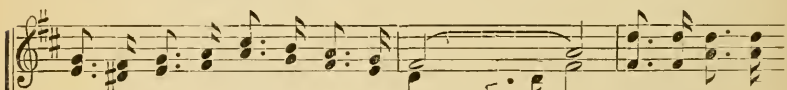
CHORUS.



work we can do. Work - ing for the Sav - ior ev - 'ry day

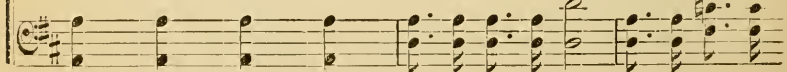
la - bor re - pay.

work by and by. ev - 'ry day,

Point - ing guilt - y sin - ners to the way Work - ing till we

Point - ing guilt - y sin - ners to the way,



lay our bur-dens down Work-ing for a bright im-mor-tal crown.
lay our bur-dens down

The Son of God.

REGINALD HEBER.

HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave;
3. A glo-rious band, the chos-en few, On whom the Spir-it came;

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far; Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.

Who best can drink his cup of woe, And tri-umph o-ver pain,
Like Him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain.
They climb'd the diz-zy steep to heav'n Thro' per-il, toil and pain;

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low—He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who fol-lows in His train?
O God! to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Fields with harvest bend - ing wait our hands to - day, God is reap - ers
 2. To a weak - er broth - er reach a help - ing hand, By a smile as -
 3. Win some souls for Je - sus while the sun is high; Har - vest time so

send - ing,—bear some sheaves a-way; Gold - en har-vest wast - ing, la - bor -
 sist Him for the right to stand; Be a will - ing work - er, nev - er
 pre - cious swift is pass - ing by; Go not emp - ty-hand - ed forth your

ers are few, Hear the Mas - ter calling: "Christ hath need of you!"
 du - ty shun, This re-ward suf - fi - cient, Je - sus' blest "Well done!"
 Lord to meet, But with ripe sheaves laden'd, lay them at His feet.

CHORUS.

This . . . is the reap - ing time, glo - - - ri - ous reap - ing time,
 This is the glo - ri - ous, This is the glo - ri - ous reap - ing time,

Thrust ye in the sick - le keen and reap the gold - en grain,
 reap the gold - en grain,

This is the Reaping Time.

85

This . . . is the reap - ing time, glo - - - ri - ous
This is the glo - ri - ous This is the glo - ri - ous

reap - ing time, Go ye forth the lost to win, the Lord's ap - prov - al gain.
reap - ing time,

All Praise to Him.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su - preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
4. His name should be the Coun - sel - lor, The might - y Prince of Peace,

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
At God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's king - doms, con - quer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.

CHORUS.
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord; of the Lord.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How prec - ious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To

bur - den'd with sin, and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
 been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus who'll save who - so -
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

FINE.

"made me your choice," And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 an - chored my soul; The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest."
 tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest."
 "Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."
 wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D. S.

I've anchor'd my soul in the Ha - ven of Rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

Fathomless Love.

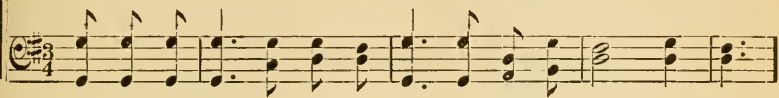
87

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD.

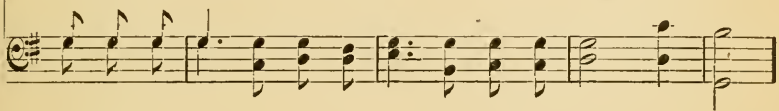
CARL FISCHER.



1. "Far as the east is from the west," My sins He hath re - moved!
2. "Far as the east is from the west!" What bless-ed - ness to know
3. "Far as the east is from the west!" Now noth-ing need I fear,
4. "Far as the east is from the west!" I'll sing His love and grace



All glo - ry to His pre-cious name, Who thus His grace hath proved.
That in the o - cean of His love, He washed me white as snow.
Since my transgressions nev - er - more A - gainst me shall ap - pear.
Un - til in yon - der world of light, I see His bless - ed face.



CHORUS.



O love so deep, so fath - om - less! O par - don full and free!



Far as the east is from the west, He took my sins a - way.



Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Long years I had wan - dered a - way from my God; I knew not the
 2. He sweet - ly for - gave me, and made my heart clean, Re - ceived me, tho'
 3. I'm hap - py to - day in the love of my Lord, I'm rest - ing se -

pow - er of Cal - va - ry's blood; To - day I am sing - ing the
 once I a reb - el had been; Some day I ex - pect my dear
 cure, in the truth of His word; From sin and from care, praise His

CHORUS.
 song of the free, His grace has reached e - ven to me.
 Sav - ior to see, Whose grace has reached e - ven to me. O glo - ry to
 name, I am free, His grace has reached e - ven to me.

God! His mar - vel - ous grace Now reach - es me, yes e - ven me! The

wonder - ful love dis - played to our race Now reaches me, e - ven me.

Soldiers of Christ.

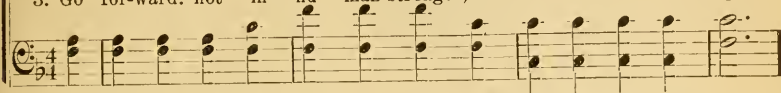
89

C. H. G.

ASA HULL.



1. Oh, sol - dier brave, in strength a - rise, E - quip with sword and shield;
2. A - bove the noise and din of strife, Thy Lead - er's voice rings out;
3. Go for-ward! not in hu - man strength, But in Je - ho - vah's might;



The trump-et blast rings thro' the skies, And calls thee to the field!
While ans'ring mill - ions of the foe, In their de - ris - ion shout.
For who thus goes shall put, at length, A thousand foes to flight!

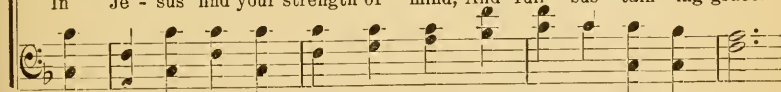


The hosts of sin and wrong, In phal - anx deep and strong,
To arms with - out de - lay! In strength di - vine, a - way!
Guard well each se - cret place; With cau - tion run the race;



FINE.

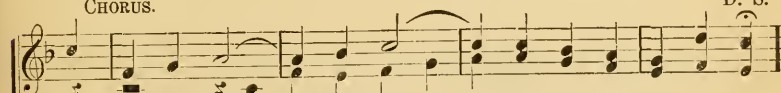
Con - tend to sway the world to - day, That should to Christ be - long!
Up! meet the foe, give blow for blow, and you shall win the day.
In Je - sus find your strength of mind, And full sus - tain - ing grace.



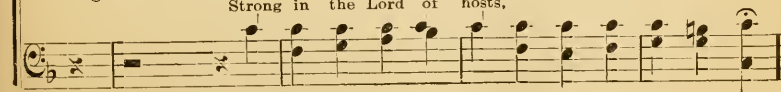
D. S.—Arise, a - way! the call o - bey! The Lord hath need of thee.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Strong in the Lord . . . of hosts . . . Press on to vic - to - ry;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,



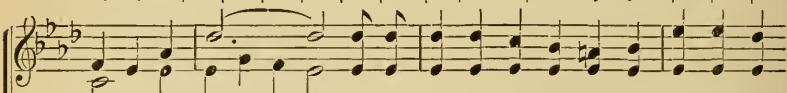
Prepare Ye the Way.

Mrs. C. H. M.

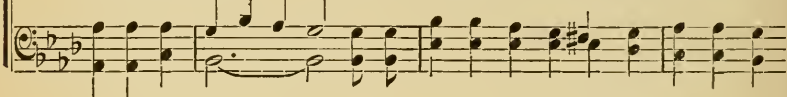
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



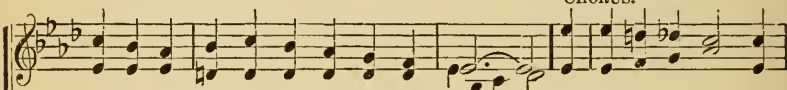
1. To Him-self God this lost world is win-ning, As de-clared
 1. To Him-self God this lost world is win-ning, . . . As de-clared in His
 2. All the earth shall be filled with His glo-ry, . . . As the wa-ters, that
 3. Go ye forth with redemption's sweet sto-ry, . . . And de-clare ye God's

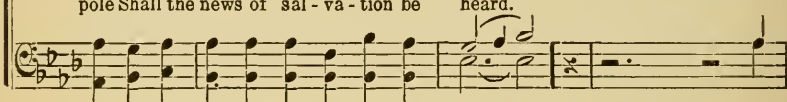
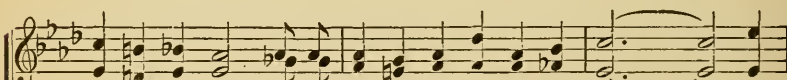
in His ex-cel-lent word;
 ex-cel-lent word; . . . And to us He has giv-en commandment to-
 cov-er the sea; . . . Ev'-ry tongue shall His mar-ve-lous pow-er con-
 wonderful word, . . . Till from shore un-to shore, and from pole un-to



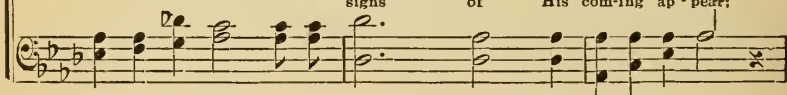
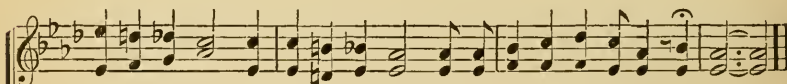
CHORUS.



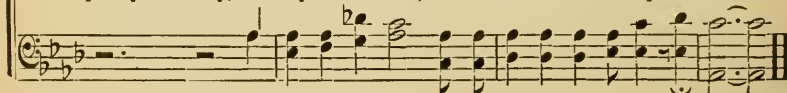
day: "Go pre-pare ye the way of the Lord!"
 fess, And before Him shall bow ev'-ry knee. Pre-pare ye the way, the
 pole Shall the news of sal-va-tion be heard.

way of the Lord, For the signs of His com-ing ap-pear; . . . Pre-
 signs of His coming ap-pear;

pare ye the way, the way of the Lord, For the time of His triumph draws near.



The Heavenly Vision.

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SAMUEL H. PYE.

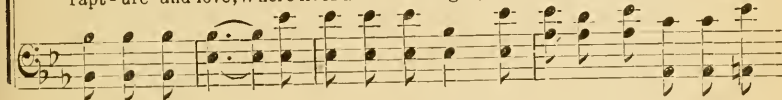
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O trans- port - ing scene! O rapt - ur - ous dream Which un - al - loyed
2. His love and His care lead up - ward to where The flow - ers are
3. Where faith's bril - liant light adds strength to our sight, In vis - ions of



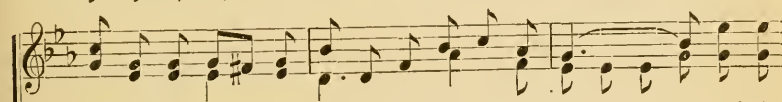
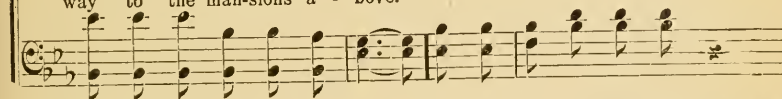
pleas - ures be - stow, Where Christ is the beam that shines o'er the stream That flows
al - ways in bloom, And Winter's chill air, and Summertime glare Are dis -
rapt - ure and love; Where lives are made bright, and souls in their flight Wing their



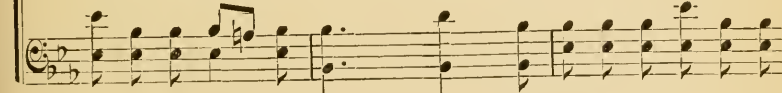
CHORUS.



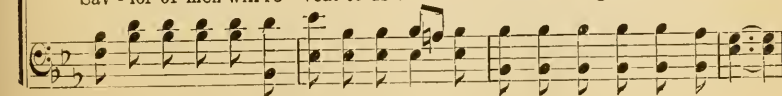
dark - ly the val - ley be - low.
pelled in the sweet - est per - fume. Will you go to that land, to that
way to the man - sions a - bove.



beau - ti - ful stand, Where nev - er more com - eth the night, And the
nev - er more com - eth the night,




Sav - ior of men will re - veal to us then His treasures of grace and de - light.


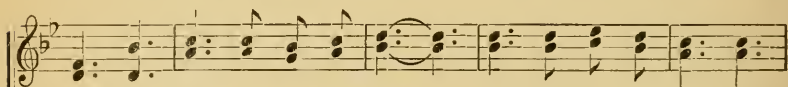


H. R. P.


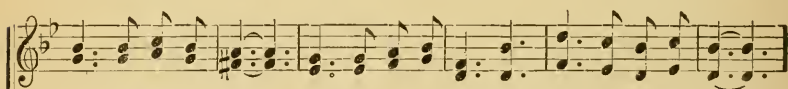
H. R. PALMER.




1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall

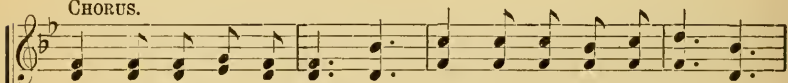
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain, Be thoughtful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior

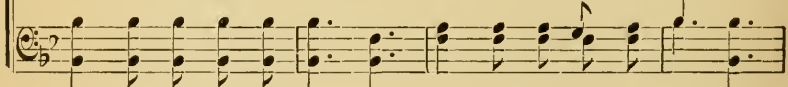
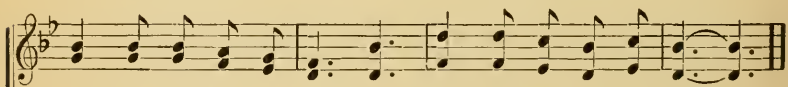
Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.



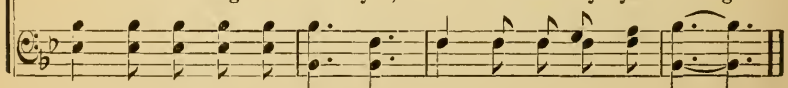
CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

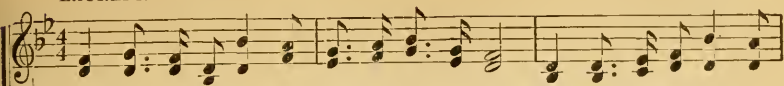


What Does It Matter?

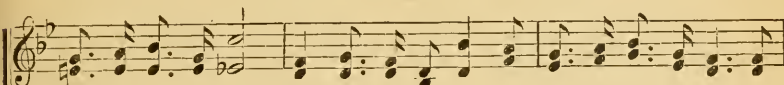
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LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. What does it mat-ter, if pil-grims by your side Faint and grow wea-ry, or
2. If you can help them, why, lend a will-ing hand; Speak words of com-fort to
3. Tho' oth-ers stum-ble in pit-falls ev-'ry day, What will you pro-fit in



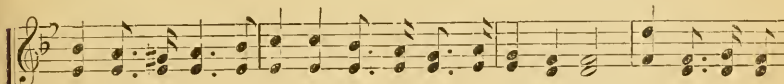
wan-der from their Guide? Don't let their fail-ure to you a hindrance prove; Press
cheer the struggling band; Seek out the err-ing who miss the nar-row way, But
fall-ing by the way? If some a-bout you shall fail to win a crown, Will



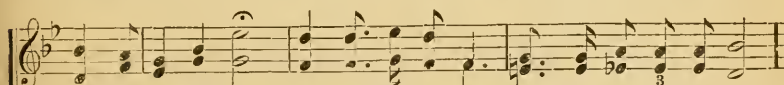
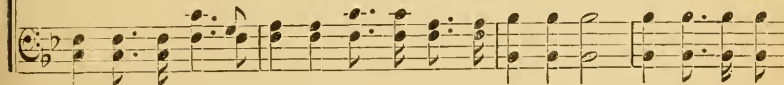
CHORUS.



on the way marked out by bound-less love.
do not let their sin lead you a-stray. What does it mat-ter, when
you the hap-pier be to lose your own?



heav'n is the goal That God has promised ev-'ry ransomed soul! Tho' ma-ny stum-



ble, and are not true, What does it mat-ter, real-ly mat-ter to you?



Do You Wonder Why?

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you won - der why I love Him And would make His glor - ies known?
 2. Do you won - der why I serve Him, Why the cross I glad - ly bear,
 3. Do you won - der why I praise Him, When you view His wound - ed side,

If you saw His deep com - pas - sion As to me it has been shown,
 Why the work of His great king - dom I so love with Him to share?
 And the cross on which He suf - fer - ed And for me was cru - ci - fied?

You would won - der why a mo - ment I could cease to sing His praise,
 If you felt the yoke up - on you That He gives me now to wear,
 When you read re - demp - tion's sto - ry, As re - cord - ed in His word,

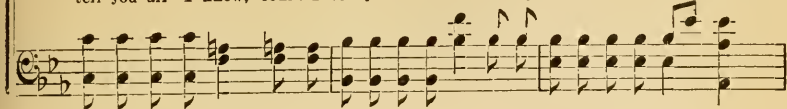
You would love Him and a - dore Him For the won - ders of His grace!
 You would won - der that I ev - er Bore a - lone my load of care!
 You will then no long - er won - der Why I praise my bless - ed Lord.

CHORUS.

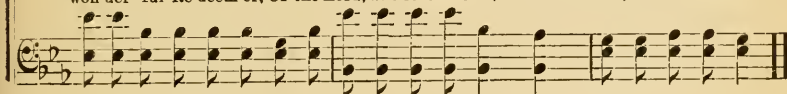
Not a mo - - - ment would you won - der Could I
 Not a mo - ment, not a mo - ment would you pause to won - der, Could I



tell you all I know Of my won - der-ful Re-
tell you all I know, could I tell you all I know Of my wonderful Re-deem-er.



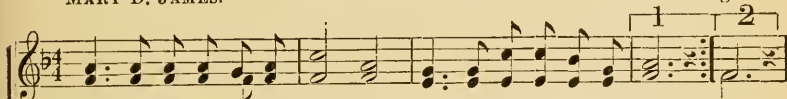
deem - er, Of the Lord, who loves me so.
won-der-ful Re-deem-er, Of the Lord, who loves me so, the Lord, who loves me so.



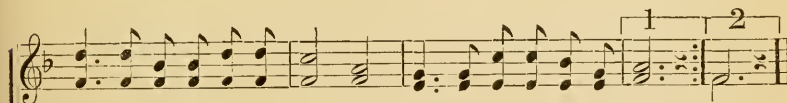
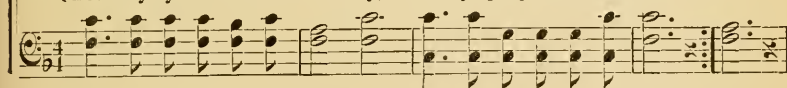
All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arranged.



1. { All for Je-sus, all for Je - sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs;
All my tho'ts and words and do - ings, All my days and all my hours.
2. { Let my hands perform His bid - ding, Let my feet run in His ways—
Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His praise;



All for Je-sus, all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Je-sus, all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.



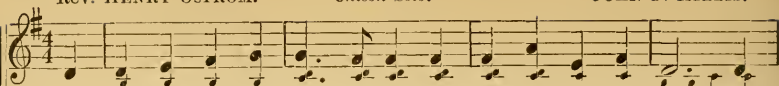
- 3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified,
||: All for Jesus, all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :||

- 4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
||: All for Jesus, all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings. :||

REV. HENRY OSTROM.

Unison Solo.

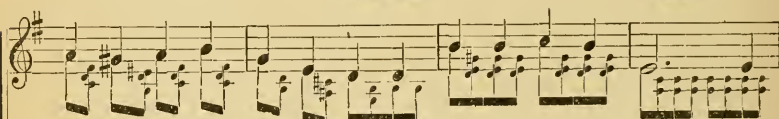
JOHN P. HILLIS.



1. O sweet the voice of the morn, When birds their matins sing; But
 2. I hear it in the Gos - pel call, In friend, in sea, in skies; Yea,
 3. That voice can speak my spir - it free From deep - est guilt and sin, One
 4. What if that voice, so ten - der now, Should cease to wel - come thee! What



sweet - er far the voice of Love, That doth sal - va - tion bring. That
 soft - er than a whis - pered note It speaks and an - guish dies. It
 word from my Al - might - y Christ, And I am pure with - in. When
 if thy sink - ing soul should call And, aye, un - an - swered be! O



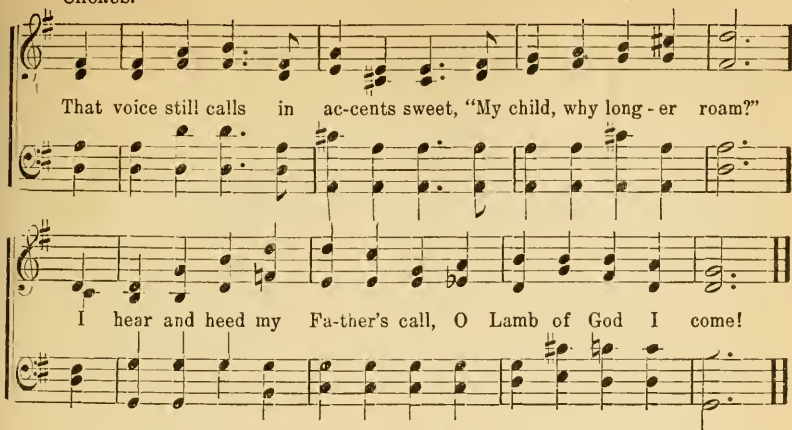
voice hath charms more rich, more dear Than mother's call could tell; Its
 speaks in ho - ly tones of pray'r, It pleads from life of death; On
 temp - ters would my peace de - stroy, When might - y foes as - sail, He
 spurn not Love's re - deem - ing plea, But hark - en while you may; He



mu - sic rests the wear - y soul, It speaks and all is well.
 Cal - va - ry it called for me, Tis in the Spir - it's breath.
 speaks "Be not a - fraid, my child, My Love can nev - er fail."
 speaks the word of vic - to - ry For vanquished souls to - day.



CHORUS.



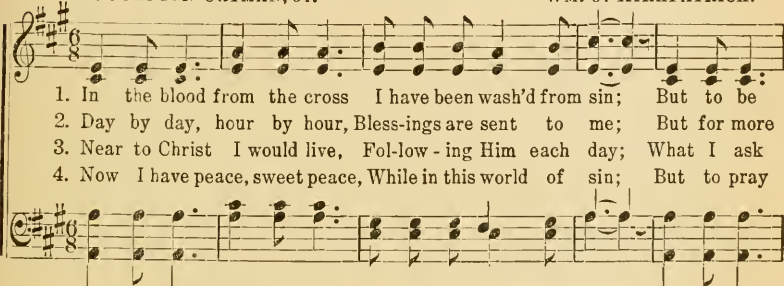
That voice still calls in ac-cents sweet, "My child, why long - er roam?"

I hear and heed my Fa-ther's call, O Lamb of God I come!

Deeper Yet.

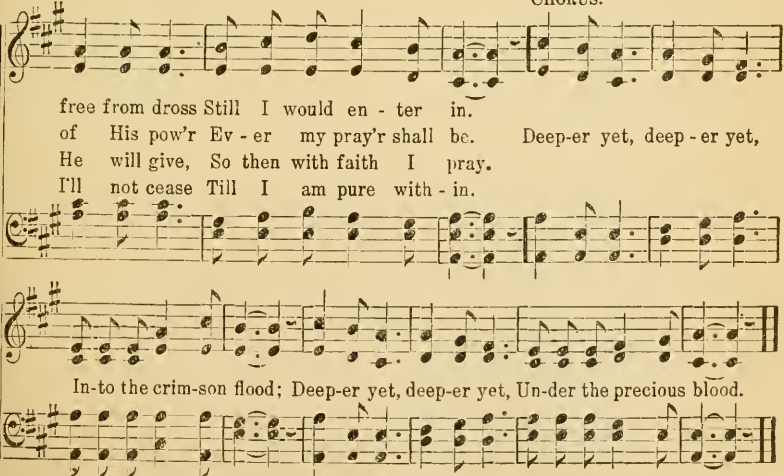
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour, Bless-ings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low - ing Him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.



free from dross Still I would en - ter in.
 of His pow'r Ev - er my pray'r shall be. Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,
 He will give, So then with faith I pray.
 I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.

In-to the crim-son flood; Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Un-der the precious blood.

Hast Thou Work for Me?

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Hast Thou work for me, my Sav - ior? Hast Thou aught for me to do?
 2. Hast Thou work for me, my Sav - ior? In the great world har-vest-field,
 3. Hast Thou work for me, my Sav - ior? Send me, then, with - out de - lay;

Dost Thou need me in Thy vine-yard, Where the la - bor-ers are few?
 Art Thou still in need of toil-ers, Who shall gath - er in the yield?
 Let me en - ter, Lord, Thy serv - ice, At the ear - ly break of day.

Call me, call me, then my Sav - ior, Call me forth to toil for Thee;
 Send me, then, my Lord and Mas - ter, I would bear the noon-day heat;
 I would toil a lit - tle sea - son, Where the saints im - mor - tal trod,

I am read - y at Thy bid - ding; Show me where Thou need - est me.
 And at ev - 'ning, with re - joic - ing, Lay my glean - ing at Thy feet.
 Bringing home my sheaves at twi - light, To the store-house of my God.

D. S.—Send me forth a will - ing serv - ant, Where-so e'er Thou need - est me.

CHORUS.

D. S.


I am read - y at Thy bid - ding; I would la - bor, Lord, for Thee;

Tell it to Him.


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Mrs. C. H. M.

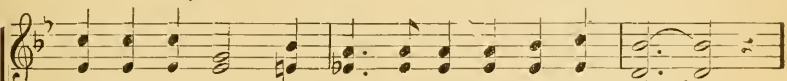
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. What is the bur - den to - day on your heart? Go tell it to
 2. Poised in His own might - y hand was the load Be - fore up - on
 3. He who hath trod - den the wine - press a - lone, Is touched with your
 4. Trust in His keep - ing, nor ques - tion His love, Who gives what is



Je - sus a - lone (a - lone); Grace un - to you He will
 you it was laid (was laid); Clothed in our flesh He the
 bur - den of grief (of grief); 'Round you His arm of pro -
 need - ful and best (and best). Tell Him your bur - den, His

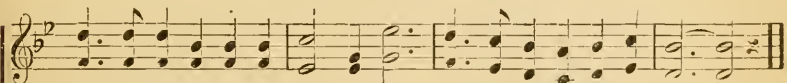


free - ly im - part, No oth - er such help - er is known.
 ver - y same road Hath trav - el'd, then be not dis - mayed.
 tec - tion is thrown, He'll com - fort, and send you re - lief.
 faith - ful - ness prove, And lean on His bos - om, and rest.

CHORUS.



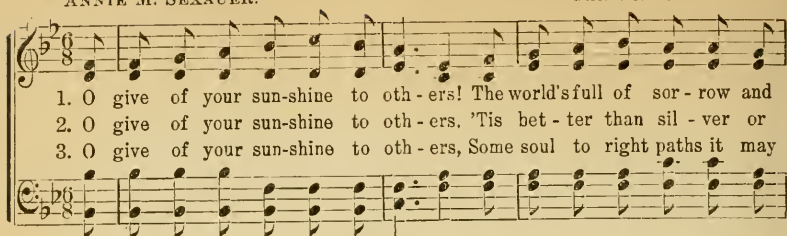
Car - ry your burden to Je - sus, Tell it to Him, tell it to Him;
 Je - sus in prayer,



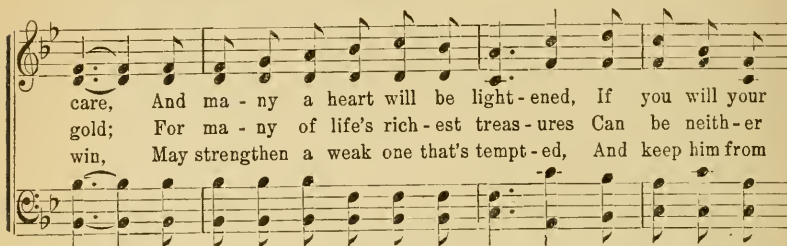
Take it and trust - ing - ly leave it there, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

ANNIE M. SEXAUER.

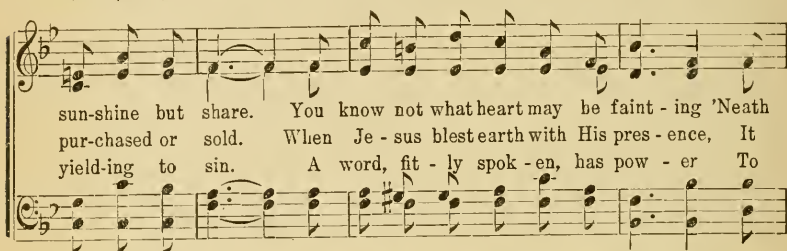
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



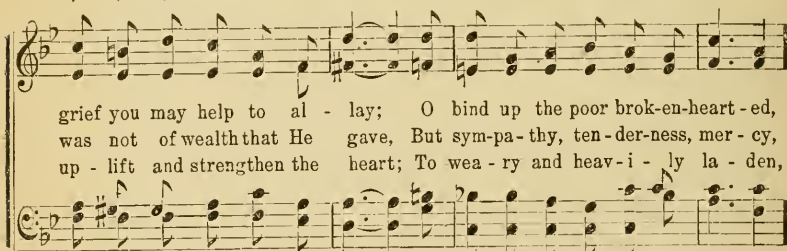
1. O give of your sun-shine to oth - ers! The world's full of sor - row and
 2. O give of your sun-shine to oth - ers. 'Tis bet - ter than sil - ver or
 3. O give of your sun-shine to oth - ers, Some soul to right paths it may



care, And ma - ny a heart will be light - ened, If you will your
 gold; For ma - ny of life's rich - est treas - ures Can be neith - er
 win, May strengthen a weak one that's tempt - ed, And keep him from

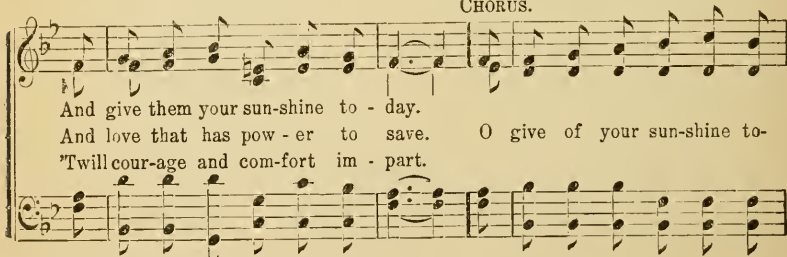


sun-shine but share. You know not what heart may be faint - ing 'Neath
 pur - chased or sold. When Je - sus blest earth with His pres - ence, It
 yield - ing to sin. A word, fit - ly spok - en, has pow - er To



grief you may help to al - lay; O bind up the poor brok - en - heart - ed,
 was not of wealth that He gave, But sym - pa - thy, ten - der - ness, mer - cy,
 up - lift and strengthen the heart; To wea - ry and heav - i - ly la - den,

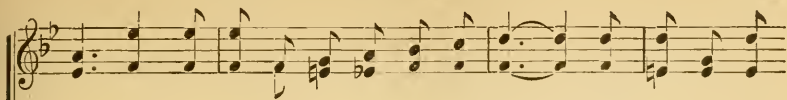
CHORUS.



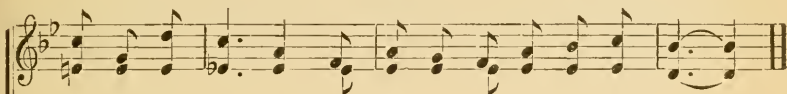
And give them your sun-shine to - day.
 And love that has pow - er to save. O give of your sun-shine to -
 'Twill cour - age and com - fort im - part.

Give of Your Sunshine.

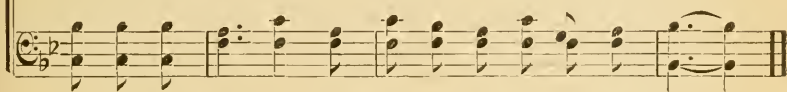
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oth - ers And bright-en the world while you may; There's life - giv - ing



pow - er in sun - shine, O scat - ter it free - ly to - day.



Hallelujah, What a Savior!

P. P. B.

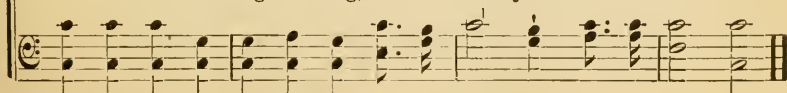
P. P. BLISS.



1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

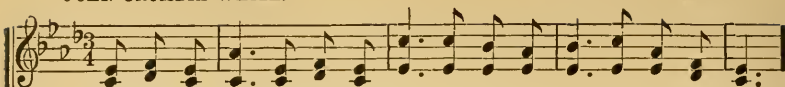


Ru - ined sin - ners to re-claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 "Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

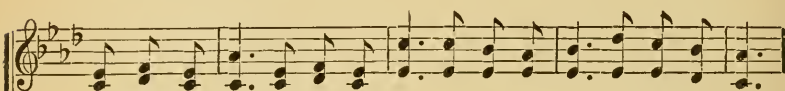
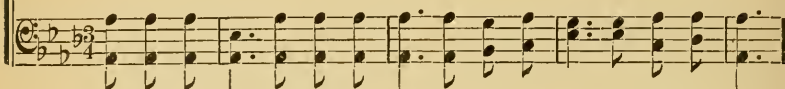


JOHN CROMBIE WHITE.

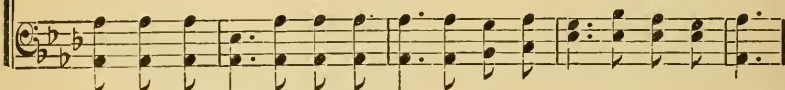
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



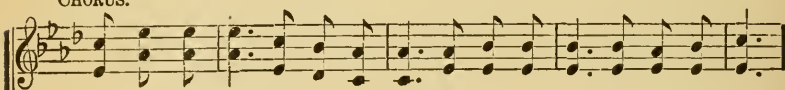
1. When Je-sus died and from His side There pour'd the precious crimson tide,
2. O come and taste of love di-vine, Make God and Christ and Heaven thine;
3. The sin that doth thy soul o'erpow'r Shall flee in that be-liev-ing hour;
4. Sav-ior I come at last to Thee, Thy blood hath ful-ly cleans-ed me;



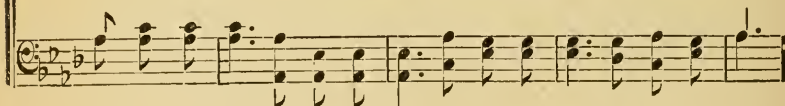
A fount-ain o-pened full and free, With cleansing pow'r for you and me.
 Believe that blood was shed for thee, When Je-sus bled on Cal-va-ry.
 And peace thou un-der-standest not Shall keep thy heart and mind and tho't.
 O keep me close that by Thy side I may for-ev-er-more a-bide.



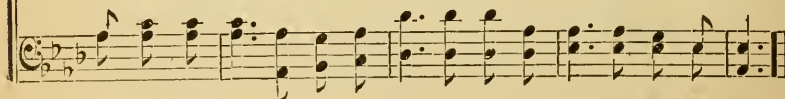
CHORUS.



O pre-cious fount of Je-sus' blood, I'll wash me in Thy crim-son flood,

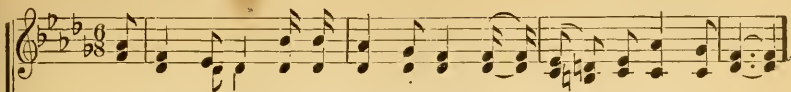


Till far he-neath the cleansing tide My ev-'ry sin its wa-ters hide.



REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

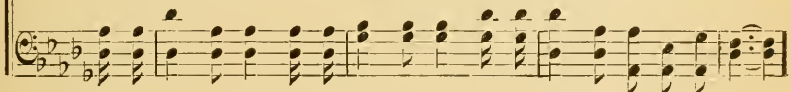
J. LINCOLN HALL.



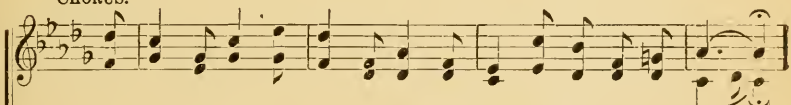
1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth or song
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "goodbye" To the dearest on earth to me,



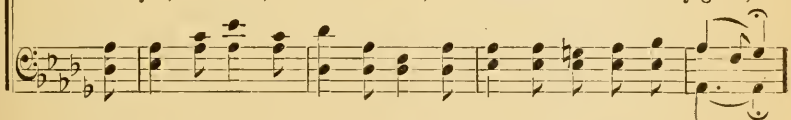
As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
 As the daylight fades, In-to deep nights shades, Does He care enough to be near?
 When in my deep grief I find no re-leaf, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 And my sad heart aches 'Till it nearly breaks—Is this aught to Him? does He see?



CHORUS.

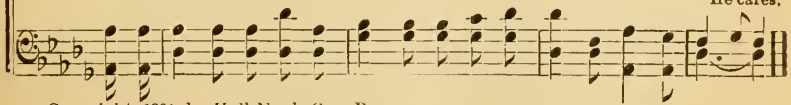


O yes, He cares; I know He care, His heart is touched with my grief;



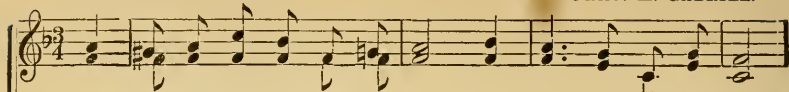
When the days are weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Sav - ior cares.

He cares,

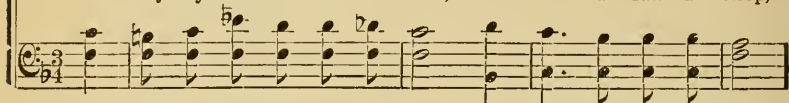
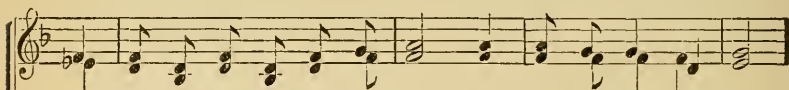


MOSES GAGE SHIRLEY.

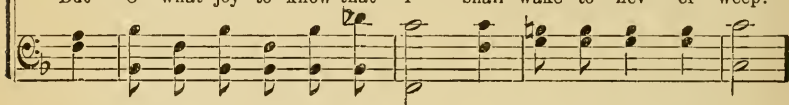
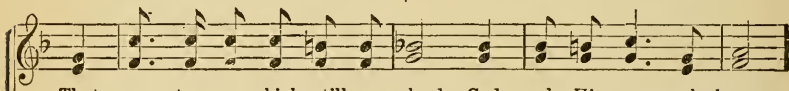
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



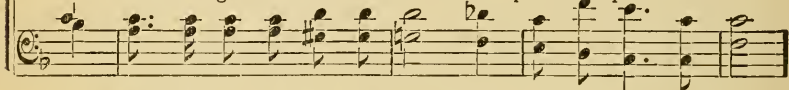
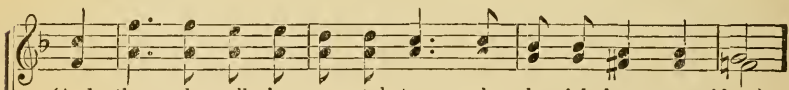
1. Some day the sun of life will set, and I shall fall a - sleep,
 2. Some day the cares of life will cease, and I shall fall a - sleep,
 3. Some day my work will all be done, and I shall fall a - sleep,

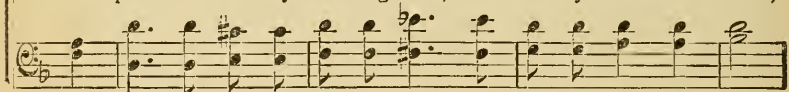

And, leav - ing all that I hold dear, will find the si - lence deep, -
 And, pass - ing from you, I shall see a - far the gold - en street,
 But O what joy to know that I shall wake to nev - er weep!

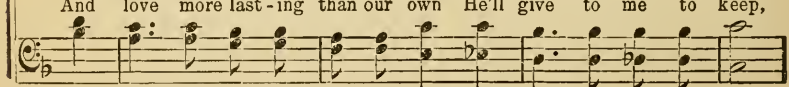
That mys - ter - y which, still un - solved, God and His an - gels know,
 And saint - ed forms of those who dwell up - on the oth - er shore,
 For where I go we know that God has prom - ised per - fect rest

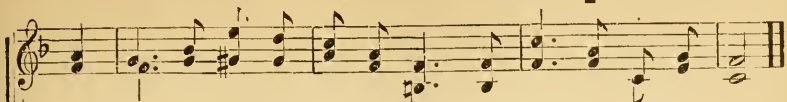



(And those who walk by crys - tal streams where heav'nly breez - es blow,
 Be - hold the lov'd ones who from us a while have gone be - fore,
 And peace for ev - 'ry ach - ing heart, and ev - 'ry troub - led breast;

Where grief nor sor - row ev - er come, nor troub - le's bil - lows sweep;
 Where soft and cool - ing path - ways lie, where none shall ev - er weep -
 And love more last - ing than our own He'll give to me to keep,





Some day the Reap - er will ap - pear, and I shall fall a - sleep.
 Some day the hour for me will come, and I shall fall a - sleep.
 When all my bur - dens are laid down, and I have gone a - sleep.



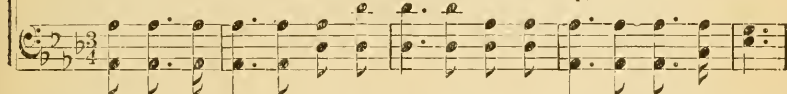
Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER.

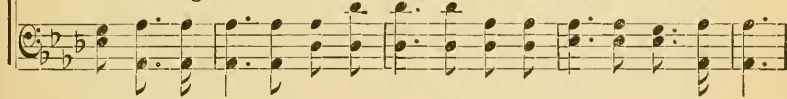
JAS. M. BLACK.



1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav - en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus show'd His smil - ing face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?



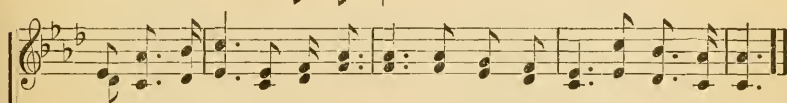
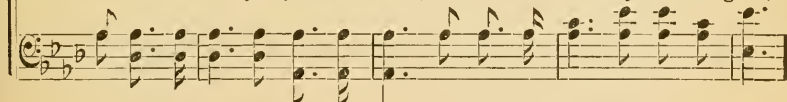
And 'mid earth's sor - rows and its woes, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
 Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll.
 In cot - tage, or a man - sion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.



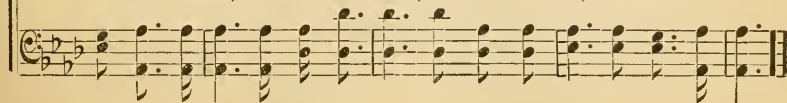
CHORUS.



O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for - giv'n;

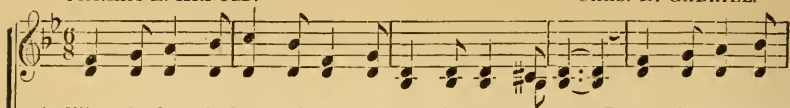


On land or sea, what matters where, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

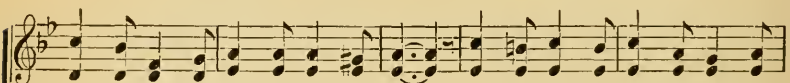
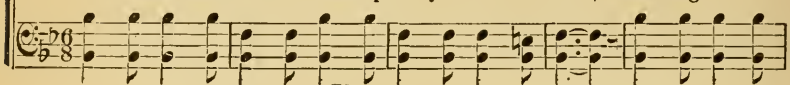


MIRIAM E. ARNOLD.

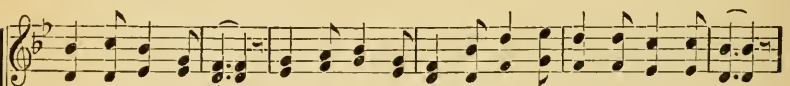
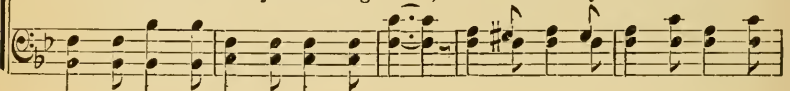
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



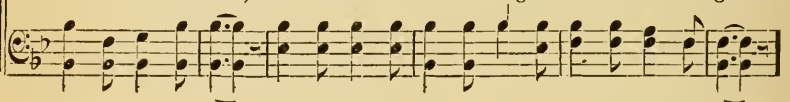
1. When the day is dark and lone - ly, Don't for - get to pray; Pray'r will make your
2. When the sun is bright - ly shin - ing On your pil - grim way, Let the Sav - ior
3. O the bliss this wondrous friendship Will your soul af - ford, Dwell - ing thus in



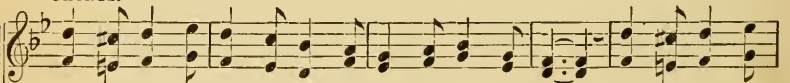
path-way brighter, Drive the clouds a - way. For your ten - der heav'n - ly Fa - ther
share your gladness, Don't forget to pray. For He longs to walk be - side you,
clos - est un - ion With your lov - ing Lord; Till in heav'n you shall be - hold Him



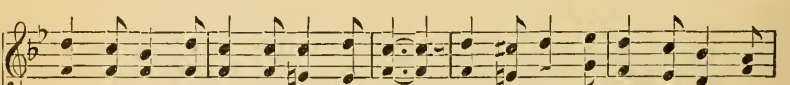
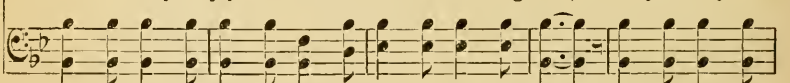
Listens when you call, And in lov - ing wisdom answers, Trust Him for it all.
Your most trusted Friend, And abide thro' storm and sunshine To your journey's end.
See Him face to face, And thro' - out e - ter - nal a - ges Praise Him for His grace.



CHORUS.

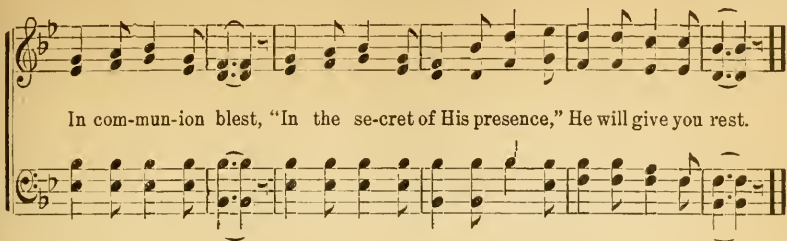


Breathe out all your joys and sor - rows In His list'n - ing ear; Is your way a



maze be - fore you? He will make it clear. Walk - ing thus, and talk - ing with Him



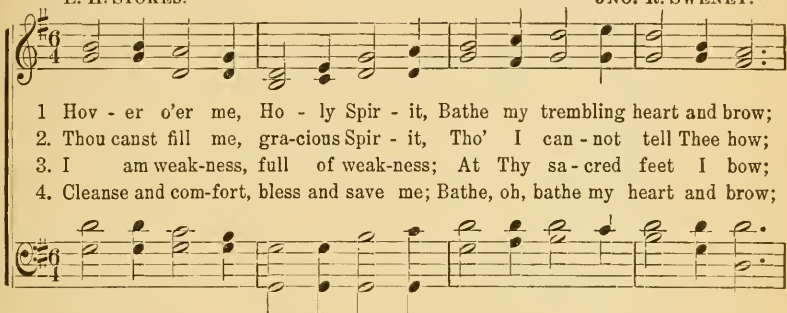


In com-mun-ion blest, "In the se-cret of His presence," He will give you rest.

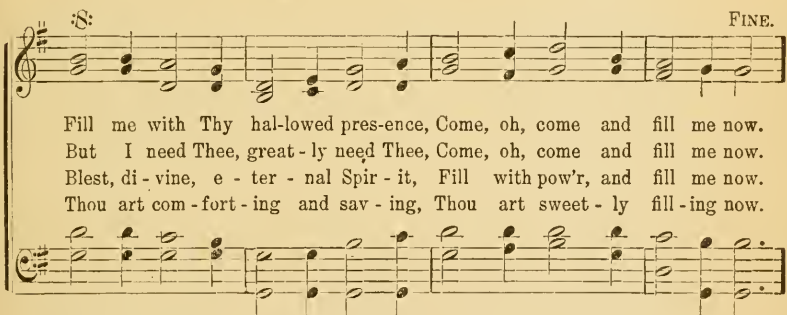
Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

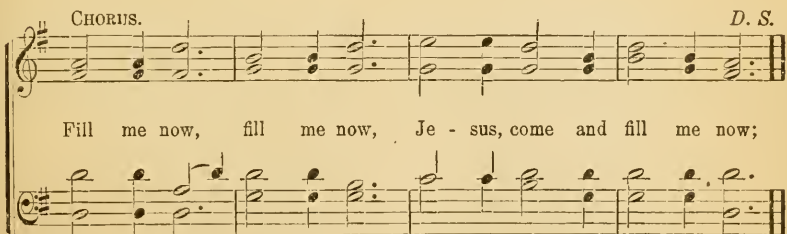


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness; At Thy sa-cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and com-fort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;



Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.

D. S.-Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.



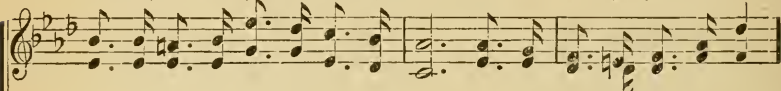
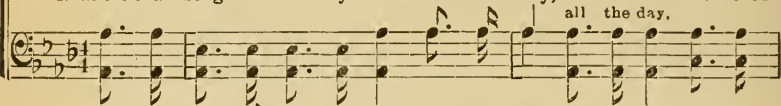
Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now;

JULIETTE E. PERRY.

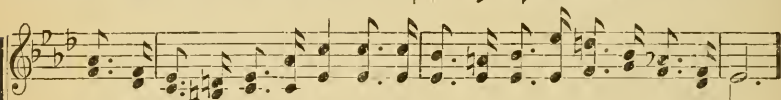
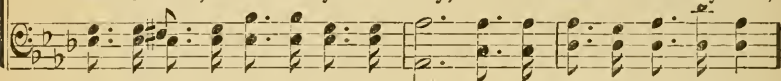
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



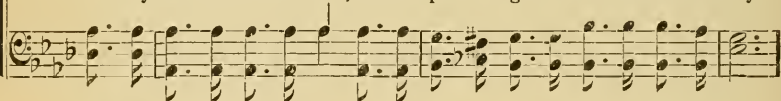
1. There's a song with-in my heart all the day, Like a
2. There's a song with-in my heart all the day, For my
3. There's a song with-in my heart all the day, For my
4. There's a song with-in my heart all the day, Ban-ished



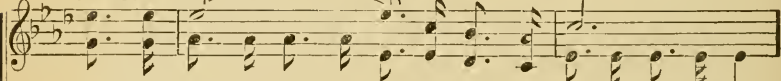
hal - le - lu - jah ring-ing on my way; I am hap - py all the while
 Sav-ior keeps me, that I shall not stray; In temp-tation's try-ing hour,
 bur-dens at the Master's feet I lay, And as-sur-ance there re-ceive,
 all the doubts, that would my soul dis-may; Love has cast out ev-'ry fear,



With a song the hours beguile, Since the Savior's blood has wash'd my sins a-way.
 He up-holds me by His pow'r And I trust in Him and His commands o-bey.
 He will bless, if I believe, Bringing peace and comfort, that shall ev-er stay.
 Since my Lord a-bid-eth near, And His presence glo-ri-fies the darkest day.



CHORUS.

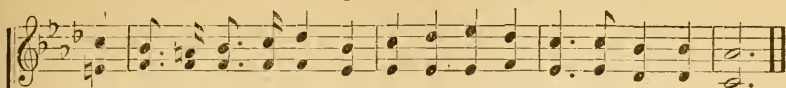


There's a song with-in . . . with-in my heart, a song with-in my heart,
 There's a song with-in my heart. a

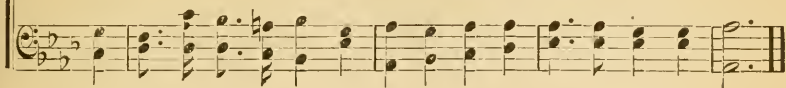


It nev - er will de - part;
 O praise the Lord, it nev - er, nev - er will de - part.





The Sav - ior gives a - bid - ing joy And peace that earth can-not de - stroy.



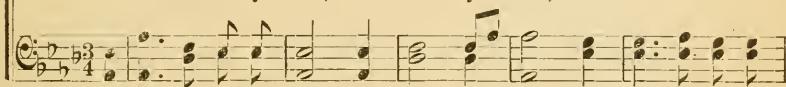
I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE R. HAWES.

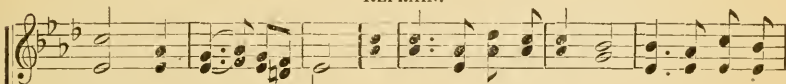
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom-is-
5. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-



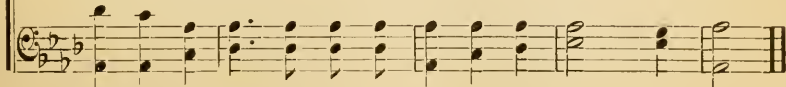
REFRAIN.



Thine can peace af - ford;
 pow'r when Thou art nigh.
 bide, or life is vain. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I
 es in me ful - fill.
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

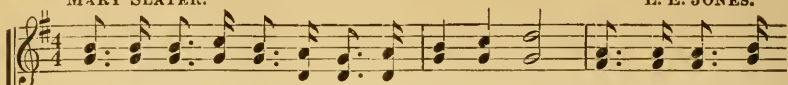


need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

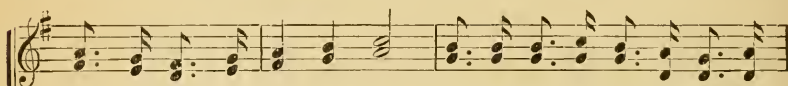


MARY SLATER.

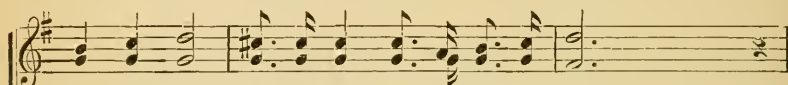
L. E. JONES.



1. As you jour - ney on - ward to a home a - bove, Walk - ing with the
 2. Has the Sav - ior shown to you a smil - ing face? Have you found at
 3. Sing of all His good - ness with a voice made strong; To the ones a

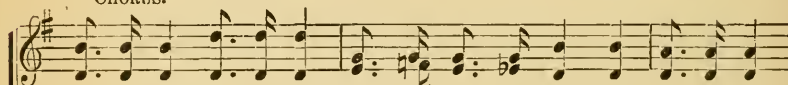


Sav - ior thro' this vale be - low, You should sing His goodness, tell His
 Cal - va - ry a heart like snow? You should tell to oth - ers of His
 bout you all His mer - cy show; Mag - ni - fy and praise Him in a

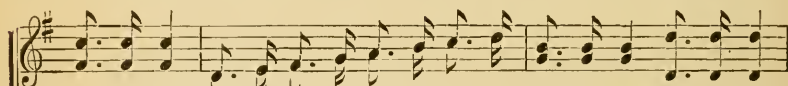


bound - less love A - ny - where, ev - 'ry - where you go.
 won - drous grace A - ny - where, ev - 'ry - where you go.
 joy - ful song A - ny - where, ev - 'ry - where you go.
 ev - 'ry - where, ev - 'ry - where you go.

CHORUS.



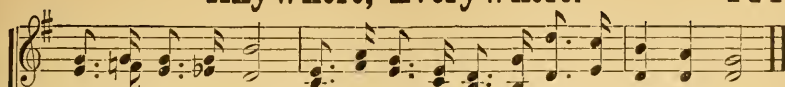
A - ny - where, ev - 'ry - where, Shout the won - drous sto - ry! A - ny - where,



ev - 'ry - where Praising Je - sus, Give Him glo - ry! A - ny - where, ev - 'ry - where

Anywhere, Everywhere.

111




Tell of Christ the King! To the lost the news of full sal - va - tion bring.

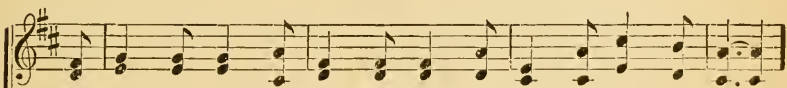
He Answers Prayer.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.




1. I praise the Lord He an-swears prayer In lit - tle things of life—
2. He an-swears pray'rs when storms a - rise And hide the light of day;
3. Not on - ly in the sor - rows great Will He re - gard thy plea,




The pet - ty tri - als and the cares That fret us in the strife.
When tears of an - guish dim the eyes O'er loved ones gone a - stray.
But in the lit - tle cares that wait Each day and hour for thee.

CHORUS.



In ev - 'ry trou - ble that we bear I praise the Lord, He an-swears pray'r;



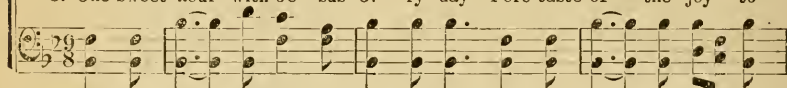
In ev - 'ry trou - ble that we bear I praise the Lord, He an-swears pray'r.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

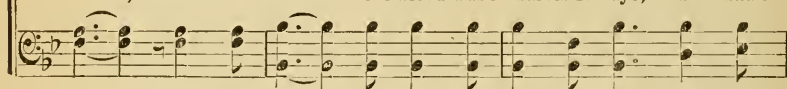
FREDERIC H. PEASE.



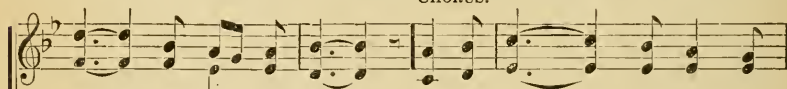
1. One sweet hour with Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Hid from all the world a -
2. One sweet hour with Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Where no eye but His can
3. One sweet hour with Je - sus ev - 'ry day—Fore-taste of the joy to



part; Oh, what joy it is to hear Him say, "Speak, my
see, Where no ear but His can hear me pray, How it
come, When with all the blood-wash'd saints for aye, I shall



CHORUS.



child; pour out thy heart."

helps and strengthens me!

One sweet hour . . . with Je - sus

dwell with Him at home.

One sweet hour



ev - 'ry day! How it helps . . . the soul a - long; . . . How it
How it helps



cheers the heart a - long the way, Like the mu - sic of a song.
How it cheers

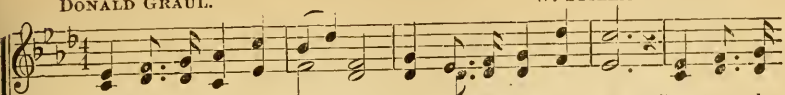


"Peace Will I Give Unto You."

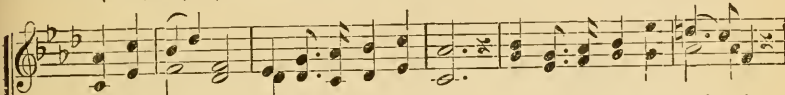
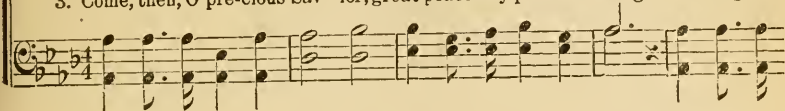
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DONALD GRAUL.

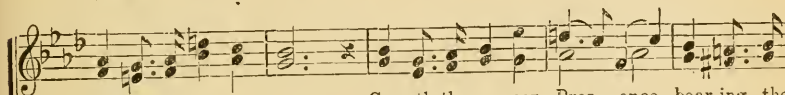
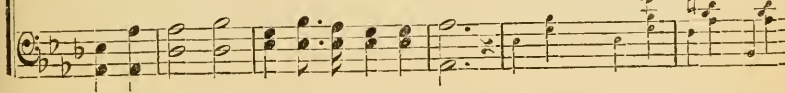
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



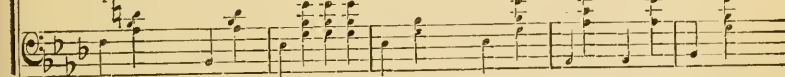
1. Fresh as the dew-drops fall - ing aft - er the heat of day, Sweet as the
2. Peace like the calm of ev'n-ing crown'd by the sun-set glow, Peace like a
3. Come, then, O pre-cious Sav - ior, great peace Thy presence brings, Lift - ing the



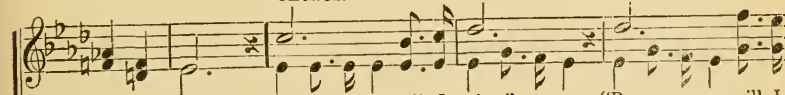
per-fume ris - ing up from the new-mown hay, So to the ach-ing spir - it,
mighty riv - er moving in ceaseless flow; Peace which shall pass all knowledge;
heart each mo-ment o - ver all earthly things; Giv-ing a glimpse of E - den,



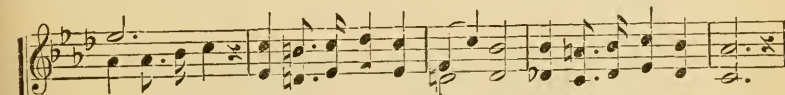
bid-ding its sorrow cease, Cometh the un-seen Pres - ence, bear-ing the
Peace none may ev-er win Un-til the heart is read - y for Christ to
Spir-it of God, O come, Guiding thro' life's deepshad - ows, light-ing our



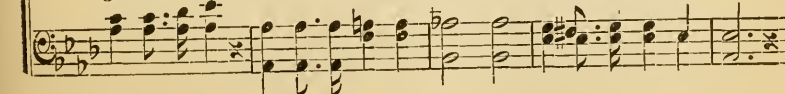
CHORUS.



gift of peace. "Peace will I give," "Peace will I
en - ter in.
journey home. "Peace," Je-sus says, "will I give unto thee," "Peace," Je-sus says, "will I

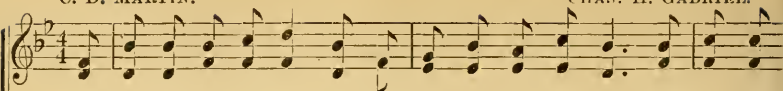


give," Free as the dew-drops fall - ing, Je-sus His peace will give.
give un - to you;"

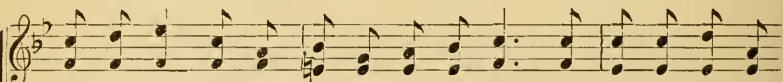
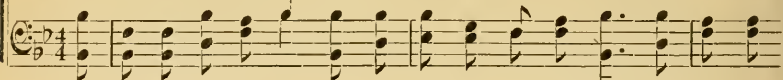


C. D. MARTIN.

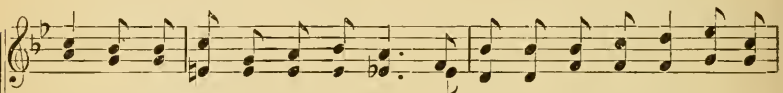
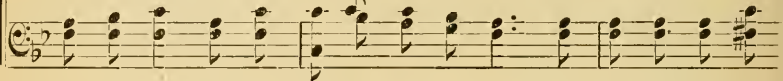
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



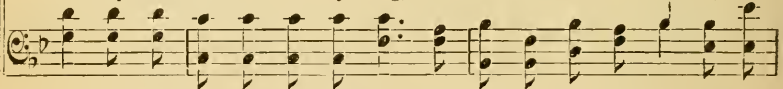
1. We need more men like Dan - iel, Who dare to stand a - lone, Who would not
2. We need more men like Dan - iel, With pur - pose firm and strong To stem sin's
3. We need more men like Dan - iel, With - in our ranks to - day, More men with



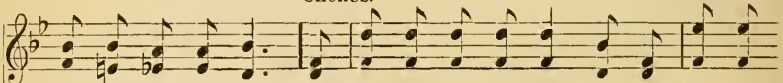
touch the wine - cup, Nor Is - rael's God dis - own; More men who have the
 might - y cur - rent And not be swept a - long. More men who hate the
 Dan - iel's cour - age, Who think, be - lieve and pray. More men who hate the



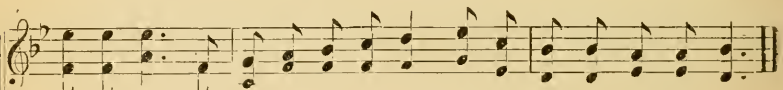
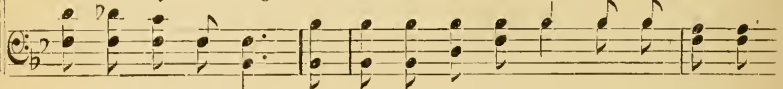
cour-age, Wher - ev - er they may go, When - ev - er they are tempt-ed To
 e - vil, Who la - bor for the right, With win-dows o - pen dai - ly To -
 wine-cup And dread the death-ly sting, Who - ev - er will re - fuse it, Tho'



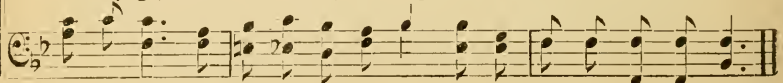
CHORUS.



firm - ly an - swer "no!"
 ward the heav'n-ly light. We need more men like Dan - iel, with cour-age
 of - fered by a King.



as they go, When - ev - er they are tempt-ed, To firm - ly an - swer "no!"



I Love to Tell the Story.

115

KATHERINE HANKEY.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams, I love to
seem each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest. And when in

tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -
scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

CHORUS.

long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
va - tion From God's own ho - ly Word.
sto - ry That I have loved so long.

be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and His love.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

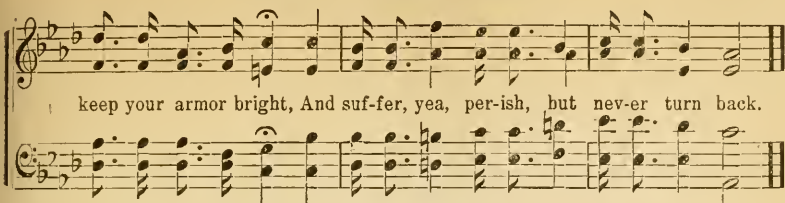
1. If you have start-ed out in the way you know To be the
 2. If you would gath-er grain, seed must soon be sown; Can you ex-
 3. Have you a prom-ise made to your God a - bove That you would

right and the on - ly way to go, Then, with a sol-dier's tread,
 pect to reap where you have not strown? Then to the field a - way!
 faith - ful be to the cause you love? Be loy - al, brave and true,

March bold - ly straight ahead, And suf-fer, yea, per-ish, but nev - er turn back!
 Work thro' the heat of day, And suf-fer, yea, per-ish, but nev - er turn back!
 He has a work for you, Then suf-fer, yea, per-ish, but nev - er turn back!

CHORUS.

Nev - er turn back, no, nev - er turn from the way that's right, no
 Conquer your-self, ere you hope to win the fight; Wea-ry not ev - er, but
 Conquer your-self and win the fight; Oh,

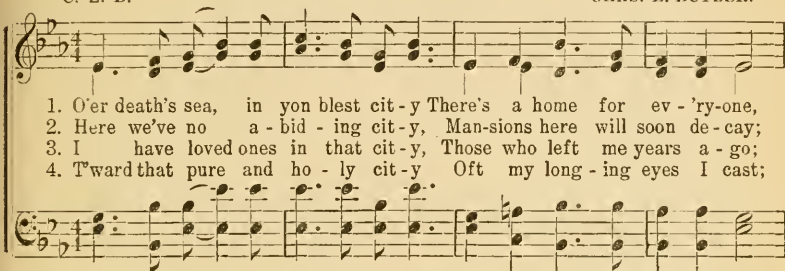


keep your armor bright, And suf-fer, yea, per-ish, but nev-er turn back.

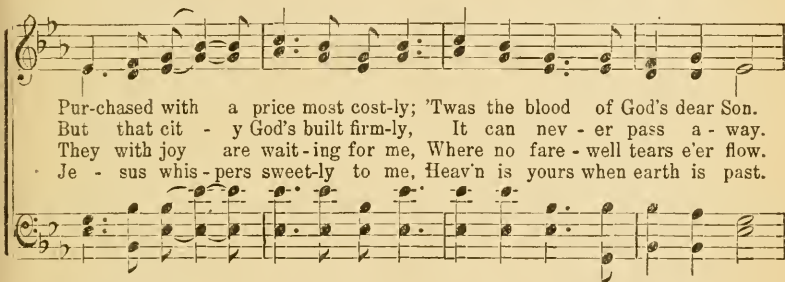
In That City.

C. L. B.

CHAS. L. BUTLER.

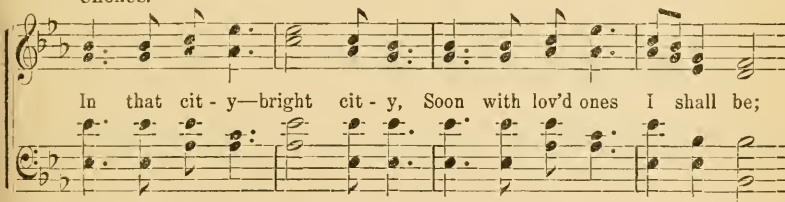


1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit-y There's a home for ev-'ry-one,
2. Here we've no a-bid-ing cit-y, Man-sions here will soon de-cay;
3. I have loved ones in that cit-y, Those who left me years a-go;
4. Tward that pure and ho-ly cit-y Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;

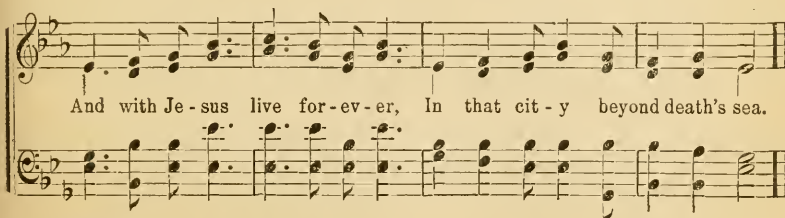


Pur-chased with a price most cost-ly; 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that cit-y God's built firm-ly, It can nev-er pass a-way.
They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no fare-well tears e'er flow.
Je-sus whis-pers sweet-ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

CHORUS.



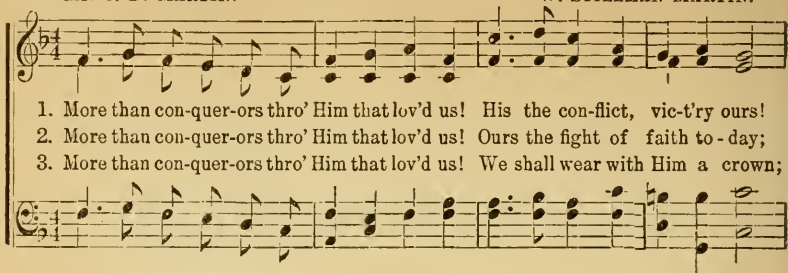
In that cit-y—bright cit-y, Soon with lov'd ones I shall be;



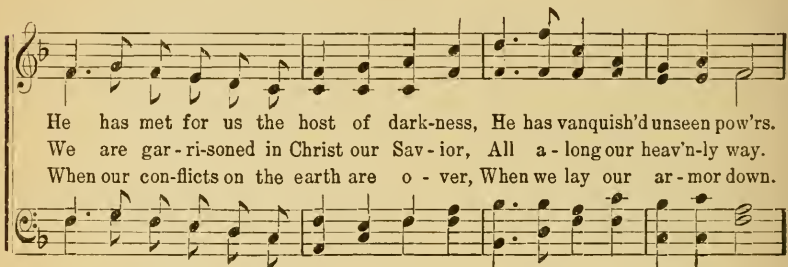
And with Je-sus live for-ev-er, In that cit-y beyond death's sea.

MR. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

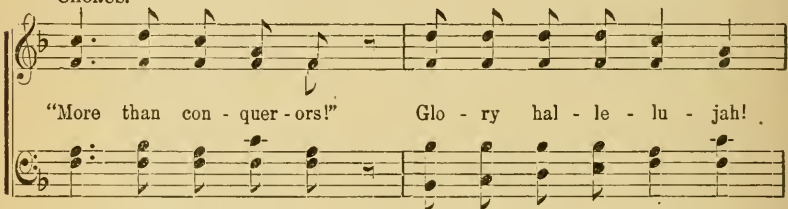


1. More than con-quer-ors thro' Him that lov'd us! His the con-flict, vic-t'ry ours!
 2. More than con-quer-ors thro' Him that lov'd us! Ours the fight of faith to-day;
 3. More than con-quer-ors thro' Him that lov'd us! We shall wear with Him a crown;

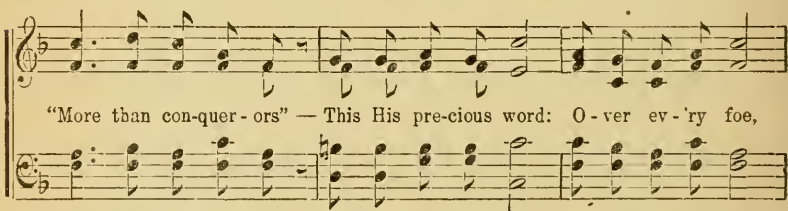


He has met for us the host of dark-ness, He has vanquish'd unseen pow'rs.
 We are gar-ri-soned in Christ our Sav-ior, All a-long our heav'n-ly way.
 When our con-flicts on the earth are o-ver, When we lay our ar-mor down.

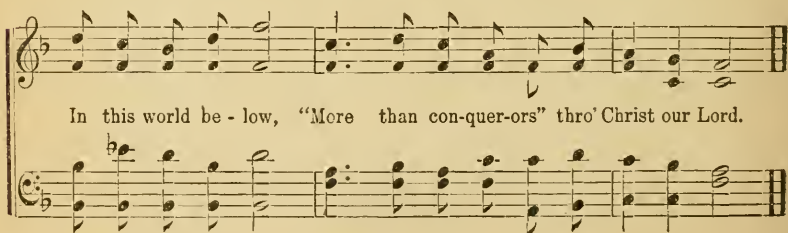
CHORUS.



"More than con-quer-ors!" Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!



"More than con-quer-ors" — This His pre-cious word: O-ver ev-'ry foe,



In this world be-low, "More than con-quer-ors" thro' Christ our Lord.

Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.

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Rev. W. R. FITCH.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je - sus, friend of sin - ners Thou! Hear, O hear my ear - nest cry!
 2. Helpless to Thy cross I cling, This shall now my ref - uge be;
 3. On Thy name I do be - lieve; In Thy prom - is - es I trust;

At Thy mer - cy - seat I bow, Save, O save me or I die.
 All I have to Thee I bring, Give I now my - self to Thee.
 As I am Thou wilt re - ceive; Thou art mer - ci - ful and just.

Oth - er help will not a - vail; Thou canst save, and Thou a - lone;
 Take me, Lord, and keep me Thine, Par - don, cleanse and make me whole,
 Give me, then, the grace I crave, In Thy love I would a - bid;

FINE.

Mer - cy sure - ly will not fail; Thou didst for my sins a - tone.
 Come in - to this heart of mine, Save and sanc - ti - fy my soul.
 Thou, and Thou a - lone canst save, In Thy bo - som let me hide.

D.S.—At Thy mer - cy - seat I bow, Save, O save me, or I die.

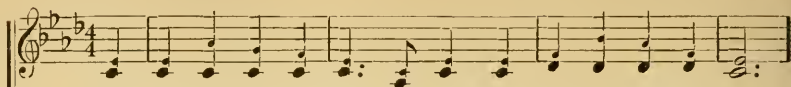
CHORUS.

D. S.

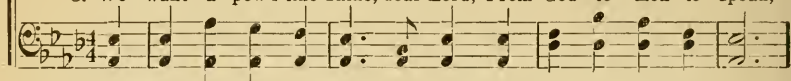
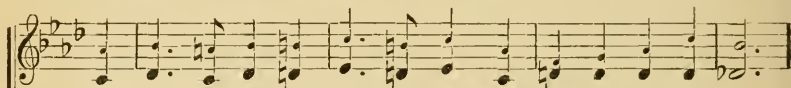
Je - sus, Je - sus, Hear, O hear my cry!
 Je - sus, friend of sin - ners, Thou! Hear, O hear my ear - nest cry!

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

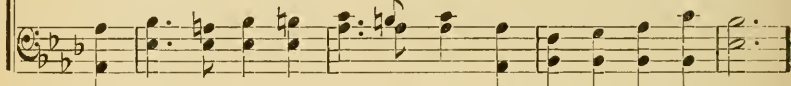
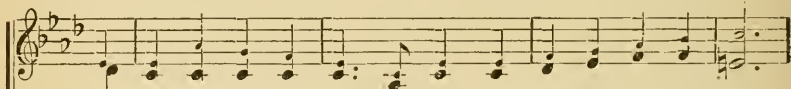
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



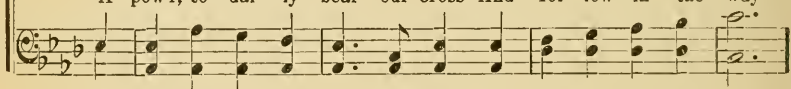

1. We want a love like Thine, dear Lord, So ten-der, strong and true,
 2. We want a life like Thine, dear Lord, A life with-out al-loy—
 3. We want a pow'r like Thine, dear Lord, From God to men to speak,

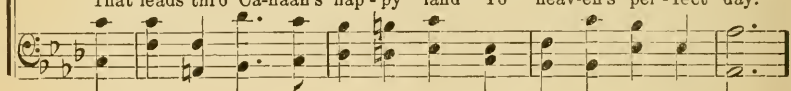
That ev - 'ry du - ty in our path We cheer-ful - ly may do;
 The un - der-cur-rent of its tide, To be Thy peace and joy;
 A pow'r or ev - 'ry e - vil thing, A pow'r to help the weak;

A love, that knows no self - ish greed, That seeks no self - ish end;
 A life con-trolled by love di - vine And lived each day in Thee.
 A pow'r, to dai - ly bear our cross And fol - low in the way

A love, on which both God and men May ev - er - more de - pend.
 Wher-e'er we go, the world a - round, Thy - self in us may see.
 That leads thro' Ca-naan's hap - py land To heav-en's per-fect day.



CHORUS.



Hear us, O God, in Je-sus' name; Fill ev - 'ry heart with love's bright flame,



Un - til from self and sin set free, We may be more and more like Thee.

My Father Knows My Need.

Mrs. W. HOWARD KEESLER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My Father knows my need, And I can trust His love; He may not
2. My Father knows my need, He will sup - ply it all; He hears His
3. My Father knows my need, His love no tongue can tell; And if some-
4. My Father knows my need, He knows my strength is small, So I will
5. My Father knows my need, I fear no dread a - larms, For round a -

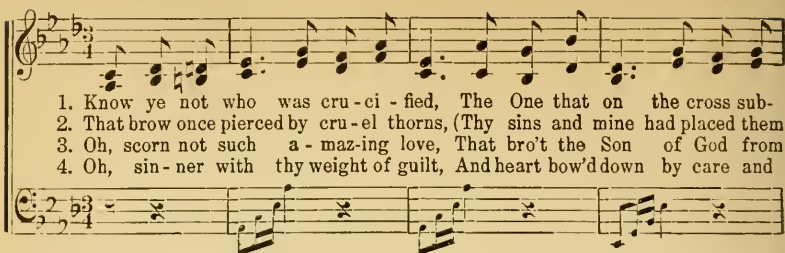
CHORUS.

al - ways deign to give me The things which most I crave.
 chil-dren when they cry, and He answers when they call.
 times He does de - ny me, I know for me 'tis well. - My Fa - ther
 trust His love and grace, for He will not let me fall.
 bout and un - der - neath me Are Ev - er - last - ing Arms.

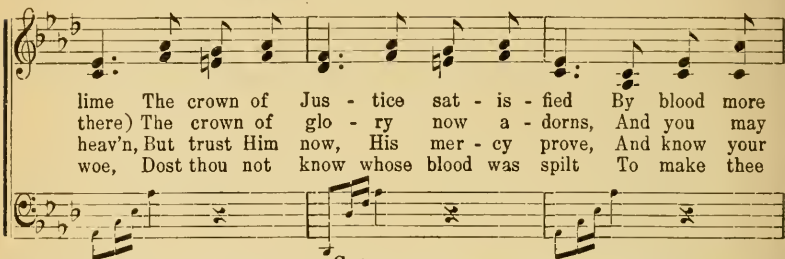
knows, . . . Oh, yes, He knows, . . . And with my soul 'tis well.
 My Father knows, He knows, And with my soul

JOHN CROMBIE WHITE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

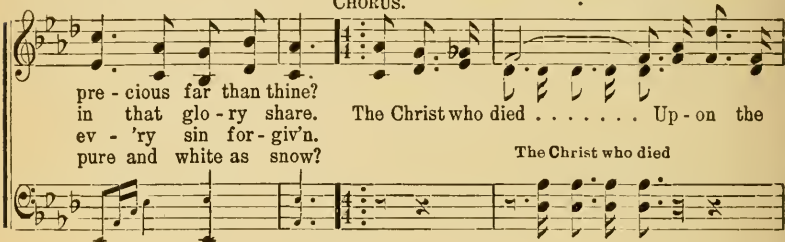


1. Know ye not who was cru-ci-fied, The One that on the cross sub-
 2. That brow once pierced by cru-el thorns, (Thy sins and mine had placed them
 3. Oh, scorn not such a-maz-ing love, That bro't the Son of God from
 4. Oh, sin-ner with thy weight of guilt, And heart bow'd down by care and



lime The crown of Jus-tice sat-is-fied By blood more
 there) The crown of glo-ry now a-dorns, And you may
 heav'n, But trust Him now, His mer-cy prove, And know your
 woe, Dost thou not know whose blood was spilt To make thee

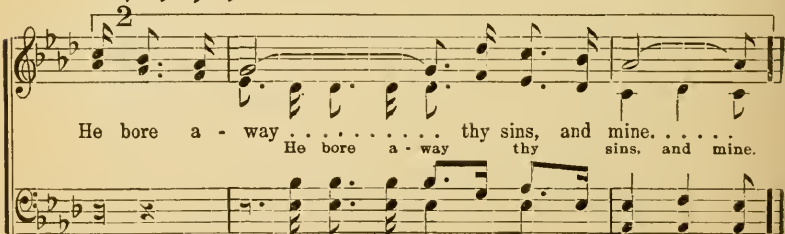
CHORUS.



pre-cious far than thine? The Christ who died Up-on the
 in that glo-ry share. The Christ who died
 ev-'ry sin for-giv'n.
 pure and white as snow?



cross, Was Christ the Lord, The King di-vine!
 Up-on the cross, Was Christ the Lord; the King di-vine!



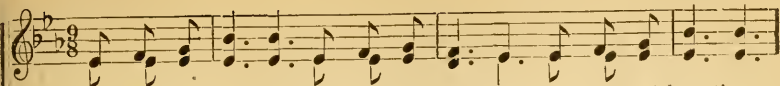
He bore a-way thy sins, and mine.
 He bore a-way thy sins, and mine.

I Must Tell Jesus.

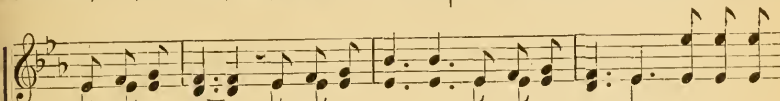
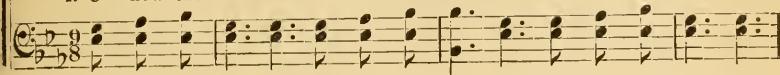
123

E. A. H.

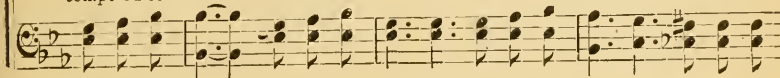
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



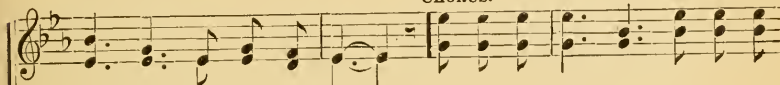
1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is



bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me; He ev - er
pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me O - ver the

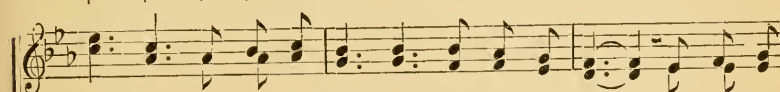
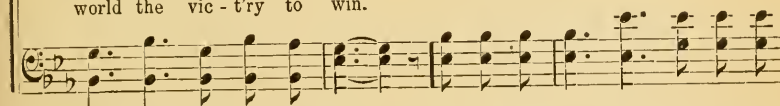


CHORUS.

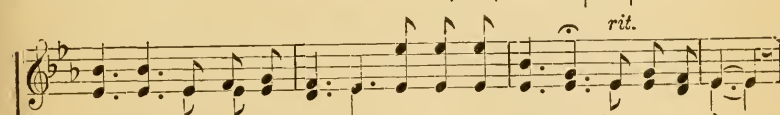
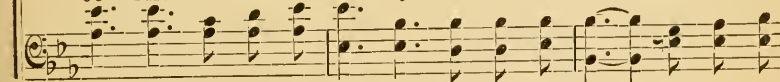


loves and cares for His own.
troub - les quick - ly an end.
cares and sor - rows will share.
world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell



Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell

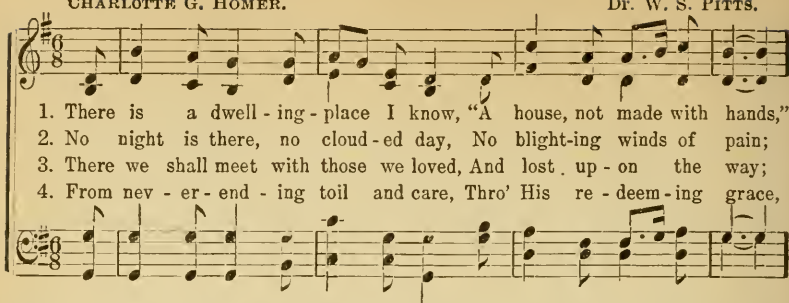


Je - sus I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

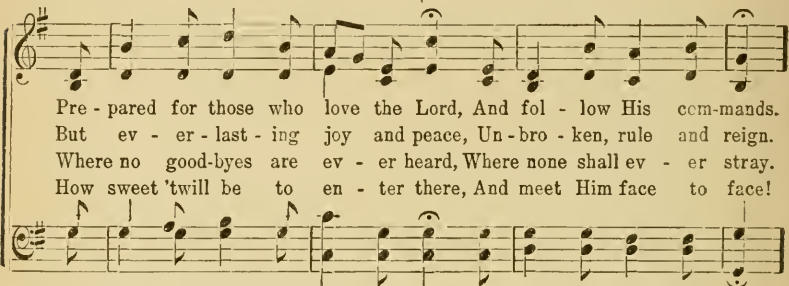


CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

Dr. W. S. PITTS.

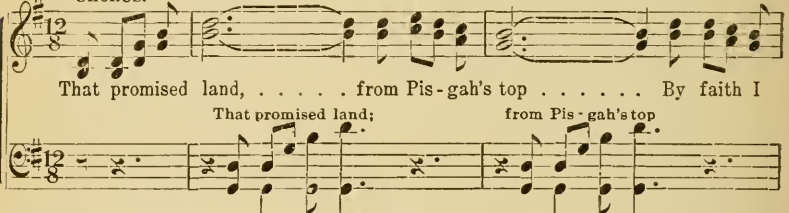


1. There is a dwell - ing - place I know, "A house, not made with hands,"
 2. No night is there, no cloud - ed day, No blight - ing winds of pain;
 3. There we shall meet with those we loved, And lost, up - on the way;
 4. From nev - er - end - ing toil and care, Thro' His re - deem - ing grace,

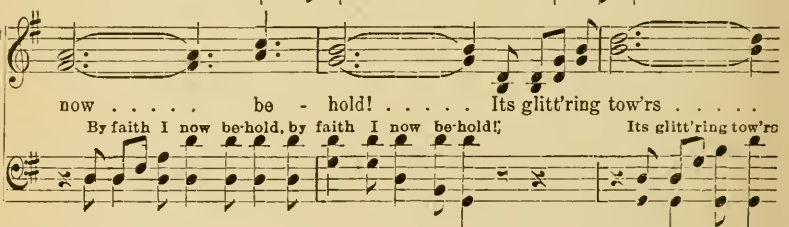


Pre - pared for those who love the Lord, And fol - low His com - mands.
 But ev - er - last - ing joy and peace, Un - bro - ken, rule and reign.
 Where no good - byes are ev - er heard, Where none shall ev - er stray.
 How sweet 'twill be to en - ter there, And meet Him face to face!

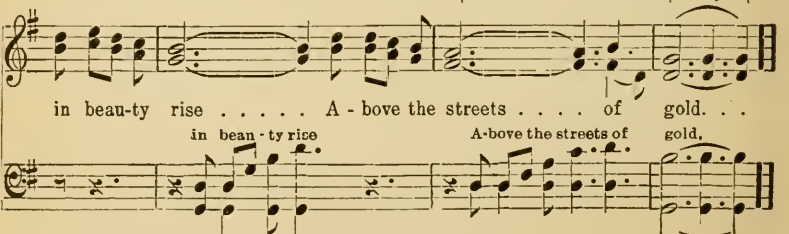
CHORUS.



That promised land, from Pis - gah's top By faith I
 That promised land; from Pis - gah's top



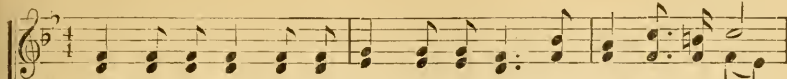
now be - hold! Its glitt'ring tow'rs
 By faith I now be - hold, by faith I now be - hold! Its glitt'ring tow'rs



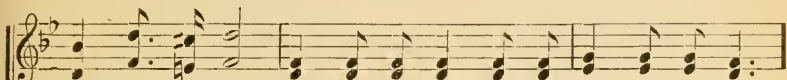
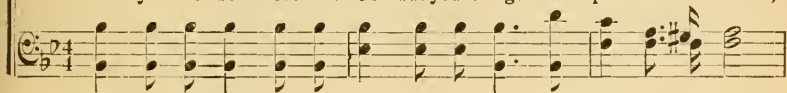
in beau - ty rise A - bove the streets of gold. . . .
 in beau - ty rise A - bove the streets of gold,

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.



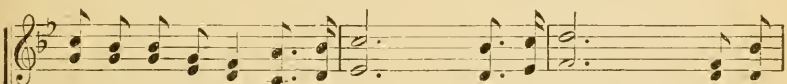
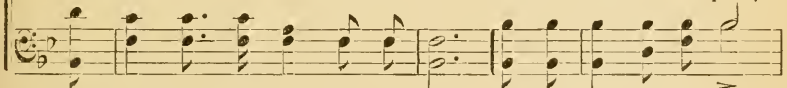
1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas - sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whit - er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,



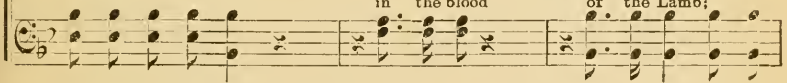
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide.
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow.
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing?



There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
 There is pow'r,



Won - der - work - ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
 in the blood of the Lamb;

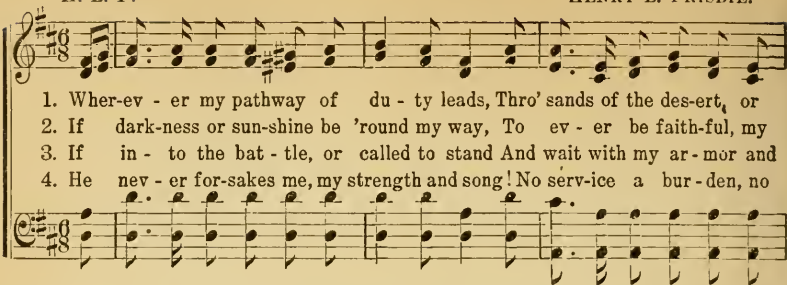


pow'r, pow'r, Won - der - working pow'r in the precious blood of the Lamb.
 there is pow'r,

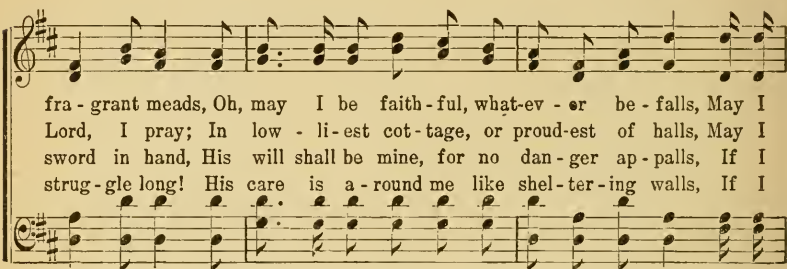


H. L. F.

HENRY L. FRISBIE.

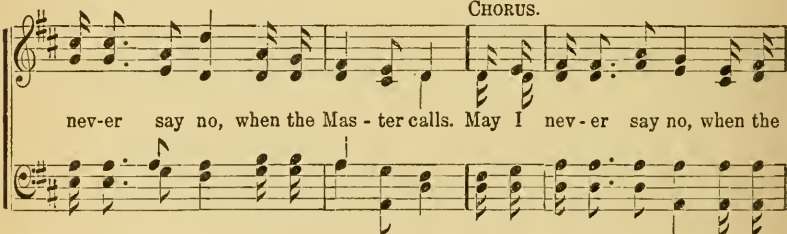


1. Wher-ev - er my pathway of du - ty leads, Thro' sands of the des-ert, or
 2. If dark-ness or sun-shine be 'round my way, To ev - er be faith-ful, my
 3. If in - to the bat - tle, or called to stand And wait with my ar - mor and
 4. He nev - er for-sakes me, my strength and song! No serv-ice a bur - den, no

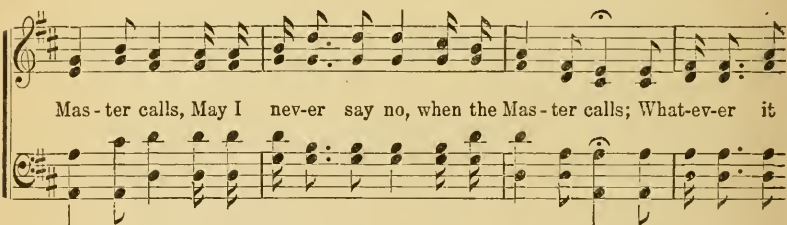


fra - grant meads, Oh, may I be faith-ful, what-ev - er be - falls, May I
 Lord, I pray; In low - li - est cot - tage, or proud - est of halls, May I
 sword in hand, His will shall be mine, for no dan - ger ap - palls, If I
 strug - gle long! His care is a - round me like shel - ter - ing walls, If I

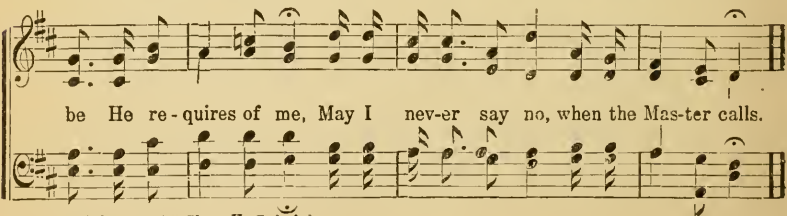
CHORUS.



nev - er say no, when the Mas - ter calls. May I nev - er say no, when the



Mas - ter calls, May I nev - er say no, when the Mas - ter calls; What - ev - er it

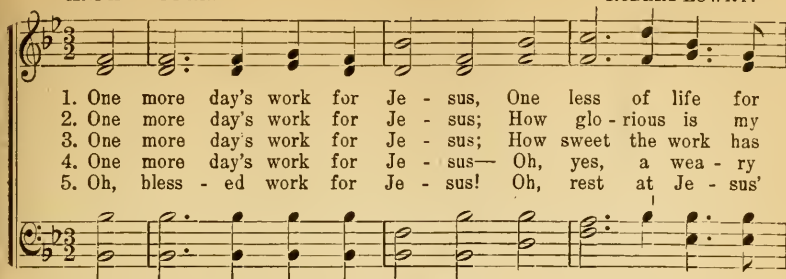


be He re - quires of me, May I nev - er say no, when the Mas - ter calls.

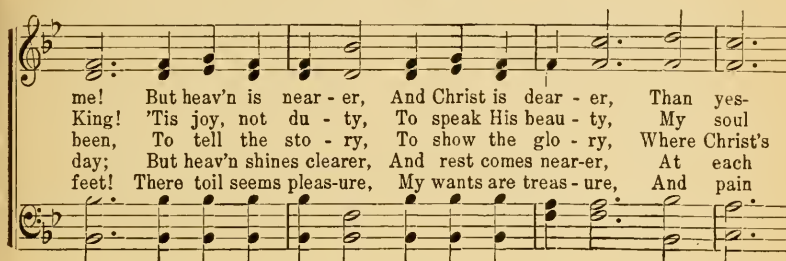
One More Days Work For Jesus. 127

ANNA WARNER.

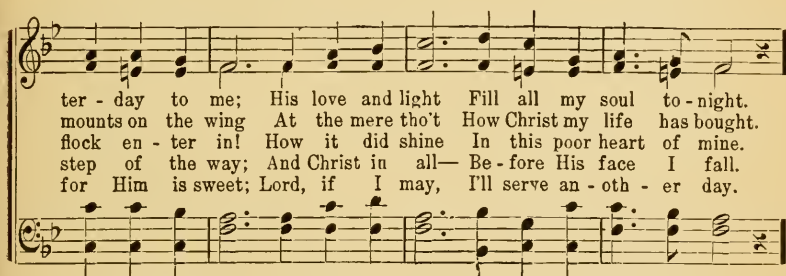
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for
 2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo - rious is my
 3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has
 4. One more day's work for Je - sus— Oh, yes, a wea - ry
 5. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je - sus'

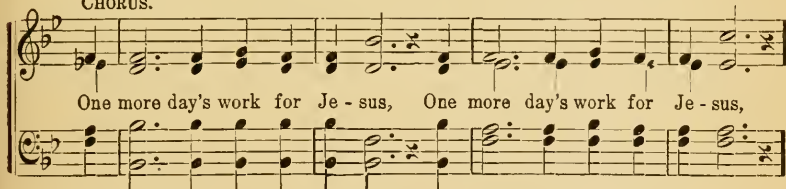


me! But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes-
 King! 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak His beau - ty, My soul
 been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, Where Christ's
 day; But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes near-er, At each
 feet! There toil seems pleas-ure, My wants are treas-ure, And pain

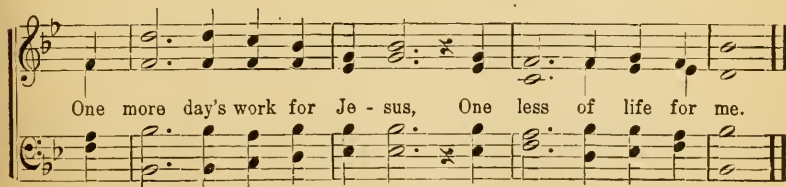


ter - day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night.
 mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.
 flock en - ter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine.
 step of the way; And Christ in all— Be - fore His face I fall.
 for Him is sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.


CHORUS.




One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,



One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

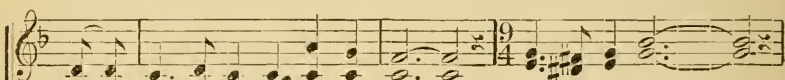


1. We are wan - der - ing home as time glid - eth by, And weav - eth His
 2. We are wan - der - ing home by the same old way Our fa - thers be -
 3. We are wan - der - ing home o'er a storm - y plain, Re - plet with temp -

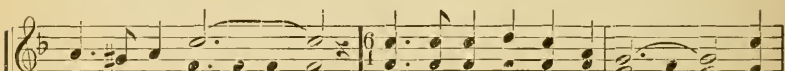


gar - land of years, To a beau - ti - ful home, and bet - ter by far
 fore us have trod, Tho' the shad - ow of death to the cit - y be - yond,
 ta - tion and sin, To a beau - ti - ful fold, where war - dens a - wait

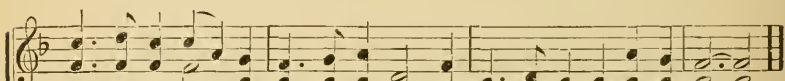
REFRAIN.



Than the home in this val - ley of tears. Wan - der - ing home, . . .
 The glo - ri - ous cit - y of God.
 To welcome each wan - der - er in. Wan - der - ing home.



wan - der - ing home, . . . Soon we shall wan - der no more; . . . And
 wan - der - ing home, no more;



O may we meet each oth - er at last At home on that heav - en - ly shore.

Seeking the Lost.

129

W. A. O.

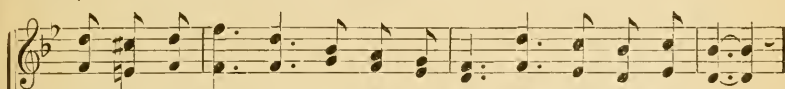
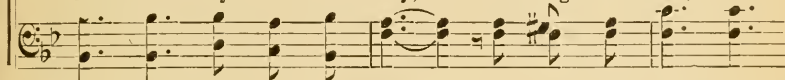
W. A. OGDEN.



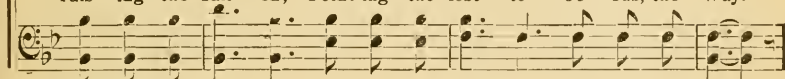
1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing Wan - der - ers
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je - sus, Souls that are
3. Thus I would go on mis - sions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing



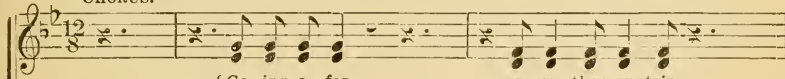
on the mount - ain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His
weak and hearts that are sore; Lead - ing them forth in
Christ from day un - to day; Cheer - ing the faint, and



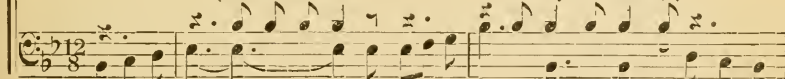
mes - sage re - peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak-ing to - day.
ways of sal - va - tion, Show - ing the path to life ev - er - more.
rais - ing the fall - en; Point-ing the lost to Je - sus, the Way.



CHORUS.



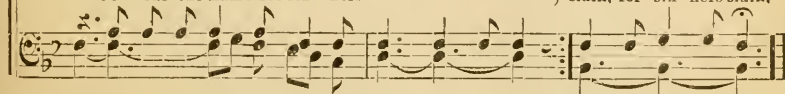
{ Go - ing a - far up - on the mountain
{ In - to the fold of my Re - deem - er.



{ Go - ing a - far..... up - on the mount - ain..... Bring - ing the
{ In - to the fold..... of my Re - deem - er,..... Je - sus the



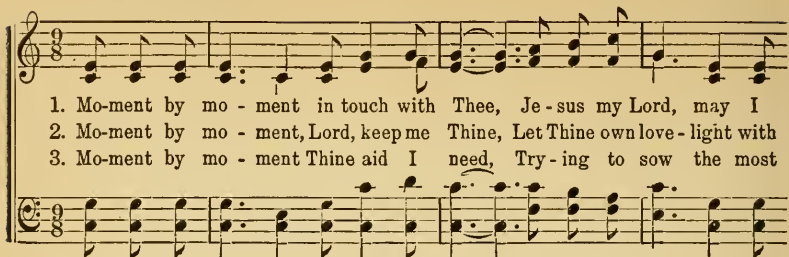
Bring - ins the wan - d'rer back a - gain, back a - gain, } slain, for sin - ners slain,
Je - sus the Lamb for sin - ners



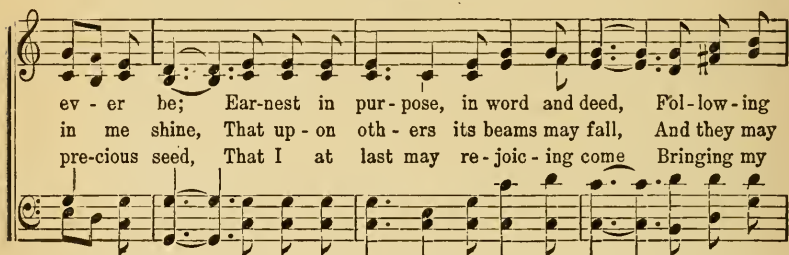
wan - d'rer back a - gain,..... } slain
Lamb..... for sin - ners (Omit)
Used by per. of Mrs. W. A. Ogdén.

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

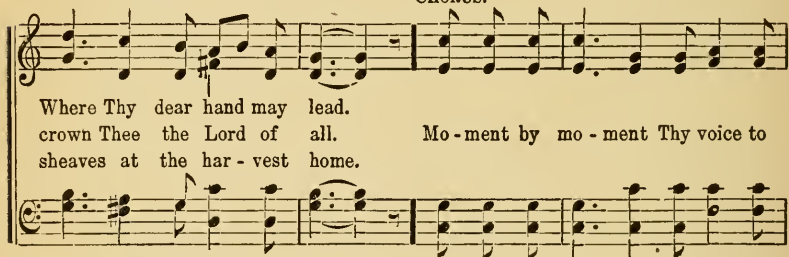


1. Mo-ment by mo - ment in touch with Thee, Je - sus my Lord, may I
 2. Mo-ment by mo - ment, Lord, keep me Thine, Let Thine own love - light with
 3. Mo-ment by mo - ment Thine aid I need, Try - ing to sow the most

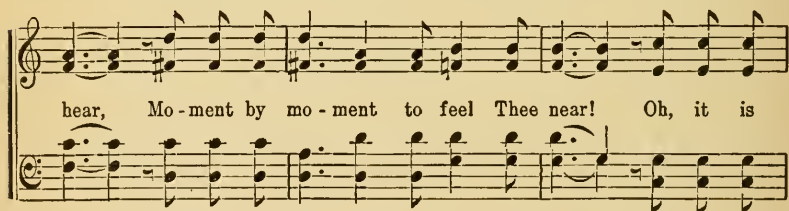


ev - er be; Ear-nest in pur - pose, in word and deed, Fol - low - ing
 in me shine, That up - on oth - ers its beams may fall, And they may
 pre-cious seed, That I at last may re-joic - ing come Bringing my

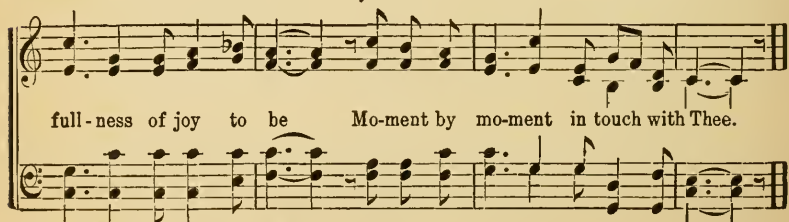
CHORUS.



Where Thy dear hand may lead.
 crown Thee the Lord of all. Mo-ment by mo - ment Thy voice to
 sheaves at the har - vest home.



hear, Mo-ment by mo - ment to feel Thee near! Oh, it is

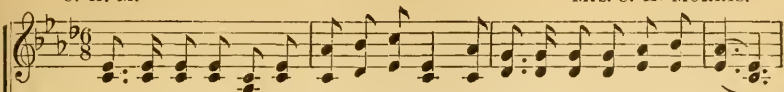


full-ness of joy to be Mo-ment by mo-moment in touch with Thee.

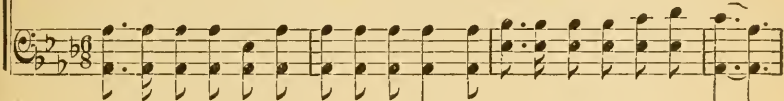
Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart. 131

C. H. M.

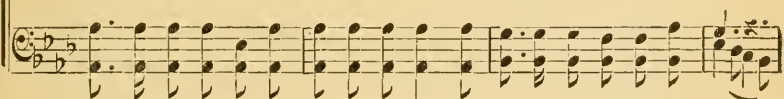
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. If you are tir'd of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;



If you de-sire a new life to be-gin Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
 Fountains of cleansing are flowing near by Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
 If there's a void this world never can fill! Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
 Find what a Friend He will be un-to you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
 If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.



CHORUS.



Just now, your doubt-ings give o'er, Just now, re - ject Him no more;
Last v.—Just now, my doubt-ings are o'er, Just now, re - ject-ing no more;



Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
 Just now, I o - pen the door, And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.



1. On-ward Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. At the sign of tri-umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On then, Christian
 3. Like a might-y arm - y Moves the church of God; Broth-ers, we are
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

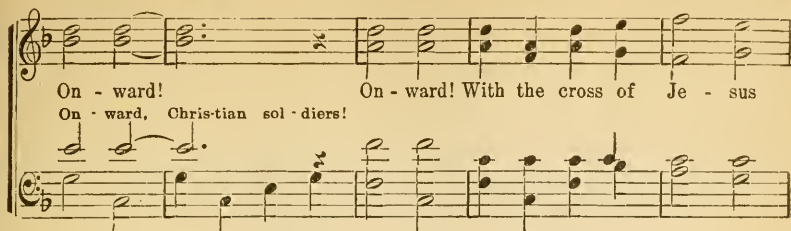
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 soldiers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er
 treading Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 voices In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

Leads against the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ner go!
 At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
 Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.

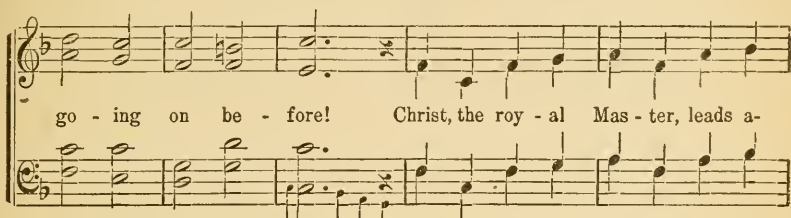
Onward, Christian Soldiers!

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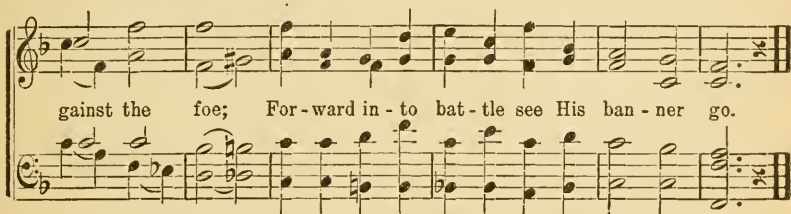
CHORUS.



On - ward! On - ward! With the cross of Je - sus
On - ward, Christian sol - diers!

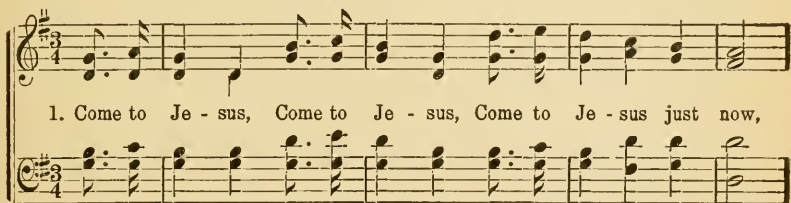


go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, leads a -

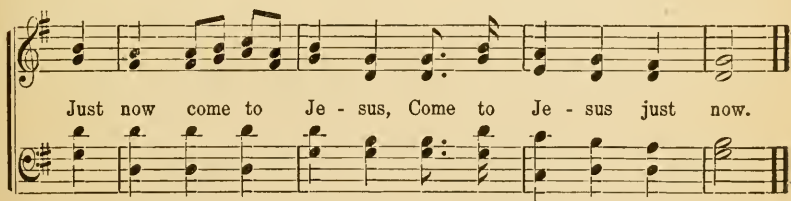


gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle see His ban - ner go.

Come to Jesus.



1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,



Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you.

3 Oh, believe Him.

4 He is able.

5 He is willing.

6 Call upon Him.

7 He will hear you.

8 Look unto Him.

9 He'll forgive you.

10 Only trust Him.


11 Jesus loves you.

12 Don't reject Him.

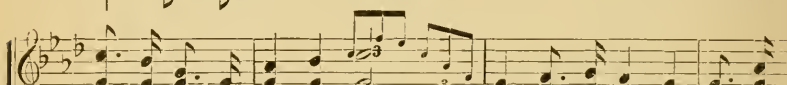
13 I believe Him.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

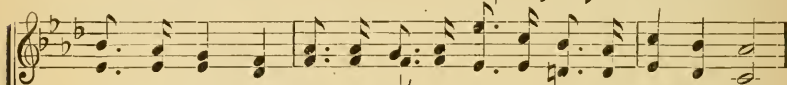
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Strong is Je - ho - vah, might - y to de - liv - er All who up-
 2. Tell out the ti - dings, sing the won - drous sto - ry How He hath
 3. Let ev - 'ry wind that sweeps to - ward the o - cean, Car - ry the



on His ho - ly name will call! Wide is the mer - cy of the
 brought sal - va - tion full and free; Speak to the na - tions of His
 mes - sage on its rush - ing wings, Un - til the world, in rev - er -




gra - cious Giv - er; Like the rain, a - bun - dant - ly His bless - ings fall.
 grace and glo - ry, Send the light to ev - 'ry is - land of the sea.
 ent com - mo - tion, Praise our God as Lord of lords and King of kings.

CHORUS.



Tell His love a - broad o'er the sea; Let His
 Tell His love a - broad o'er ev - 'ry land and sea; Let the glo - ry



glo - rious name be heard from shore to shore; Praise the might - y God,
 of His name be heard from shore to shore! Praiae the might - y God, in

He shall be King of kings and Lord of lords for - ev - er - more.
Earth and heav'n to be

Sweeter Than All.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.,

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Christ will me His aid af - ford, Nev - er to fall, nev - er to fall,
2. I will fol - low all the way, Hear - ing Him call, hear - ing Him call,
3. Tho' a ves - sel I may be, Brok - en and small, brok - en and small,
4. When I reach the crys - tal sea, Voic - es will call, voic - es will call;

While I find my pre - cious Lord Sweet - er than all, sweet - er than all.
Find - ing Him from day to day, Sweet - er than all, sweet - er than all.
Yet His bless - ings fall on me, Sweet - er than all, sweet - er than all.
But my Sav - ior's voice will be Sweet - er than all, sweet - er than all.

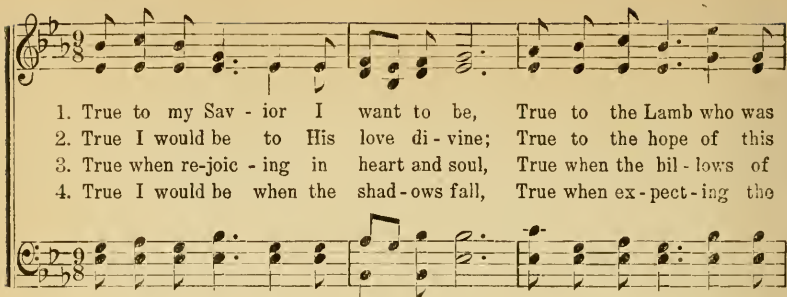
CHORUS.

Je - sus is now and ev - er will be Sweeter than all the world to me,

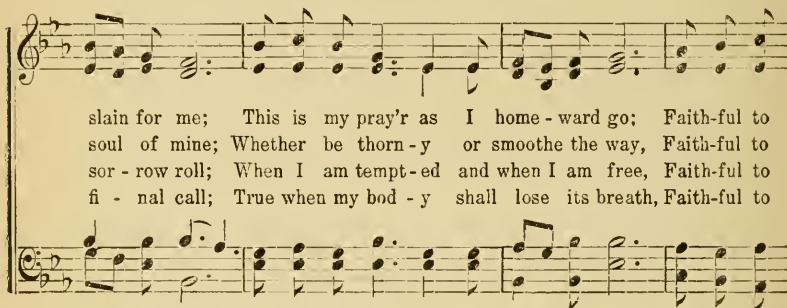
Since I heard His lov - ing call, Sweet - er than all, sweet - er than all.

JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

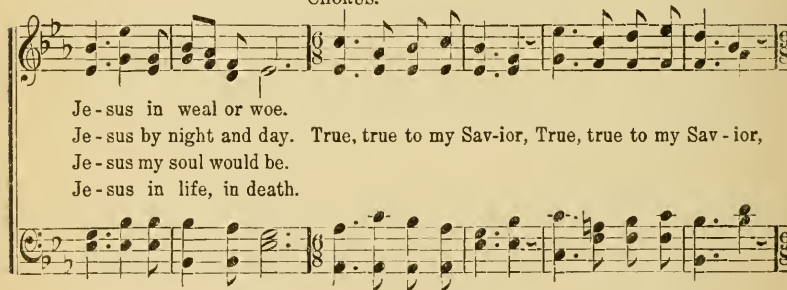


1. True to my Sav - ior I want to be, True to the Lamb who was
 2. True I would be to His love di - vine; True to the hope of this
 3. True when re-joic - ing in heart and soul, True when the bil - lows of
 4. True I would be when the shad - ows fall, True when ex - pect - ing the

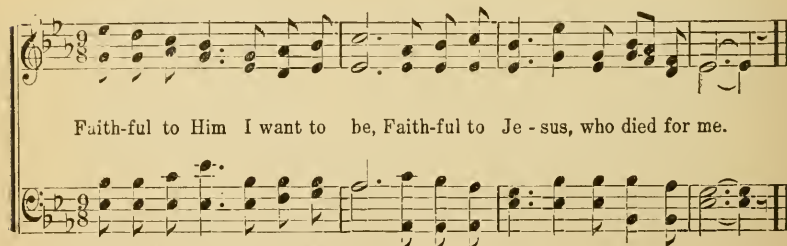


slain for me; This is my pray'r as I home - ward go; Faith-ful to
 soul of mine; Whether be thorn - y or smoothe the way, Faith-ful to
 sor - row roll; When I am tempt - ed and when I am free, Faith-ful to
 fi - nal call; True when my bod - y shall lose its breath, Faith-ful to

CHORUS.



Je - sus in weal or woe.
 Je - sus by night and day. True, true to my Sav - ior, True, true to my Sav - ior,
 Je - sus my soul would be.
 Je - sus in life, in death.



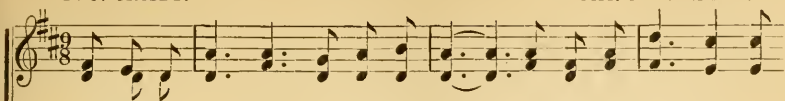
Faith-ful to Him I want to be, Faith-ful to Je - sus, who died for me.

Blessed Assurance.

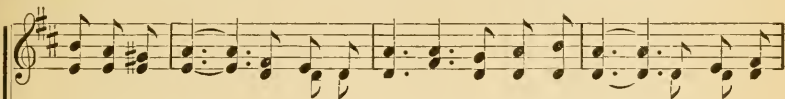
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F. J. CROSBY.

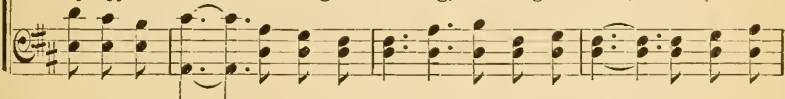
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



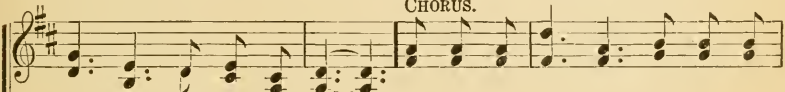
1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
2. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now
3. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior, am



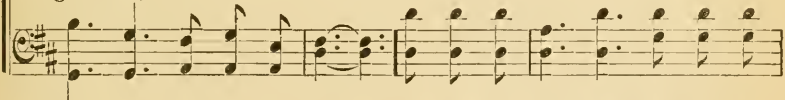
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,* Born of His
burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of
hap - py and blest, Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His



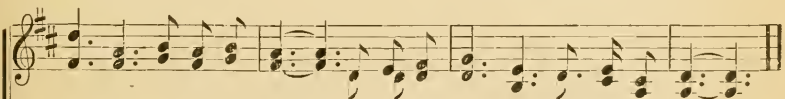
CHORUS.



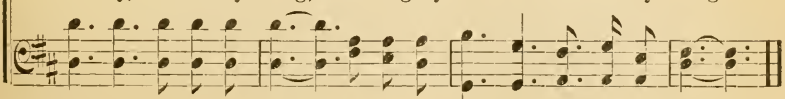
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.



song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my




sto - ry, this is my song; Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.



N. P. C.

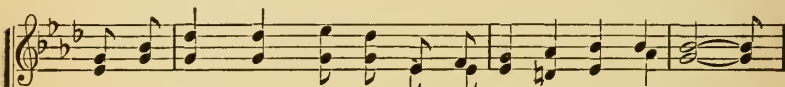
NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.



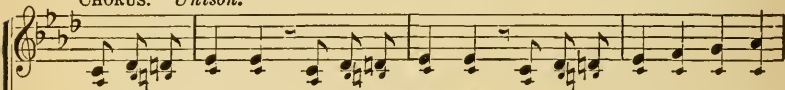
1. See the hosts ad - vanc-ing! Fall in line, O sol - dier
 2. On - ward! for - ward hast - en ye, O loy - al sol - dier,
 3. Not by might or pow - er, but by Spir - it's lead - ing,



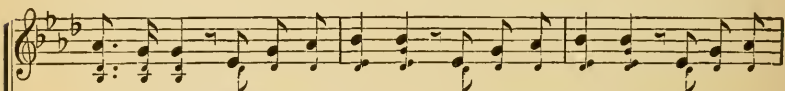
Bound for Ca-naan's land a - bove! Christ, the great Com-mand - er
 Sin, the foe's on ev - 'ry hand! Trust our Cap - tain lead-ing,
 Saith the Lord, O God of love, We will trust Thy guid-ing,



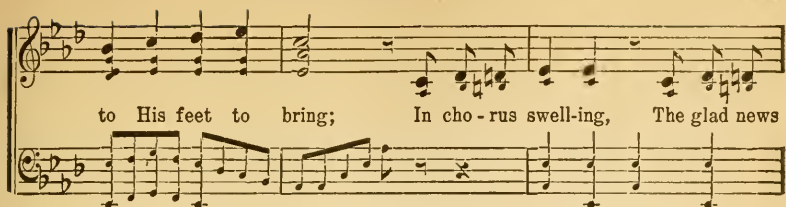
leads us on to vic - t'ry, As we march in faith and love.
 all His or - ders heed-ing, And ye shall pos - sess the land.
 in Thy love a - bid - ing Till we reign with Thee a - bove.

CHORUS. *Unison.*


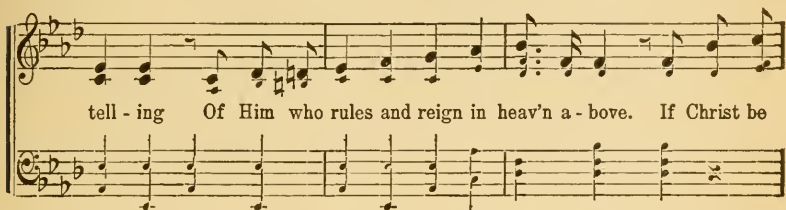
We come with sing-ing, Our tribute bring-ing To hon-or Him who is our



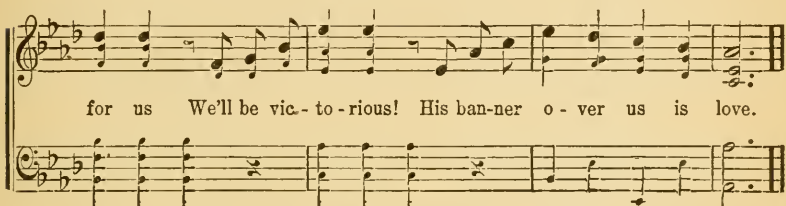
Lord and King: With banners fly - ing, In meek-ness try - ing The world un-



to His feet to bring; In cho - rus swell-ing, The glad news



tell - ing Of Him who rules and reign in heav'n a - bove. If Christ be



for us We'll be vic - to - rious! His ban - ner o - ver us is love.

Heaven.



1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; } Dan - ger and sor - row stand
 { Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home; }
 2. { There at my Sav - ior's side, Heav'n is my home; } There with the good and blest
 { I shall be glo - ri - fied; Heav'n is my home; }
 3. { Therefore, I'll mur - mur not, Heav'n is my home; } For I shall sure - ly stand,
 { What - e'er my eath - ly lot, Heav'n is my home; }



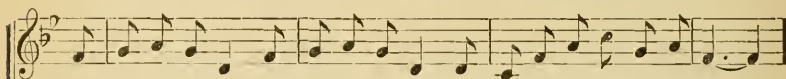
Round me on ev - 'ry hand; Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home.
 Those I love most and best, I shall for - ev - er rest; Heav'n is my home.
 There at my Lord's right hand, Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



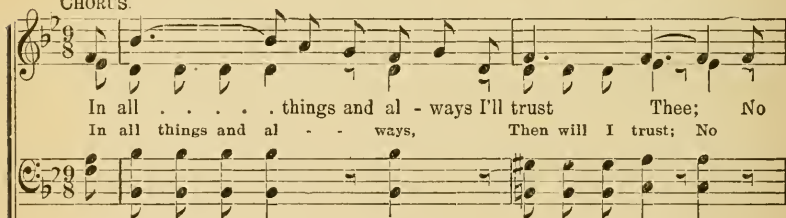
1. My hope is in Thee! Lord, help me to be More worthy of all I de - sire;
2. My trust is in Thee! Lord, help me to see More clearly Thy will should be mine;
3. My help is in Thee! I make but one plea In all I may say, think, or do:



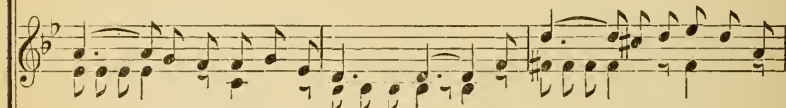
Each day that I live, New serv-ice to give, More love and more grace I re-quire.
 What Thou shalt decree, Make precious to me; Thy wis-dom I can-not de-fine.
 Oh, lead, in Thy light, My footsteps aright, That I to the end may be true.



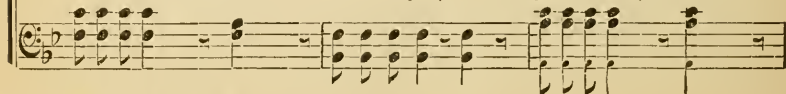
CHORUS.



In all . . . things and al - ways I'll trust Thee; No
 In all things and al - - ways, Then will I trust; No



sor - row Thou sendest un-just - ly; Yea, try me with fire, if it
 sorrow Thou send - est me is un-just; Yea. try me with fire; if



must be, I still..... would be loy-al and true.....
 thus it must be, I still would be loy - al, loy - al and true.

I Remember Calvary.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

JAS. M. BLACK.

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
 2. O I de-light in His com-mand, Love to be led by His dear hand,
 3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap-py with Christ, my Sav-ior, near,

And I re-mem-ber'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal-va-ry.
 His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stain'd Cal-va-ry.
 Trust-ing that I some day shall see Je-sus my Friend of Cal-va-ry.

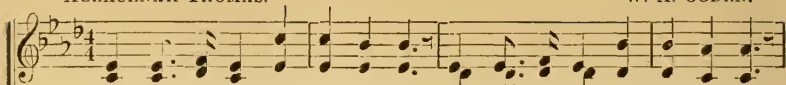
CHORUS.

Je-sus shall lead me night and day, Je - sus shall lead me all the way;

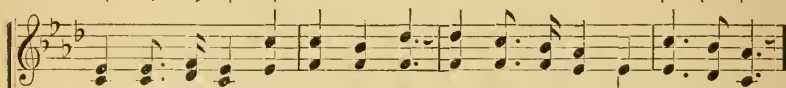
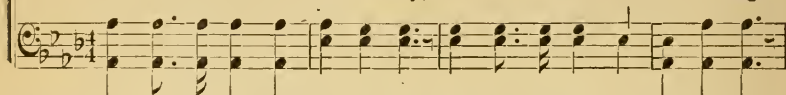
He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

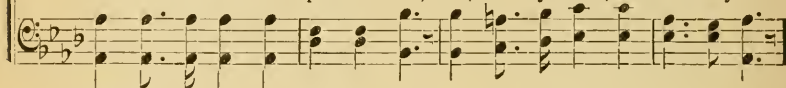
W. A. OGDEN.



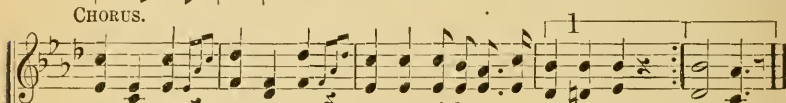
1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
 2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring lambs to find?
 3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high;



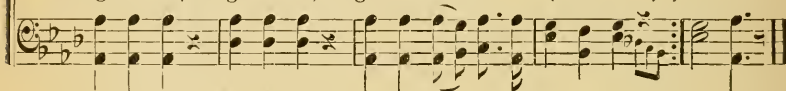
Call-ing the lambs who've gone a-stray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
 Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs, where'er they be."



CHORUS.



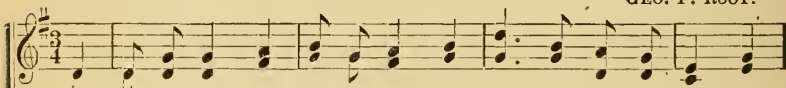
{ Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin; }
 { Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wan-der-ers to (Omit) } Je - sus.



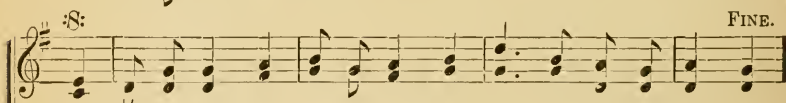
By permission of Mrs. W. A. Ogden.

Shining Shore.

GEO. F. ROOT.



1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil - grim strang-er,



Would not de-tain them as they fly, These hours of toil and dan - ger,
 D. S.—just be - fore the shin-ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.



Shining Shore.

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REFRAIN.

D. S.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o - ver; And

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever.

There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TRYAWAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My hap - py soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright a - bove; I'll join the
2. I heard the bless - ed sto - ry Of Him who died to save; The love of
3. His gra - cious words of par - don Were mu - sic to my heart; He took a -
4. Oh, crown Him King for - ev - er! My Sav - ior and my friend; By Zi - on's

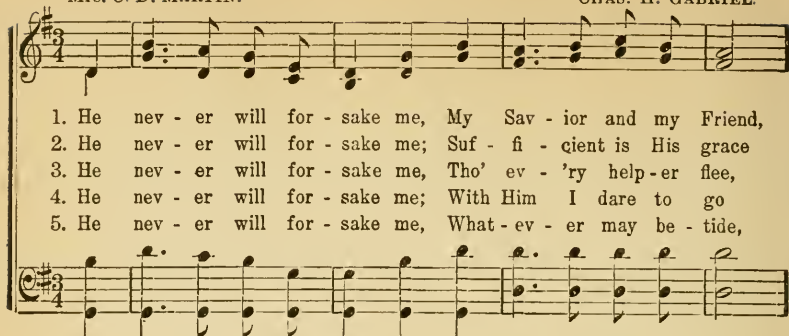
CHORUS.

heav'n-ly voic - es, And sing re-deem-ing love.
Christ swept o'er me, My all to Him I gave. For there's pow'r in Jesus' blood,
way my bur - den, And bade my fears de-part.
crys - tal riv - er His praise shall never end.

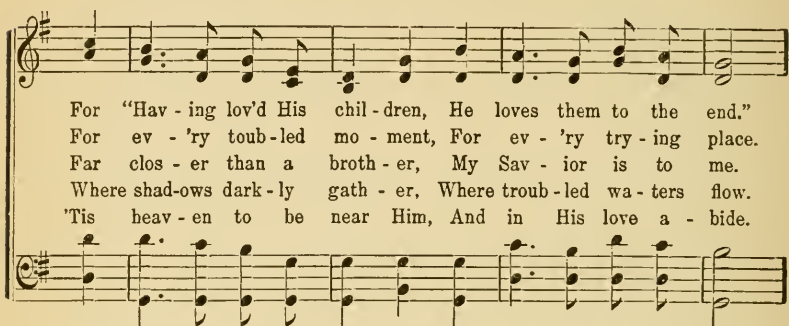
Pow'r in Je - sus' blood, there's pow'r in Je - sus' blood To wash me white as snow.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

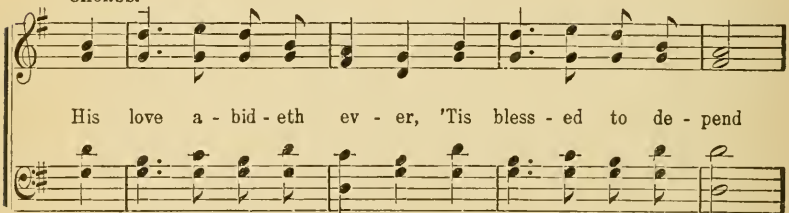


1. He nev - er will for - sake me, My Sav - ior and my Friend,
 2. He nev - er will for - sake me; Suf - fi - cient is His grace
 3. He nev - er will for - sake me, Tho' ev - 'ry help - er flee,
 4. He nev - er will for - sake me; With Him I dare to go
 5. He nev - er will for - sake me, What - ev - er may be - tide,

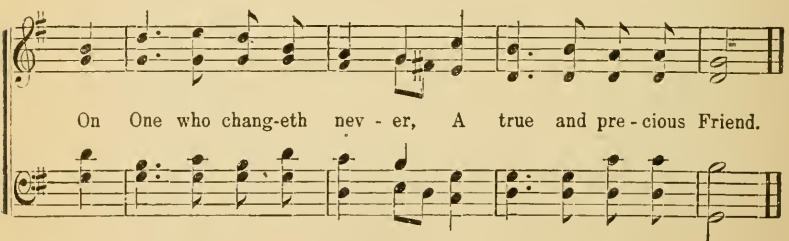


For "Hav - ing lov'd His chil - dren, He loves them to the end."
 For ev - 'ry toub - led mo - ment, For ev - 'ry try - ing place.
 Far clos - er than a broth - er, My Sav - ior is to me.
 Where shad - ows dark - ly gath - er, Where troub - led wa - ters flow.
 'Tis heav - en to be near Him, And in His love a - bide.

CHORUS.



His love a - bid - eth ev - er, 'Tis bless - ed to de - pend



On One who chang - eth nev - er, A true and pre - cious Friend.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. O glo - rious Sun of Right - eous-ness, A - rise with heal - ing
 2. Thy rays can pierce the deep - est gloom, And pen - e - trate the
 3. Still guide us on our pil - grim way, Up to that land which

in Thy wings, And lift us with Thy pow'r to bless, A -
 dark - est night; With Thee no shad - ows ev - er come; Where
 knows no night, Where shines one bright e - ter - nal day, The

CHORUS.

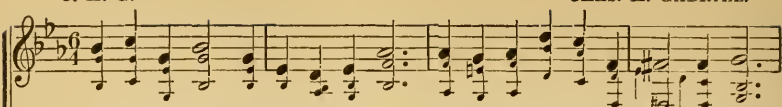
bove all sor - did earth - ly things.
 Je - sus is, 'tis al - ways light! Shine in, shine in, oh,
 Lamb Him - self the cit - y's light.

glo - rious Sun, Beat back the clouds that hov - er o'er; Shine

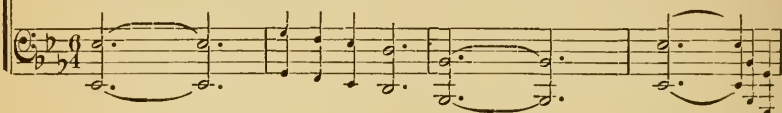
in, shine in, oh, glo - rious Sun, And light our way for - ev - er-more.

C. H. G.

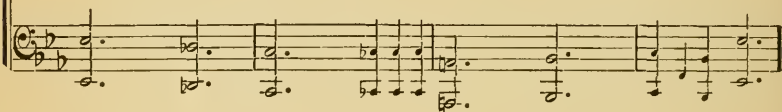
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



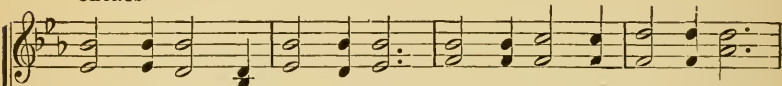
1. Lamp to my feet where ev-er I stray; Guide nev-er-fail-ing from day to day;
2. Bread to my soul when famine is near; Wa - ter of Life, cool, refreshing, clear;
3. Com-fort when sorrows o - ver me roll; Hope all-sus-tain-ing un - to my soul;



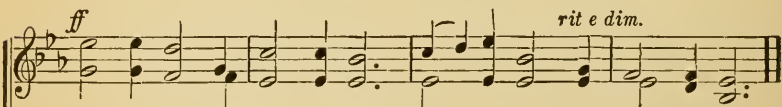
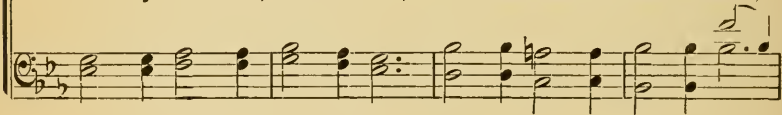
Lead - ing me homeward un-to my Lord— Counsel of wisdom, God's precious Word.
 Strength in my weakness, nev-er to fail; Safe - ty when tri - al and doubt as-sail.
 Shel - ter that for all time shall en-dure, An - chor e - ter-nal, un-fail - ing, sure.



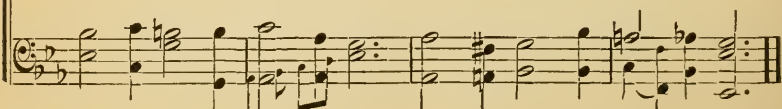
CHORUS.



Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas-ure thou art mine;



Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am.

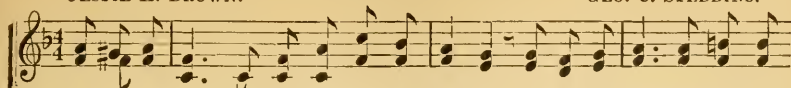


One Little Hour.

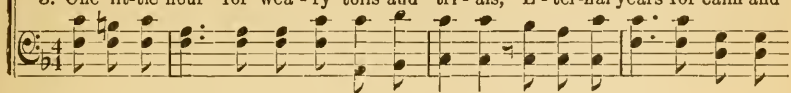
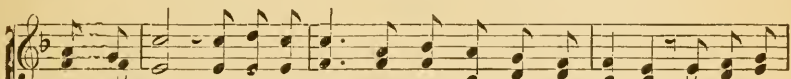
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JESSIE H. BROWN.

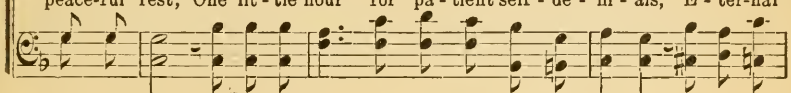
GEO. C. STEEBINS.



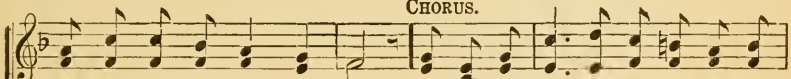
1. One lit-tle hour for watch-ing with the Mas-ter, E-ter-nal years to walk with
 2. One lit-tle hour to suf-fer scorn and loss-es, E-ter-nal years beyond earth's
 3. One lit-tle hour for wea-ry toils and tri-als, E-ter-nal years for calm and

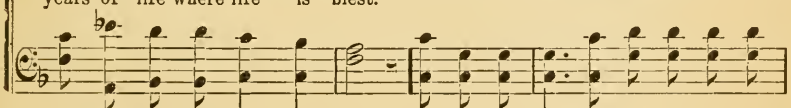
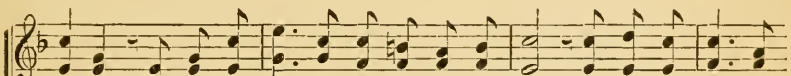
Him in white; One lit-tle hour to brave-ly meet dis-as-ter, E-ter-nal
 cru-el frowns; One lit-tle hour to car-ry heav-y cross-es, E-ter-nal
 peace-ful rest; One lit-tle hour for pa-tient self-de-ni-als, E-ter-nal



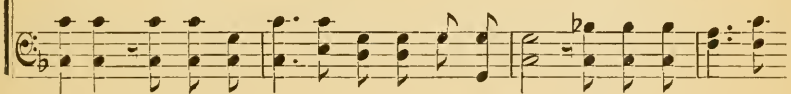
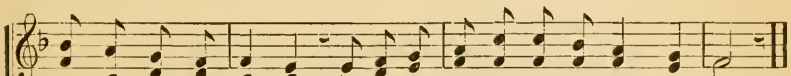
CHORUS.



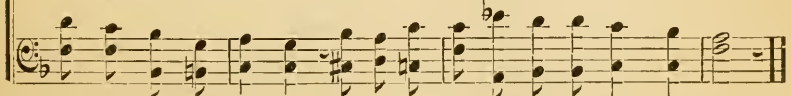
years to reign with Him in light.
 years to wear un-fad-ing crowns. Then souls be brave and watch un-til the
 years of life where life is blest.

mor-row! A-wake! a-rise! your lamps of pur-pose trim; Your Sav-ior speaks a-

cross the night of sor-row; Can ye not watch one lit-tle hour with Him?



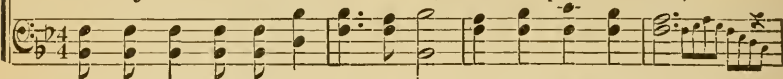
Shouting Victory.

C. D. MARTIN.

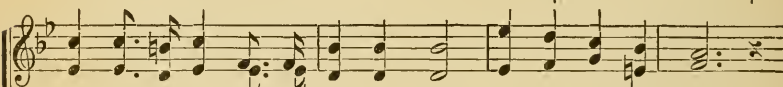
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



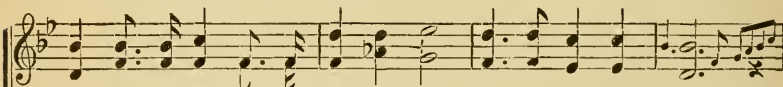
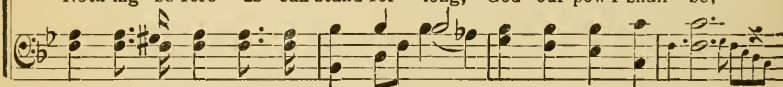
1. *Stand-ing* like Ca - leb and Josh - u - a, Val - iant for the Lord,
2. *Wait-ing* like Ca - leb and Josh - u - a, Read - y to go on;
3. *Press-ing* like Ca - leb and Josh - u - a, T'ward the prom - ised land,



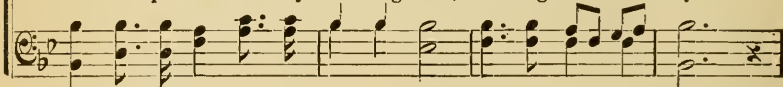
Fight - ing the bat - tle for truth and right, March - ing at His word;
Wait - ing to march to the bat - tle front Till our cause is won;
Hap - py in heart and so free from care Do - ing God's com-mand;



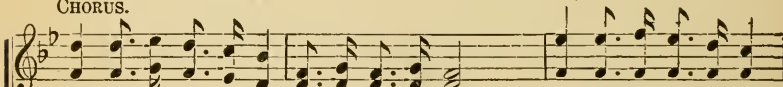
Gi - ants like in - sects be - fore us fall, Sa - tan's co - horts flee,
 Hope is our hel - met and faith our shield, On - ly God we see;
 Noth - ing be - fore us can stand for long, God our pow'r shall be;



Wherein the name of our God we move, Shout-ing vic - to - ry!
En - e - mies fall where the host is heard Shout-ing vic - to - ry!
We shall pos-sess ev - 'ry foot of ground, Shout-ing vic - to - ry!



CHORUS.



Shout-ing the vic - to - ry as we march a - long, Sing-ing Je-ho-vah's praise
as we march a - long.



Shouting Victory.

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in a joy - ful song; For the cause of right, we know, Shall pre-vail wher-
in a joy - ful song;
e'er they go, O-ver ev-'ry bit-ter foe, Shout-ing vic - to - ry!
o-ry ver ev-'ry bit-ter foe.

God's Will Be Done.

Mrs. W. HOWARD KEESLER.

C. D. E.

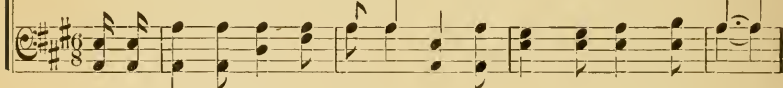
1. Just why I suf - fer loss, I can - not know, I on - ly
2. My life is on - ly mine That I may use The gifts He
3. I am His child, and I Can safe - ly trust; He loves me
know that my God wills it so. He leads in paths I
lend - eth me As He may choose; And if, in love, some
and I know That He is just. With - in His love I
can - not un - der - stand, But all the way, I know, is wise - ly planned.
boon He doth re - call, I know that un - to Him be - long - eth all.
can se - cure - ly rest, As - sured that what He does for me is best.

F. S. S.

F. S. SHEPARD.



1. It is al-ways safe to fol - low Where the Sav - ior shows the way;
2. It is al-ways safe to fol - low Where the bless - ed Mas - ter leads,
3. It is al-ways safe to fol - low In the foot - steps of the Lord;
4. It is al-ways safe to fol - low In the path the Sav - ior trod,
5. When we reach the gold-en cit - y, In the land be - yond the blue;



While walk - ing by His guid-ance, We can nev - er go a - stray.
 For He, know - ing all our tri - als, Will sup - ply our dai - ly needs.
 For He lead - eth on to vic-t'ry As is prom - ised in His Word.
 For al-though 'tis some-times rug-ged, Yet it al - ways leads to God.
 Thro' the a - ges we will praise Him, Now e - ter - nal - ly in view.



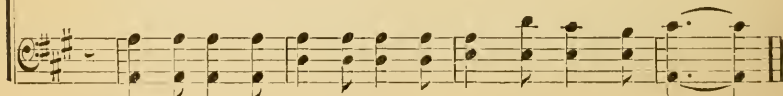
CHORUS.



Then fol - low Je - sus, In the nar - row way,
 Fol - low Je - sus, fol - low Je - sus In the nar - row, nar - row way,



Then fol - low Je - sus, On to vic - to - ry.
 Fol - low Je - sus, fol - low Je - sus,

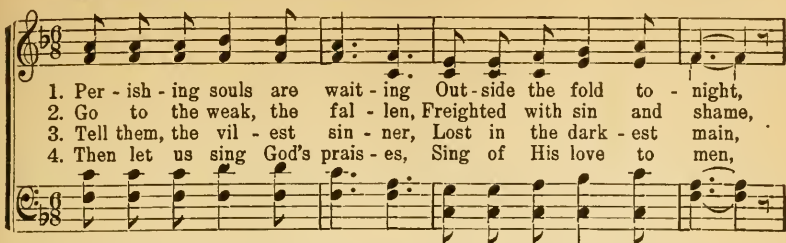


Go, Tell Them.

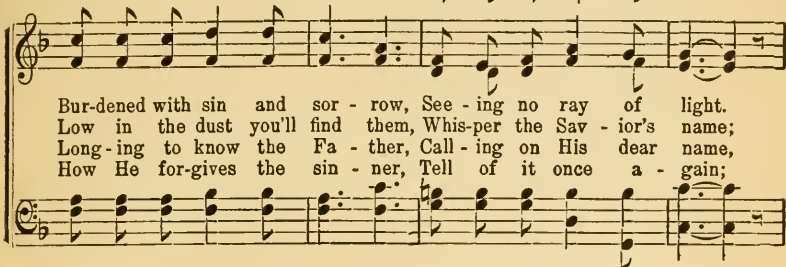
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JENNIE CRAWFORD GOODSPEED.

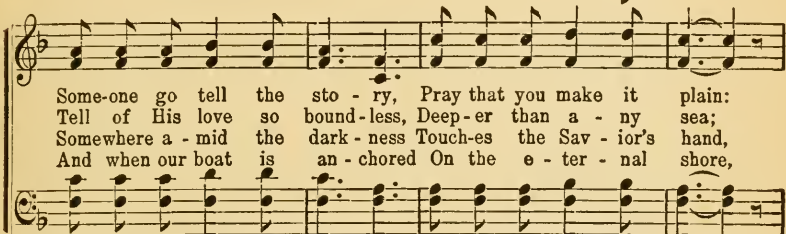
CARL FISHER.



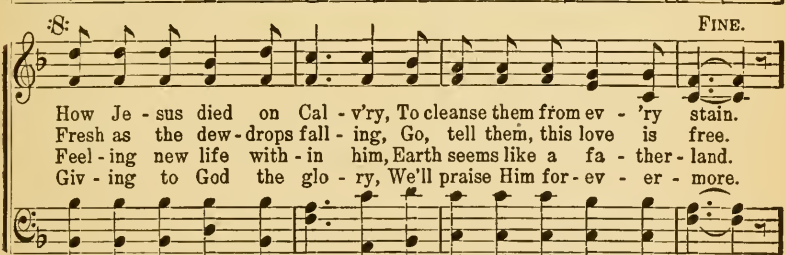
1. Per - ish - ing souls are wait - ing Out - side the fold to - night,
 2. Go to the weak, the fal - len, Freight - ed with sin and shame,
 3. Tell them, the vil - est sin - ner, Lost in the dark - est main,
 4. Then let us sing God's prais - es, Sing of His love to men,



Bur - dened with sin and sor - row, See - ing no ray of light.
 Low in the dust you'll find them, Whis - per the Sav - ior's name;
 Long - ing to know the Fa - ther, Call - ing on His dear name,
 How He for - gives the sin - ner, Tell of it once a - gain;

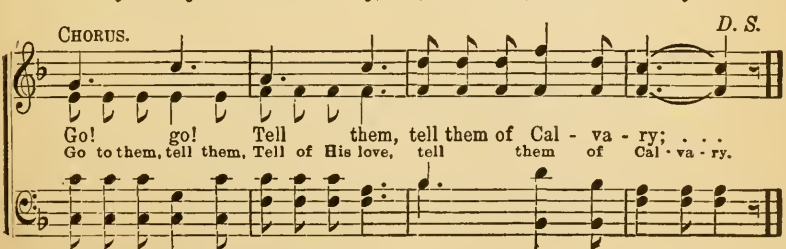


Some - one go tell the sto - ry, Pray that you make it plain:
 Tell of His love so bound - less, Deep - er than a - ny sea;
 Somewhere a - mid the dark - ness Touch - es the Sav - ior's hand,
 And when our boat is an - chored On the e - ter - nal shore,



How Je - sus died on Cal - v'ry, To cleanse them from ev - 'ry stain.
 Fresh as the dew - drops fall - ing, Go, tell them, this love is free.
 Feel - ing new life with - in him, Earth seems like a fa - ther - land.
 Giv - ing to God the glo - ry, We'll praise Him for - ev - er - more.

D. S.—Tell of His grace and mer - cy, Go, tell them, His love is free.



CHORUS. D. S.
 Go! go! Tell them, tell them of Cal - va - ry; . . .
 Go to them, tell them, Tell of His love, tell them of Cal - va - ry.

JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Rise, and buck-le on your ar-mour, christian sol - diers, For the time has
 2. Our be - lov-ed land is face to face with dan - ger, And the foe is
 3. We must show it that our cour-age is in - creas - ing, That we know what

come when all must lend a hand; Sin is bold - ly march-ing on, count-less
 gaining strength by day and night; It is buy - ing count-less souls, with the
 we must win, what we have lost; Rise, then, sol-diers! let us fight, day and

vic - to - ries has won, And may soon be in pos-ses-sion of our land.
 gold that it con-trols, And is smil-ing at the way that chris-tians fight.
 night with all our might, We must save our na - tive land what-e'er the cost.

D. S.—If we fight to-ge-th-er we will save our land.

CHORUS.

Rise, true sol-diers! all must firm-ly stand! Rise for bat - tle! all must lend a
 all must firm-ly stand!

hand! With our country's flag a - bove us, and a Lead - er who doth love us,

God Is On the Winning Side.

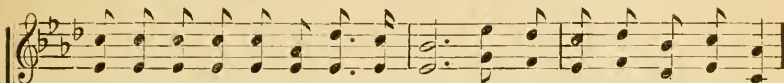
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ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

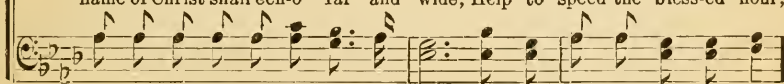
WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.



1. Are you help-ing win the bat-tle of Je-ho-vah, Are you
2. Where Je-ho-vah leads a few shall be a thou-sand; In con-
3. O the gos-pel flag shall wave o'er ev-'ry na-tion, And the

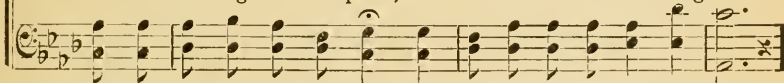


trust-ing in His pow'r to help and guide? Tho' the con-flict seem-eth long,
fu-sion mighty hosts of wrong shall hide; Who can, trembling, stand in fear,
name of Christ shall ech-o far and wide; Help to speed the bless-ed hour;



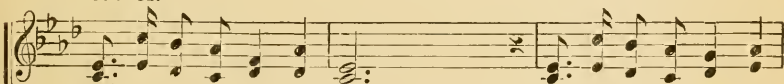
FINE.

Right shall tri-umph o-ver wrong, For God is on the win-ning side.
When the vic-t'ry is so near, And God is on the win-ning side?
It is com-ing now in pow'r, For God is on the win-ning side.

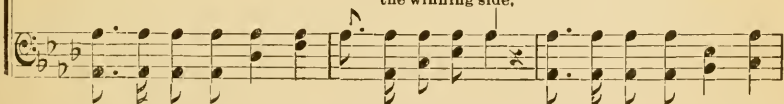


D. S.—For God is on the win-ning side.

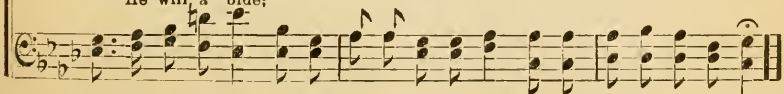
CHORUS.



God is on the win-ning side, He will with His host a-
the winning side,

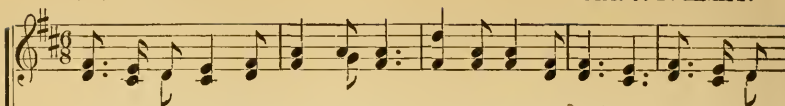


bide; Onward go with courage strong, Right shall triumph over wrong;
He will, a-bide;

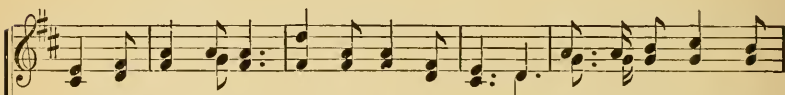


F. J. CROSBY.

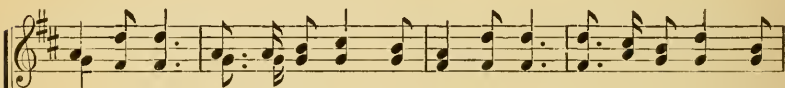
MRS. J. F. KNAPP.



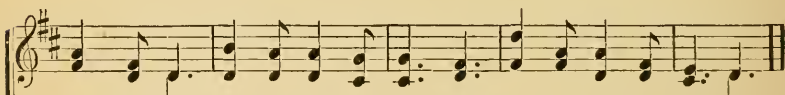
1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er, Near - er the
2. Near - er the Christian's mer - cy - seat, I am com - ing near - er, Feasting my
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as - pires, I am com - ing near - er, Deep - er the



cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where
soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er; Strong - er in faith, more
love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of



Je - sus died, Near - er the fount - ain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Him - self for me; Near - er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I



wound - ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
still would be, Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
soon shall wear; I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

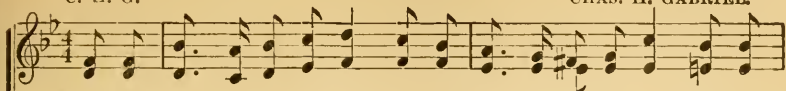


Keep Your Heart Singing.

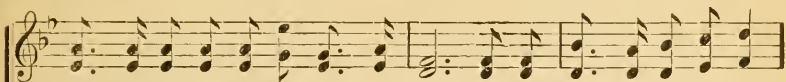
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C. H. G.

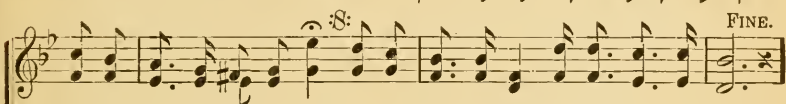
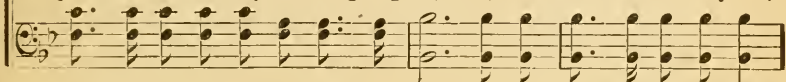
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. We may light - en toil and care, Or a heav - y bur - den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con - trol, Sweet-est
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin - dle hope, and ban - ish fear, Soothe a

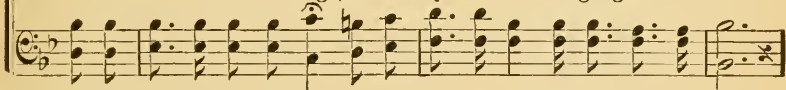


word, a kind-ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gird - le day and night
mus - ic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a - way,
pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,



FINE.

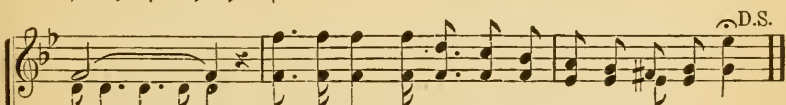
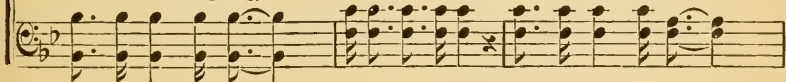
With a ha - lo of de-light, If we keep our hearts sing-ing all the while.
Cheer and bless the dark-est day, If we keep our hearts sing-ing all the while.
In the world we trav-el through, If we keep our hearts sing-ing all the while.



CHORUS.



Keep your heart singing all the while, Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er,



smile, Keep the song ring-ing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
brighter with a smile;



JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you hear, O faint-ing sol-dier that sweet word which rends the skies?
 2. Do you see, O faint-ing sol-dier how the gos-pel ban-ner waves?
 3. Lift your eyes, O faint-ing sol-dier, see His arm-y march-ing on!

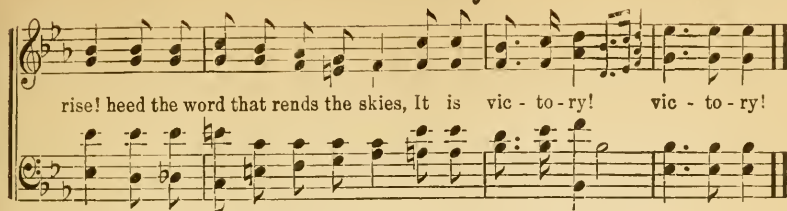
It is "Vic-to-ry!" It is "Vic-to-ry!" From the hearts of faithful comrades
 It is "Vic-to-ry!" It is "Vic-to-ry!" It is float-ing o-ver thousands
 It is "Vic-to-ry!" It is "Vic-to-ry!" Sin is swift-ly dis-ap-pear-ing,

in the field it doth a-rise, It is "Vic-to-ry!" Vic-to-ry!"
 who were once but fee-ble slaves! It is "Vic-to-ry!" Vic-to-ry!"
 darkness fad-ing in-to dawn, It is "Vic-to-ry!" Vic-to-ry!"

CHORUS.

We are marching 'gainst the foe, striking hard-er ev-'ry blow, Soon the tempter

and his arm-y from the field will have to go! Rise, O faint-ing sol-dier,

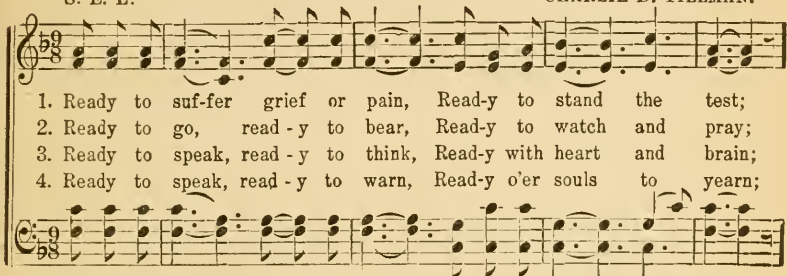


rise! heed the word that rends the skies, It is vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

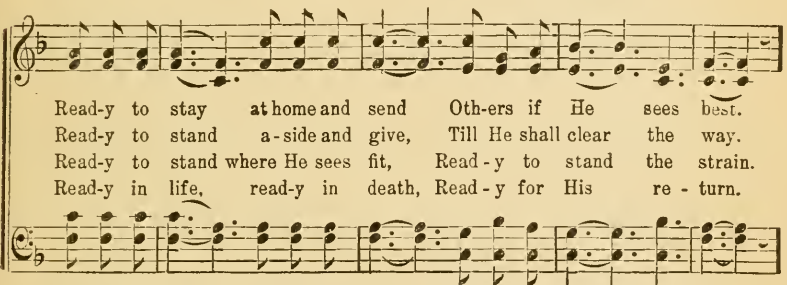
Ready to Do His Will.

S. E. L.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Ready to suf-fer grief or pain, Read-y to stand the test;
 2. Ready to go, read - y to bear, Read-y to watch and pray;
 3. Ready to speak, read - y to think, Read-y with heart and brain;
 4. Ready to speak, read - y to warn, Read-y o'er souls to yearn;



Read-y to stay at home and send Others if He sees best.
 Read-y to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
 Read-y to stand where He sees fit, Read-y to stand the strain.
 Read-y in life, read-y in death, Read-y for His re - turn.

CHORUS.

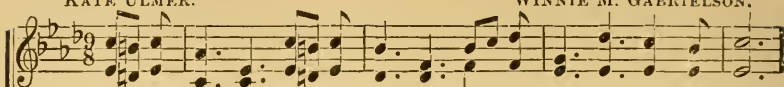


Read-y to go, read - y to stay, Read-y my place to fill;
 Read-y for serv-ice, low-ly or great, Read-y to do His will.

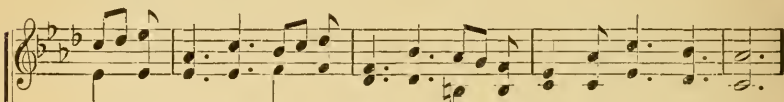
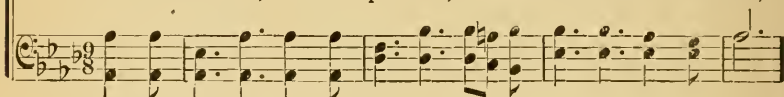
158. O My Savior, Thou art Precious.

KATE ULMER.

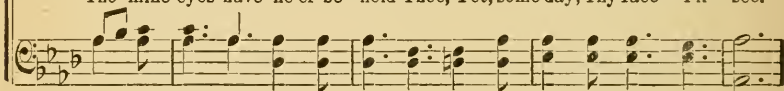
WINNIE M. GABRIELSON.



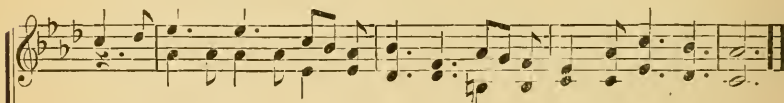
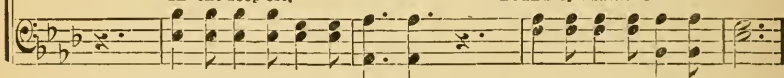
1. O my Sav-ior, Thou art pre-cious! Pre-cious in life's dark-est hour;
2. O my Sav-ior, Thou art pre-cious! When the storms of sor-row break,
3. O my Sav-ior, Thou art pre-cious! When the tempt-er would en-snare,
4. Precious Sav-ior, ev-er pre-cious, Dear-er far than all to me;



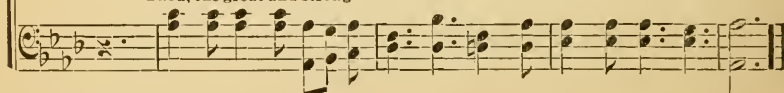
Tho' mine eyes have ne'er be-held Thee, Yet my life has felt Thy pow'r.
When the heart with an-guish quiv-ers, And our faith no song can 'wake,
And my flesh, so weak and sin-ful, Fain would lend a list-'ning ear;
Tho' mine eyes have ne'er be-held Thee, Yet, some day, Thy face I'll see.



In the deep-est, darkest midnight, Bound by chains of death and sin,
Then how sweet-ly comes the message—"Cast thy ev-'ry care on me!
Then Thy Spir-it's gen-tle plead-ing Falls up-on my wav'ring heart,
How my heart with joy shall quiv-er, How my ran-som'd tongue will sing,
In the deep-est, Bound by chains of



Thou, the great and strong De-liv-'rer, Lib-er-ty and life didst win.
I have car-ried all thy sor-rows, All thy griefs have borne for thee."
Bring-ing faith's shield to remembrance, Which can quench each fiery dart.
When in all Thy wondrous beau-ty I be-hold my Sav-ior King!
Thou, the great and strong



Jesus Reigns.

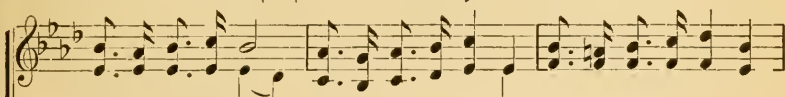
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E. E. HEWITT.

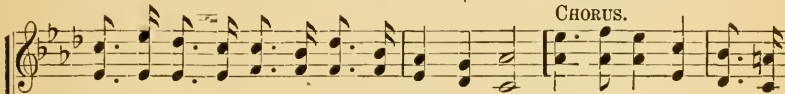
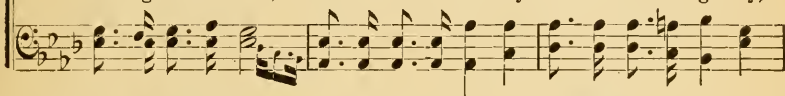
CHESTER G. ALLEN.



1. Je - sus reigns for-ev-er, might-y Vic-tor still; Tempest, wave and sunshine
2. Je - sus reigns for-ev-er, blessed Prince of Peace; Thro' the world's dominions
3. Je - sus reigns for-ev-er on His heav'nly throne; Yield Him glad allegiance,

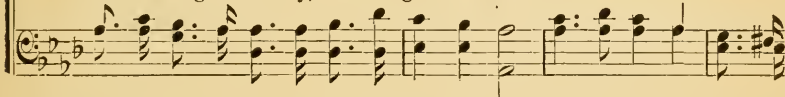


shall His word ful-fill; Par-don and sal-va - tion, Joy and con-sol - a - tion,
may His word in-crease; By His grace un-fail-ing, O - ver sin pre-vail-ing,
serv - ing Him a - lone; When the fin-ish'd sto - ry Shall record His glo - ry,

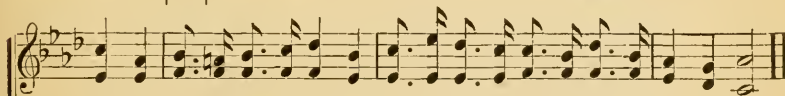


CHORUS.

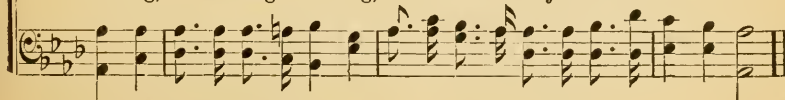
Bless the hap-py peo - ple who o - bey His will.
Won-der - ful His king-dom, nev - er more to cease. Je-sus reigns, our mighty
We shall sing His mer-cy, and His good-ness own.



King for-ev - er! Je - sus reigns! transcendent is His love. Let our prais-es,

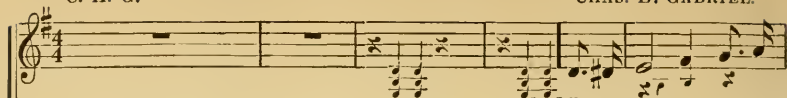


blending, Join the song un-end-ing, Swell the hal-le-lu-jahs of the world a-bove.



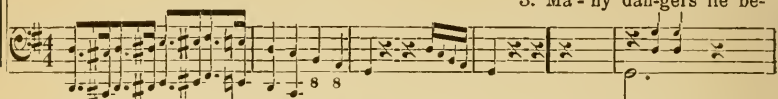
Music copyright, 1875, by Z. M. Parvin.

New words and reissue of music copyright, 1894, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Owner.

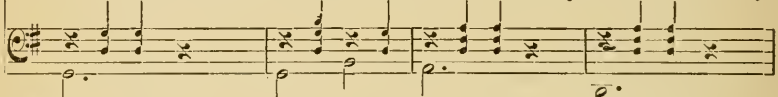


Voices in Unison.

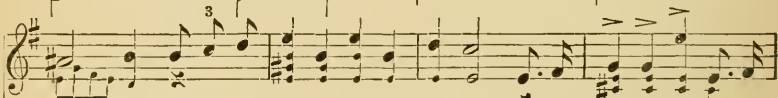
1. Like an arm - y we are
2. Sin and er - ror are ap -
3. Ma - ny dan - gers lie be -



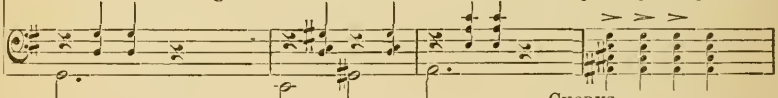
march - ing Un - der a banner grand and glorious, Ev - 'ry sol - dier true and
 pall - ing! Per - ish - ing souls are all a - round us; Hea - then na - tions on be -
 fore us, Wearisome marches, sorrows, losses; Heav - y bur - dens, lone - ly



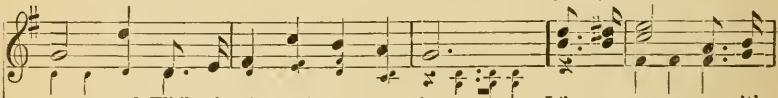
loy - al In the serv - ice of the King. For - war - ev - er on to
 fore us For the gos - pel watch and pray. Noth - ing daunt - ed, noth - ing
 vig - ils To be kept by day and night; Yet de - ter - mined and u -



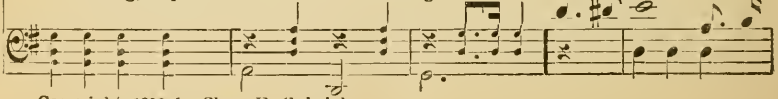
bat - tle, Following Christ, who goes before us; With a tramp, tramp, tramp, moving
 fear - ing, Joy - ful - ly on - ward to the rescue With a tramp, tramp, tramp, we are
 nit - ed, Sharing alike in cares and sorrows, With a tramp, tramp, tramp, we are



CHORUS.

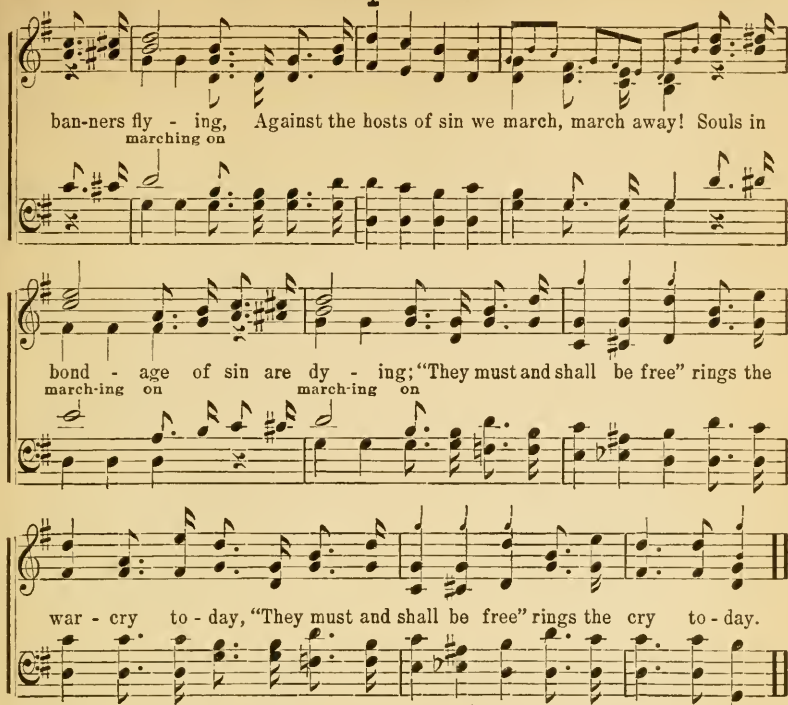


on - ward, While the vic - tor's song we sing. Like an arm - y with
 march - ing, Where our Sav - ior leads the way. marching on,
 march - ing, Up - ward to the land of light.



The Tramp of the Host.

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ban-ners fly - ing, Against the hosts of sin we march, march away! Souls in
marching on

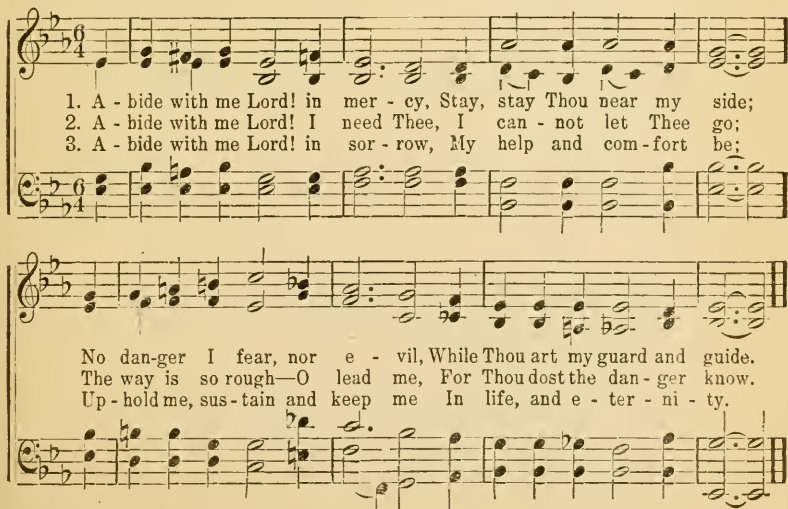
bond - age of sin are dy - ing; "They must and shall be free" rings the
marching on marching on

war - cry to - day, "They must and shall be free" rings the cry to - day.

A Prayer.

H. A. H.

H. A. H.



1. A - bide with me Lord! in mer - cy, Stay, stay Thou near my side;
2. A - bide with me Lord! I need Thee, I can - not let Thee go;
3. A - bide with me Lord! in sor - row, My help and com - fort be;

No dan-ger I fear, nor e - vil, While Thou art my guard and guide.
The way is so rough—O lead me, For Thou dost the dan-ger know.
Up - hold me, sus - tain and keep me In life, and e - ter - ni - ty.

B. M. J.

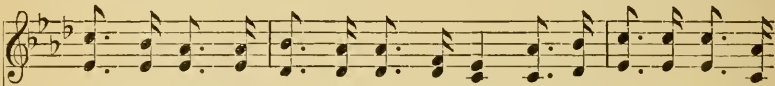
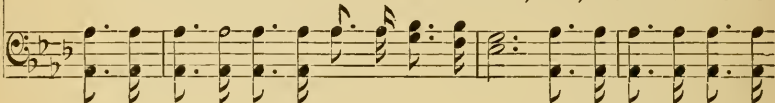
J. M. BLACK.



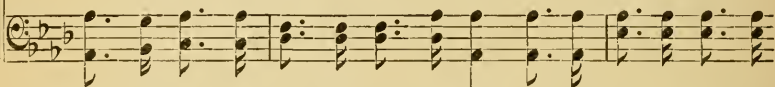
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,



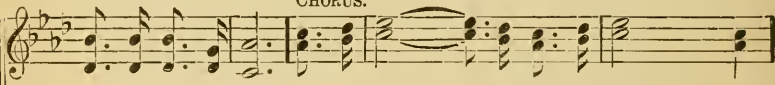
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of his res - ur - rec - tion share; When his chos - en ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is



gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up



CHORUS.



yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon - der,

When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

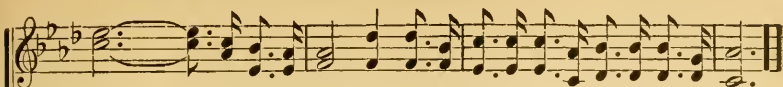


When the roll is called up yon - der, When the

When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

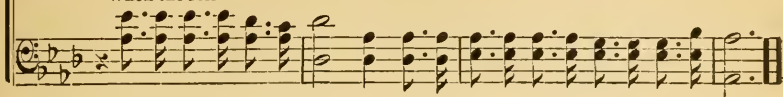


When the Roll is Called Up Yonder. 163

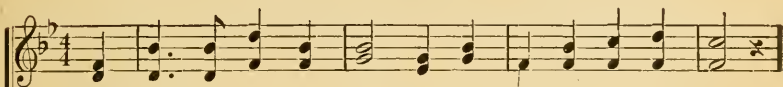


roll . . . is call'd up yonder, When the roll is call'd up yonder, I'll be there.

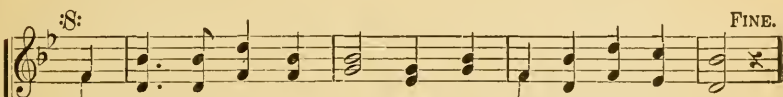
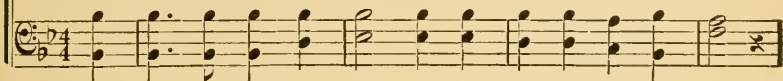
When the roll



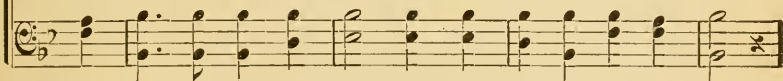
Stand Up for Jesus.



1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
The arm of flesh shall fail you; Ye dare not trust your own;
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song;



D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D. S.—Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
D. S.—He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



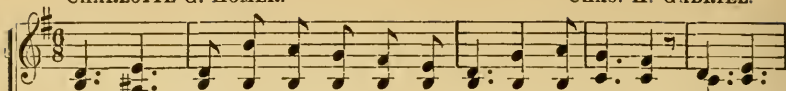
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch - ing un - to pray'r,
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



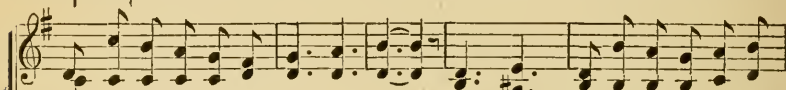
A Song of Victory.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

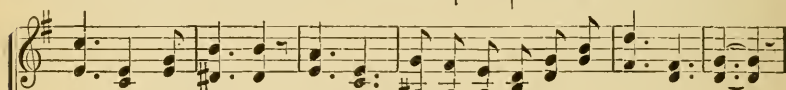
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re-sound-ing From the
 2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es, Sing - ing
 3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er! For the




hosts of the Lord, as they march a - long, Rare in har - mo - ny, sending the
 joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King; Earth is quiv - er - ing un - der the
 King in his beauty shall yet ap - pear; Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our

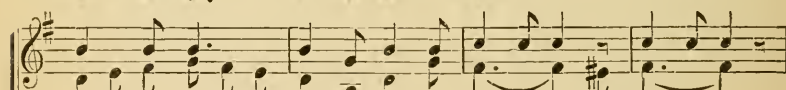


ech - oes re - bound - ing, Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
 tu - mult of voic - es, While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
 God, will de - liv - er! His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

CHORUS.



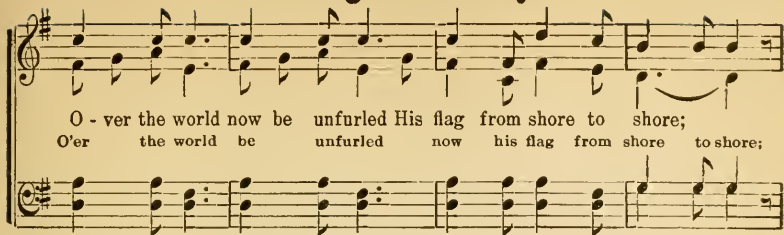
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry rings a - loud the bat - tle cry,
 Vic - to - ry! rings a - loud the bat - tle cry, vic to - ry!



Un - til the glo - ri - ous ech - oes reach the vault - ed sky;
 Till the glad ech - oes reach the vault - ed sky, vic to - ry!

A Song of Victory.

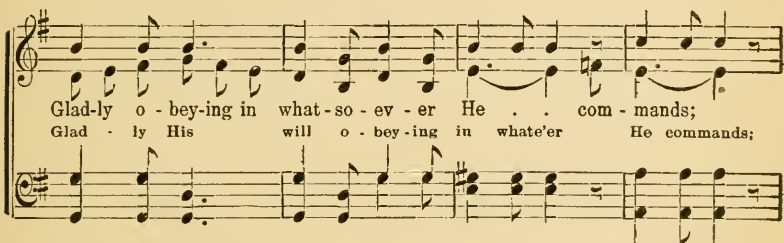
165



O - ver the world now be unfurled His flag from shore to shore;
O'er the world be unfurled now his flag from shore to shore;



Loy-al and true in the ranks each faithful sol - dier stands,
Loy - al, true in the ranks each sol - dier stands. brave - ly stands,

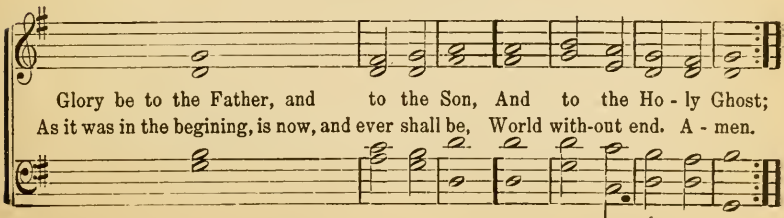


Glad-ly o - bey-ing in what-so - ev - er He . . com - mands;
Glad - ly His will o - bey-ing in whate'er He commands;



He is the King and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.
He the King, the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.

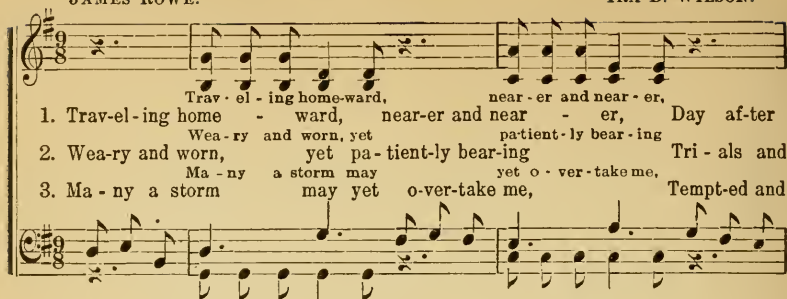
Gloria Patri.



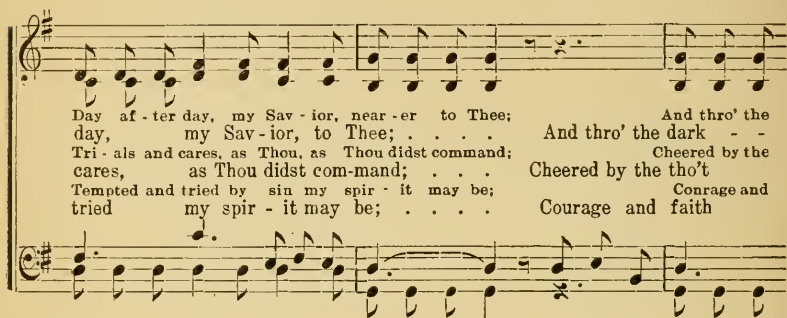
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the begining, is now, and ever shall be, World with-out end. A - men.

JAMES ROWE.

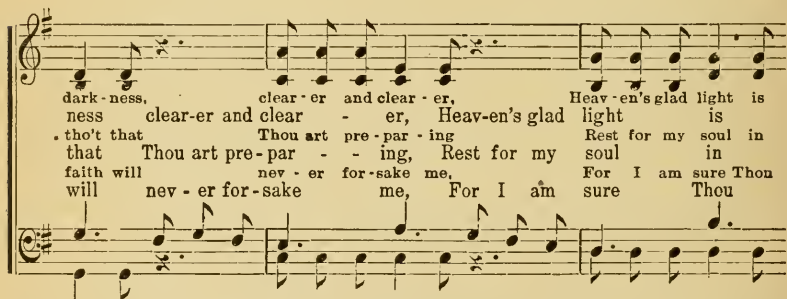
IRA B. WILSON.



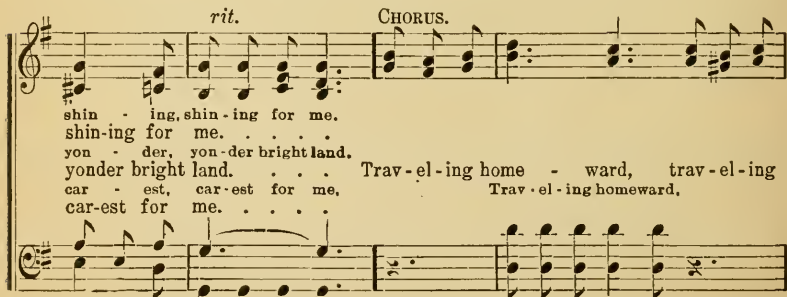
Trav - el - ing home - ward, near - er and near - er,
 1. Trav - el - ing home - ward, near - er and near - er, Day af - ter
 Wea - ry and worn, yet pa - tient - ly bear - ing
 2. Wea - ry and worn, yet pa - tient - ly bear - ing Tri - als and
 Ma - ny a storm may yet o - ver - take me, yet o - ver - take me,
 3. Ma - ny a storm may yet o - ver - take me, Tempt - ed and



Day af - ter day, my Sav - ior, near - er to Thee; And thro' the
 day, my Sav - ior, to Thee; . . . And thro' the dark - -
 Tri - als and cares, as Thou, as Thou didst command; Cheered by the
 cares, as Thou didst com - mand; . . . Cheered by the tho't
 Tempted and tried by sin my spir - it may be; Con - rage and
 tried my spir - it may be; . . . Courage and faith



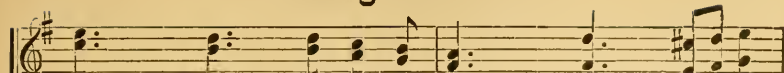
dark - ness, clear - er and clear - er, Heav - en's glad light is
 ness clear - er and clear - er, Heav - en's glad light is
 tho't that Thou art pre - par - ing Rest for my soul in
 that Thou art pre - par - ing, Rest for my soul in
 faith will nev - er for - sake me, For I am sure Thou
 will nev - er for - sake me, For I am sure Thou



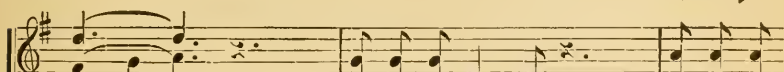
rit. CHORUS.
 shin - ing, shin - ing for me.
 shin - ing for me. . . .
 yon - der, yon - der bright land.
 yonder bright land. . . . Trav - el - ing home - ward, trav - el - ing
 car - est, car - est for me, Trav - el - ing homeward,
 car - est for me. . . .

Traveling Homeward.


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home - - ward, Soon I shall meet Thee face to
Trav - el - ing home - ward, Soon I shall meet Thee, meet Thee

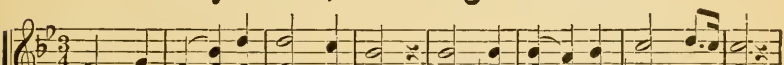


face; Soon with the saved in glo - ry ex -
face to face; Soon with the saved in glo-ry ex - tol

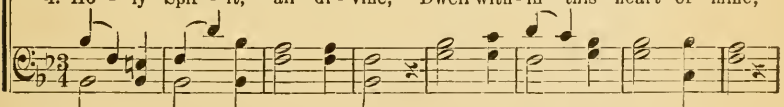


tol Thee, Sing of Thy love, thy love and won - der - ful grace.
Thee, Sing of Thy love and won - der - ful grace. . . .

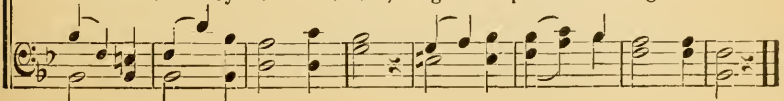
Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

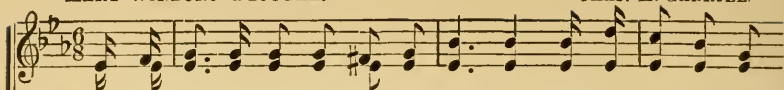



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleed-ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

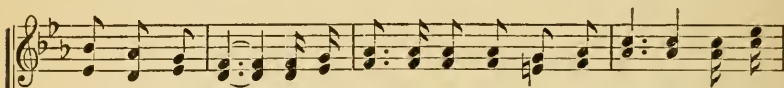


MARY WINBORO' PLOUGHE.

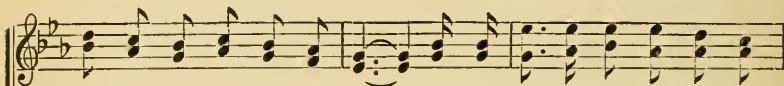
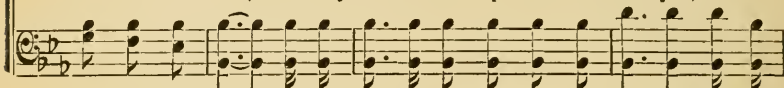
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



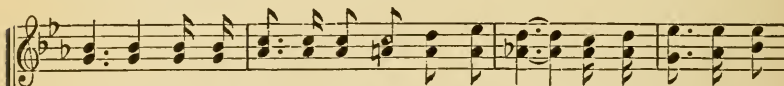
1. When the na-tions be - fore Him are gath - ered, When the sea shall sur-
 2. You may stand be-fore Him, if you want to, In your man - tle of
 3. You may stand in that day, if you want to, His own child by the



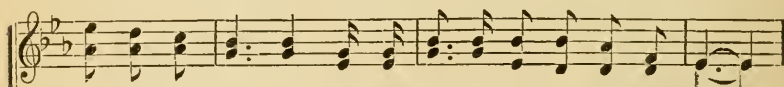
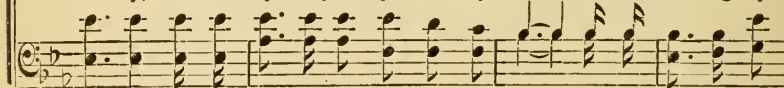
ren - der its dead, When the trumpet's last blast shall have sounded, And the
 shame and of sin; You may hear Him dis - own and de - ny you, When you
 blood of His Son; You may hear from the lips that have called you, "En-ter



books shall be o-pened and read—When the earth and the stars in their
 see the re-deem'den - ter in; You may join with the lost in their
 in - to thy joys, bless-ed one!" You may sweep thro' the gates of that



trem-bling, From the face of their Mak-er shall flee—When the day of pro-
 sor - row, When you find there is no mer - cy still, And be cast from His
 cit - y, Heav-en's rapt-ure your spir - it may thrill; Your home-com-ing by



ba - tion is end - ed, Care-less soul, is it noth-ing to thee?
 pres-ence for - ev - er,—You may do all these things if you will.
 an - gels at - tend - ed—All these joys may be yours if you will.



CHORUS.

{ 'Tis for you to say, my broth-er! The Lord has done all He can do!
{ 'Tis for you to say, my broth-er! His sav-ing grace is full and free!

Are you lost or saved my broth-er? The Mas-ter leaves it all with you;

You must a-bide, you must de-cide What you're - ter - ni - ty shall be!

From Every Stormy Wind.

HUGH STOWELL.

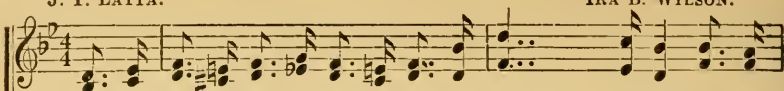
THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads—
3. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempt-ed, des - o - late, dismayed,
4. There, there on ea - gle's wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat.
A place than all be-side more sweet, It is the blood-bought mer-cy - seat.
Or how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy - seat?
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glo-ry crowns the mer-cy - seat.

J. T. LATTA.

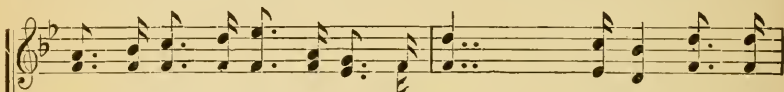
IRA B. WILSON.



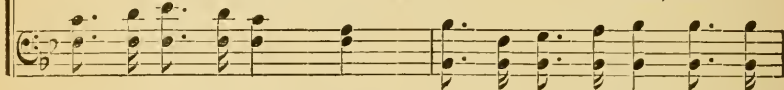
1. We are marching on with Je - sus to the land of light, Where is
 2. We are marching on with Je - sus to the land of light Led by
 3. We are marching on with Je - sus to the land of light, Where the



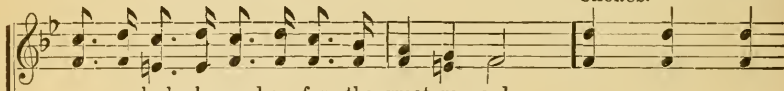
nev - er a - ny sor - row, where there is no night; Tho' the
 Him in - to the bat - tle for the truth and right; He will
 tears we shed in sor - row turn to jew - - els bright; Where the



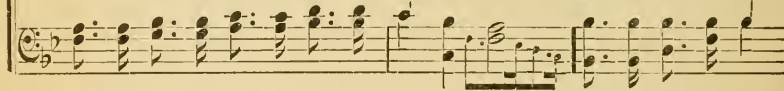
path - way may be thorn - y, and the way be hard, We will
 lead us on in tri - umph un - to vic - - to - ry, Then with
 stains of scar - let shall be made as white as snow, And for -



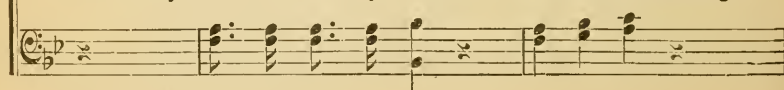
CHORUS.



ev - er look be - yond us for the great re - ward.
 all the ransomed we shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. March - ing on
 ev - er will be vanished all our grief and woe. Marching, marching on



stead - i - ly to the heav'n - ly land, On, on, on, Marching at





His di-vine com-mand; Hal - le - lu - jahs sing - ing, Songs of glad - ness

ring - ing, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on we go, on we go.
On, on, on we go, joy-ful-ly on we go.

Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



1. { Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.

2. { Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.

3. { Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty; Beau - ti - ful words,
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en. Beau - ti - ful words,
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er. Beau - ti - ful words,

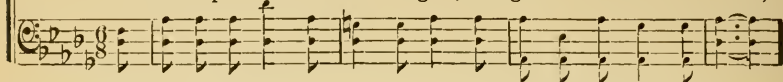
won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life; Life.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

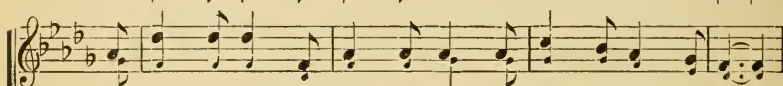
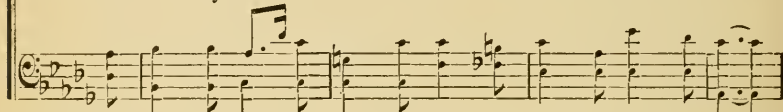
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. The "Good Shepherd" sought for one lost sheep, A-way on the mount-ain height;
2. The "Great Shepherd" lives, He conquer'd death! All pow-er is His to-day;
3. The "Chief Shepherd" soon will come a-gain, To gath-er His loved ones home;



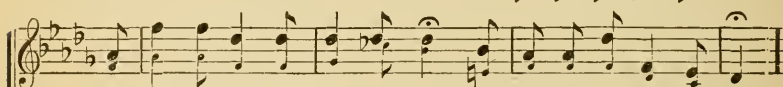
With bleed-ing hands and wound-ed feet, He trav-eled day and night;
 He lives e-ter-nal-ly to save The sheep that went a-stray;
 From ev-'ry na-tion on the earth A mul-ti-tude shall come.



At last He gave His prec-ious life—He for the wan-d'rer died!
 For they shall nev-er know a want, They shall be well sup-plied.
 The songs of prais-es to be heard Will be of Him who died;

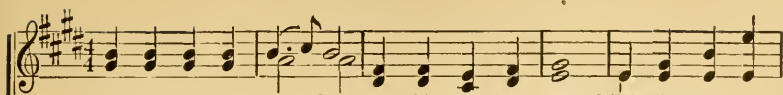


It was be-cause He loved His own, The Shep-herd was cru-ci-fied;
 It was be-cause He loved His own, The Shep-herd was cru-ci-fied;
 It was be-cause He loved His own, The Shep-herd was cru-ci-fied;

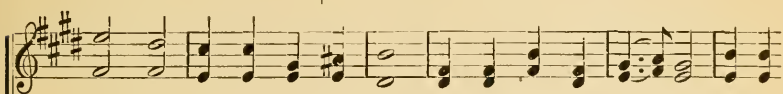


It was be-cause He loved His own, The Shep-herd was cru-ci-fied.
 It was be-cause He loved His own, The Shep-herd was cru-ci-fied.
 It was be-cause He loved His own, The Shep-herd was cru-ci-fied.






1. Onward Christian sol - diers! marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. At the sign of tri - umph, Sa-tan's host doth flee; On then, Christian
 3. Like a might-y ar - my moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your

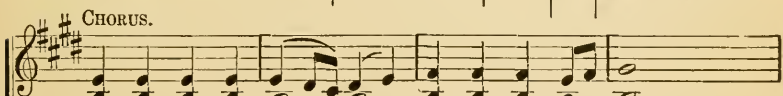


Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a -
 sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one
 voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to

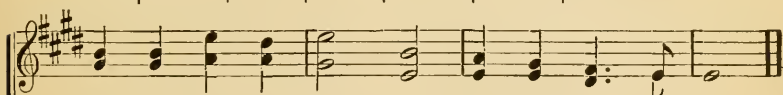


gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go!
 shout of praise; Broth-ers, lift your voic - es, Loud your an-thems raise.
 bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
 Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.



On-ward, Christian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,



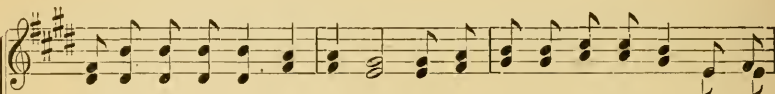
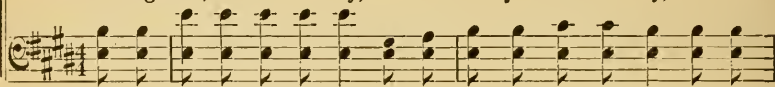
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

ADA BLENKHORN.

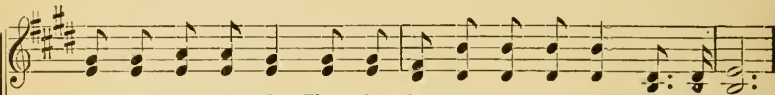
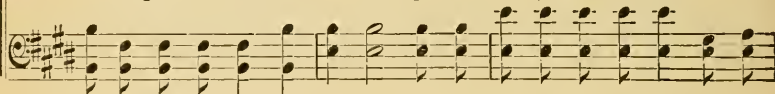
HOWARD E. SMITH.



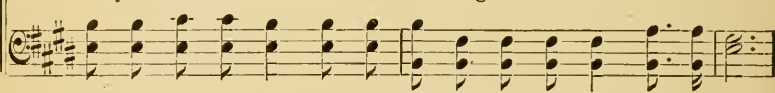
1. Heav - y ladened, sin-sick soul, Would you be in Christ made whole? There is
2. Why for sin the sor-row bear? You may cast on Him your care, There is
3. Doubting soul, no more de - lay, Je - sus bids you come to - day, There is



cleansing in the blood of Je - sus! From each deep and guilt-y stain, He will
cleansing in the blood of Je - sus! For your guilt He did a - tone; On - ly
cleansing in the blood of Je - sus! Light and life you shall re - ceive, If on



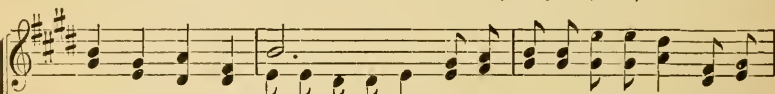
make you pure a - gain, There is cleans-ing in the blood of the Lamb!
look to Him a - lone, There is cleans-ing in the blood of the Lamb!
Him you will be - lieve, There is cleans-ing in the blood of the Lamb?



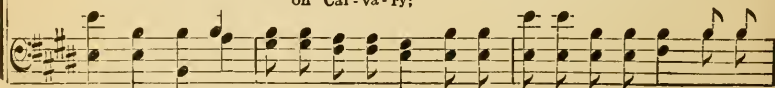
CHORUS.

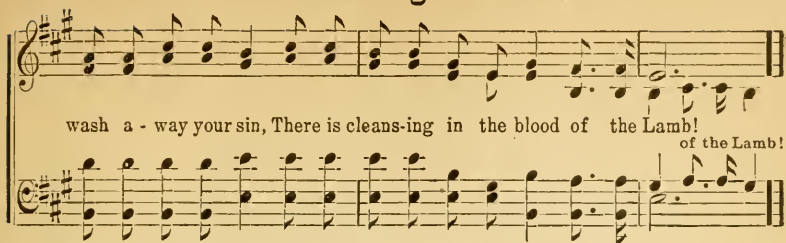


There is cleans-ing in the blood, In the pre-cious crim-son flood That



flowed on Cal - va - ry; It will make you pure within, It will
on Cal - va - ry;



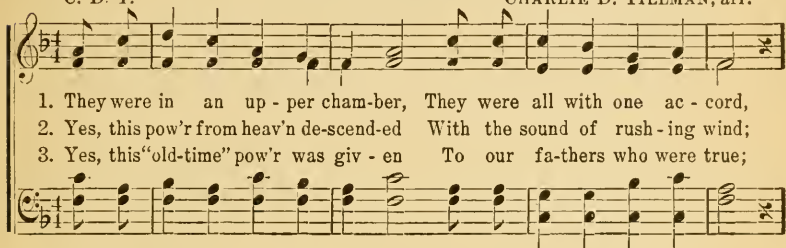


wash a - way your sin, There is cleans-ing in the blood of the Lamb!
of the Lamb!

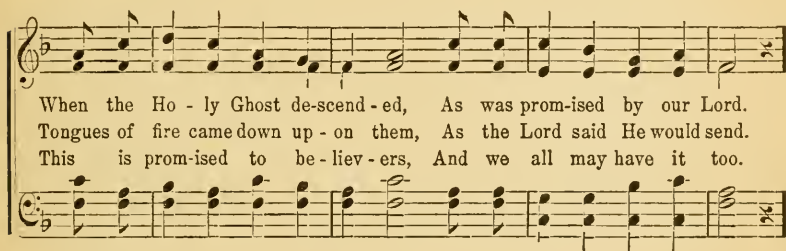
Power From God.

C. D. T.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, arr.

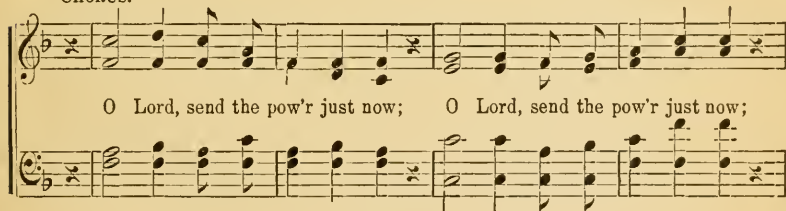


1. They were in an up - per cham-ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de-scend-ed With the sound of rush-ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old-time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa-thers who were true;

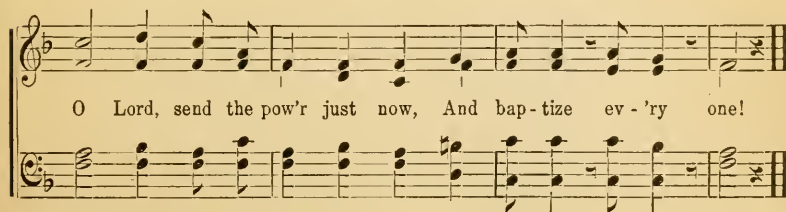


When the Ho - ly Ghost de-scend-ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is prom-ised to be-liev-ers, And we all may have it too.

CHORUS.



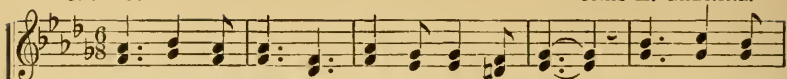
O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now;



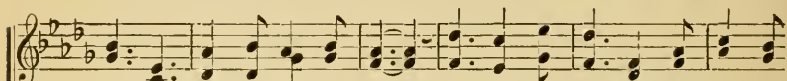
O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap-tize ev - 'ry one!

C. H. G.

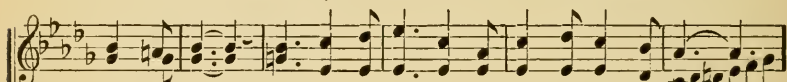
CHAS H. GABRIEL.



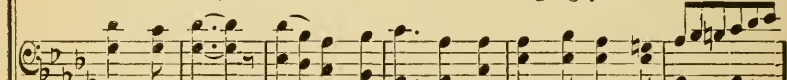
1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His
 2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly pray'r, More strength to
 3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow, More of His



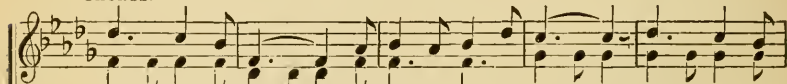
meek-ness, more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age
 car - ry cross-es I must bear; More earn-est ef-fort to bring His
 love to oth - ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in



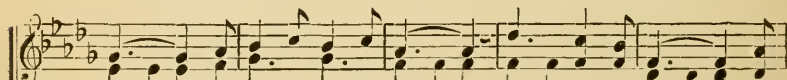
to be true, More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do.
 king-dom in, More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win.
 Gal-i-lee, More like the Mas-ter I'm long-ing yet to be.




CHORUS.



Take Thou my heart . . . I would be Thine a-lone; . . . Take Thou my
 Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O



heart . . . and make it all Thine own; . . . Purge me from sin, . . . O
 take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O




Lord I now im-plore, . . Wash me and keep . . me Thine forever-more.
Lord I now implore Wash and keep me thine forever,

Everything for Jesus.

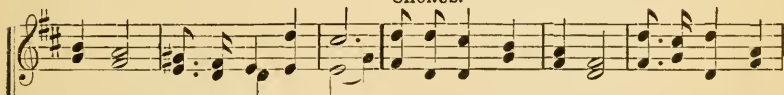
FLORA E. BRECK.

CARL FISCHER.

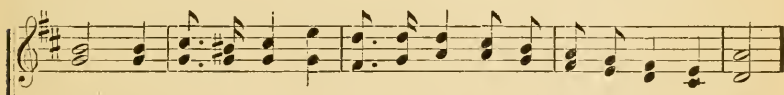


1. Ev - 'ry-thing for Je - sus! Un - to Him I give All I have and
2. Ev - 'ry-thing for Je - sus! I will con - se - crate Life and love and
3. Ev - 'ry-thing for Je - sus, Ev - 'ry-thing I know On my lov - ing


CHORUS.



hope for; 'Tis for Him I live.
serv-ice, E'er it be too late. Ev-'ry-thing for Je-sus, All to Christ my
Sav-ior, Glad-ly, I be-stow.



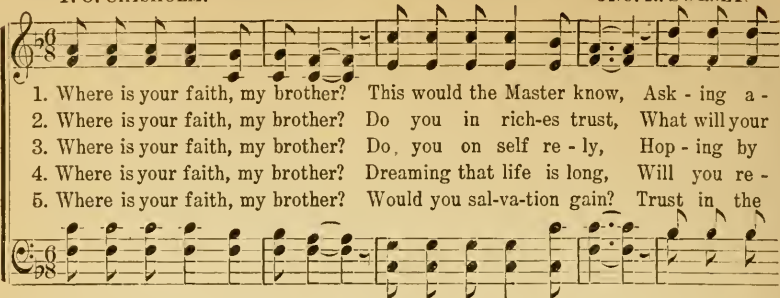
King! To Him who gave so much for me I will give Him ev - 'ry-thing,



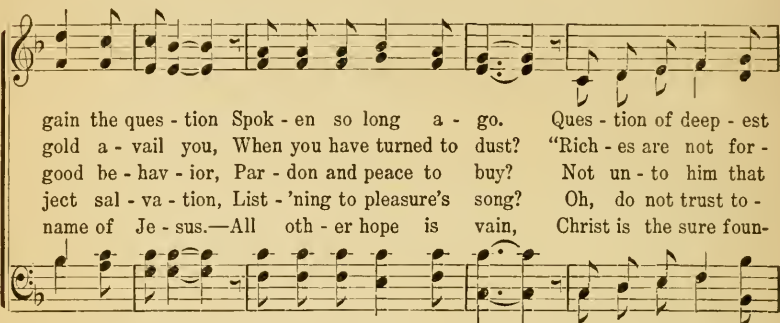
To Him who gave so much for me, I will give Him ev - 'ry-thing.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

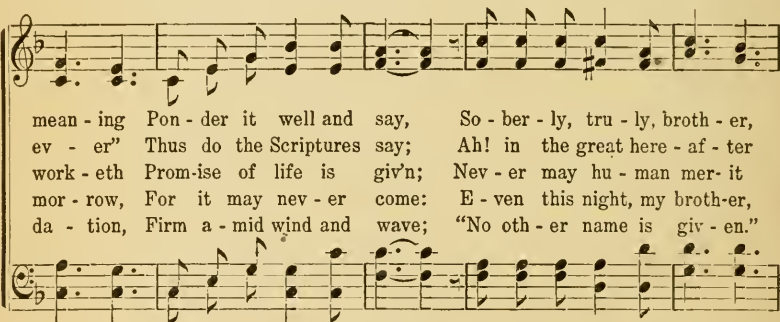
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Where is your faith, my brother? This would the Master know, Ask - ing a -
 2. Where is your faith, my brother? Do you in rich-es trust, What will your
 3. Where is your faith, my brother? Do, you on self re - ly, Hop - ing by
 4. Where is your faith, my brother? Dreaming that life is long, Will you re -
 5. Where is your faith, my brother? Would you sal - va - tion gain? Trust in the

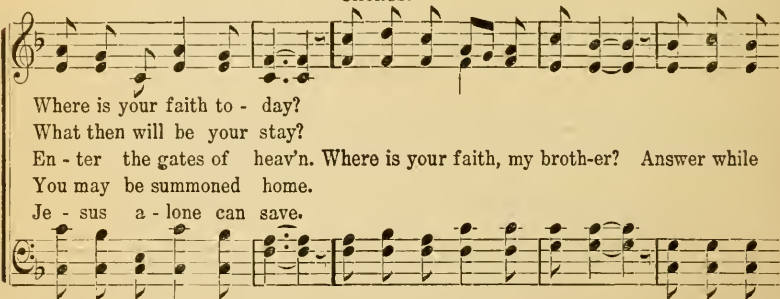


gain the ques - tion Spok - en so long a - go. Ques - tion of deep - est
 gold a - vail you, When you have turned to dust? "Rich - es are not for -
 good be - hav - ior, Par - don and peace to buy? Not un - to him that
 ject sal - va - tion, List - 'ning to pleasure's song? Oh, do not trust to -
 name of Je - sus.—All oth - er hope is vain, Christ is the sure foun -



mean - ing Pon - der it well and say, So - ber - ly, tru - ly, broth - er,
 ev - er" Thus do the Scriptures say; Ah! in the great here - af - ter
 work - eth Prom - ise of life is giv'n; Nev - er may hu - man mer - it
 mor - row, For it may nev - er come: E - ven this night, my broth - er,
 da - tion, Firm a - mid wind and wave; "No oth - er name is giv - en."

CHORUS.



Where is your faith to - day?
 What then will be your stay?
 En - ter the gates of heav'n. Where is your faith, my broth - er? Answer while
 You may be summoned home.
 Je - sus a - lone can save.

yet you may; So - ber-ly, tru - ly, broth-er, Where is your faith to - day?

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wan - der'd far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
 2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
 3. I'm tir'd of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;

S: FINE.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

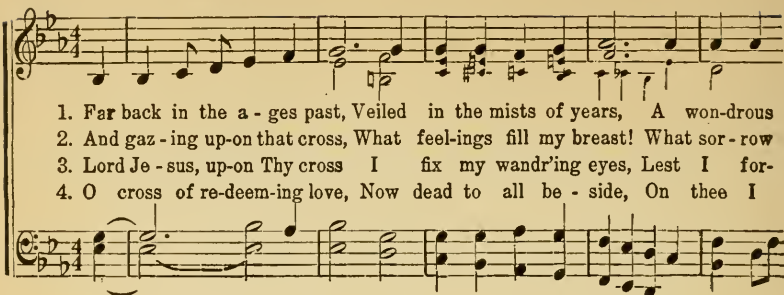
Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home,
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

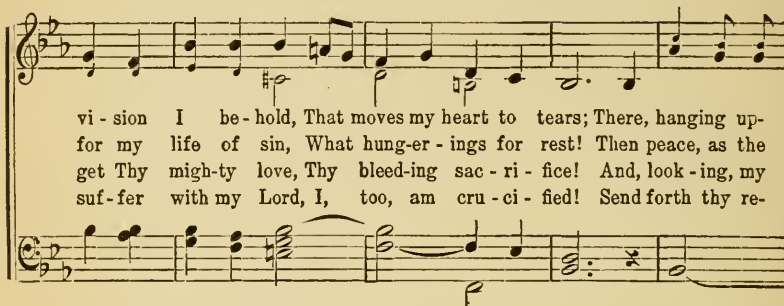
6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 O wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

Rev. T. O. CHISHOLM.

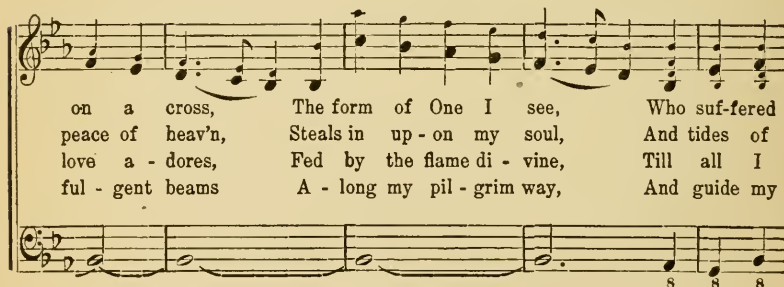
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Far back in the a - ges past, Veiled in the mists of years, A won-drous
 2. And gaz-ing up-on that cross, What feel-ings fill my breast! What sor-row
 3. Lord Je - sus, up-on Thy cross I fix my wand'ring eyes, Lest I for-
 4. O cross of re-deem-ing love, Now dead to all be - side, On thee I

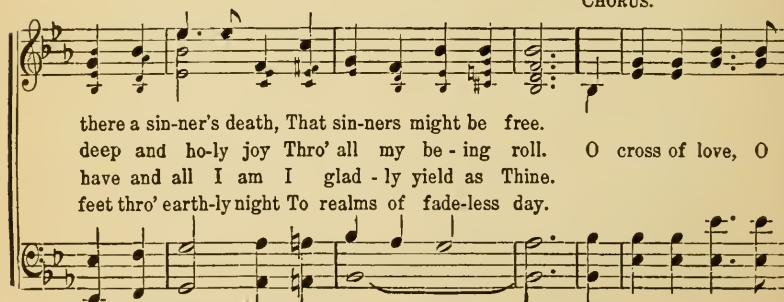


vi-sion I be-hold, That moves my heart to tears; There, hanging up-
 for my life of sin, What hung-er - ings for rest! Then peace, as the
 get Thy migh-ty love, Thy bleed-ing sac - ri - fice! And, look - ing, my
 suf-fer with my Lord, I, too, am cru - ci - fied! Send forth thy re-

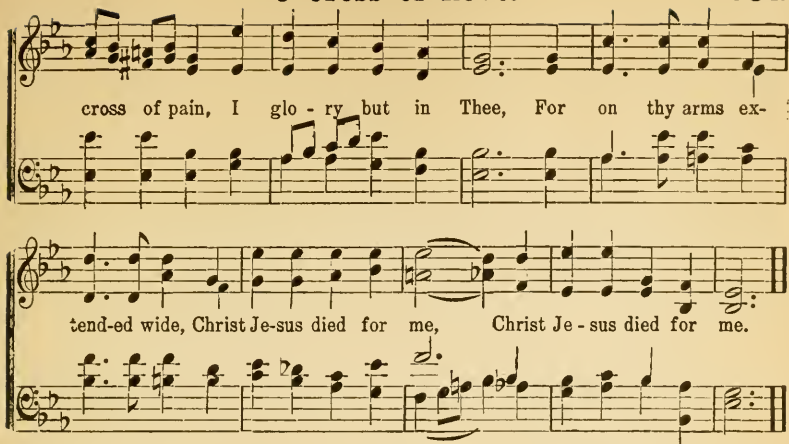


on a cross, The form of One I see, Who suf-fered
 peace of heav'n, Steals in up - on my soul, And tides of
 love a - dores, Fed by the flame di - vine, Till all I
 ful - gent beams A - long my pil - grim way, And guide my

CHORUS.



there a sin-ner's death, That sin-ners might be free.
 deep and ho-ly joy Thro' all my be - ing roll. O cross of love, O
 have and all I am I glad - ly yield as Thine.
 feet thro' earth-ly night To realms of fade-less day.

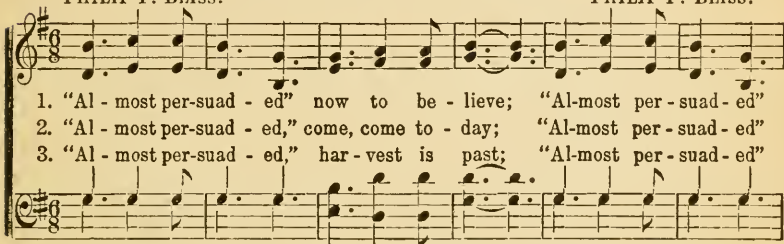


cross of pain, I glo - ry but in Thee, For on thy arms ex-
tend-ed wide, Christ Je-sus died for me, Christ Je - sus died for me.

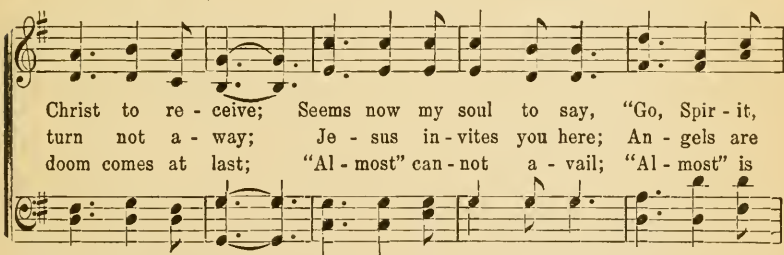
"Almost Persuaded."

PHILIP P. BLISS.

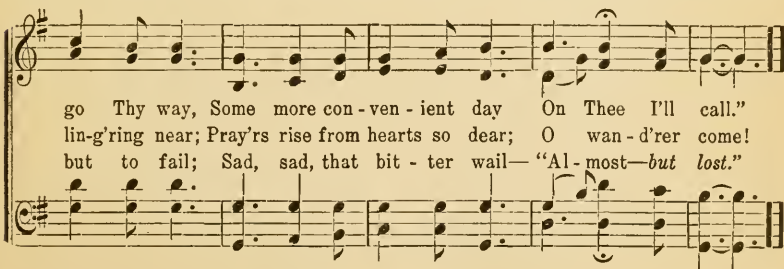
PHILIP P. BLISS.



1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al-most per-suad - ed"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al-most per-suad - ed"



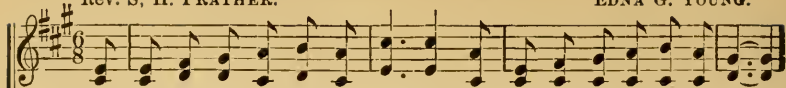
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now my soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
doom comes at last; "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is




go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near; Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan-d'rer come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al-most—but lost."

Rev. S. H. PRATHER.

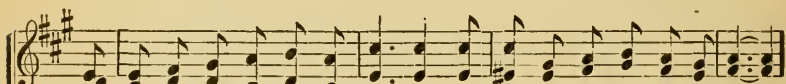
EDNA G. YOUNG.



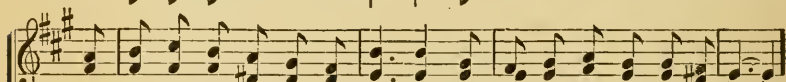
1. My win-dow is o - pen to heav-en, And o - ver and o - ver a - gain
 2. He came in the form of a serv-ant, Was made in the like-ness of men,
 3. And now He is high-ly ex - al - ted; His name is a - bove ev-'ry name,



I won-der and won-der how Je - sus Our bless-ed Re-deem-er loved men.
 He suffered the anguish of sor-row, And died in the bit-ter-est pain;
 And to that dear name ev-'ry crea-ture Shall bow, and His God-head pro-claim;




He came from the Fa-ther in glo - ry Where an-gels a-dored Him as God,
 He laid down His life, an ob - la - tion, That all who be-lieve in Him might
 He's gone up to glo-ry, but told us That back to this earth He will come,

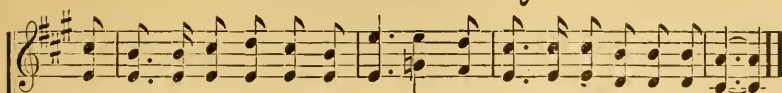


And thrones and do-min - ions all hast-ened To fly on His mandates a - broad.
 Not per-ish, but free-ly for-giv - en And sanc-ti-fied, walk in His light.
 To gath-er all na-tions be-fore Him, And take His dis - ci - ples all home.

CHORUS.



O won-der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry Of won-der-ful, won-der-ful love!

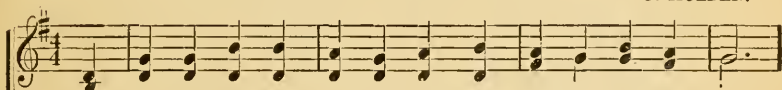


As long as I live I will praise Him, And praise Him for-ev-er a - bove.

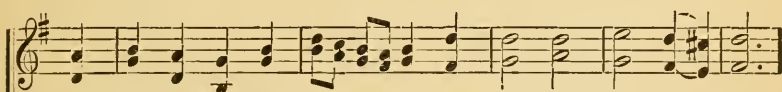


All Hail The Power.

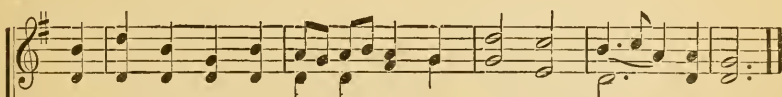
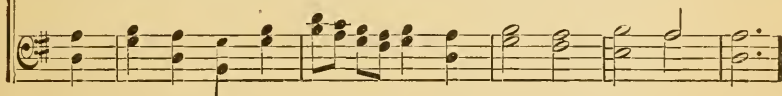
O. HOLDEN.



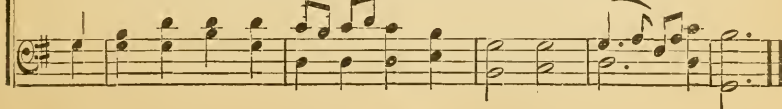
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



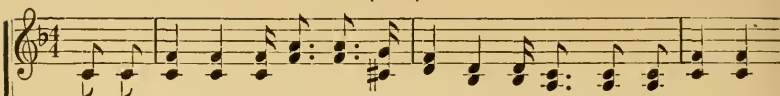
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



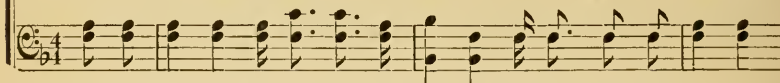
C. H. G.

(Solo.)

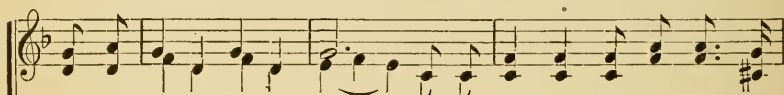
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



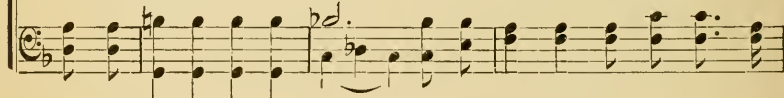

1. When the books are o-pened on the judg-ment morning, And the an-gel
2. On that day the sun shall fade a-way for-ev-er, Moon and stars grow



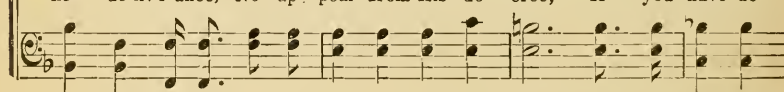
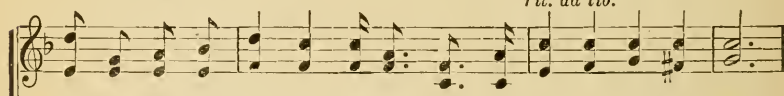

loud-ly cries; When the seas sur-ren-der their im-mor-tal treas-ures,
pale and cold; Dis-tant worlds, dis-solv-ing, with the earth shall crumble,

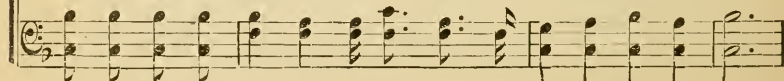
And the countless dead a-rise; What a glad a-waken-ing, or a
As the heav'n's are backward rolled; From the wrath of God there will be

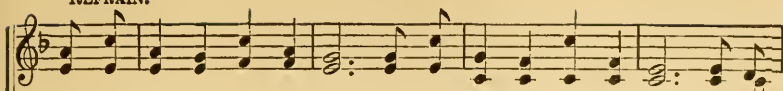
time of sor-row To the mil-lions that will be, As the Judge e-
no de-liv'r-ance, No ap-peal from His de-cree; If you have de-


rit. ad lib.


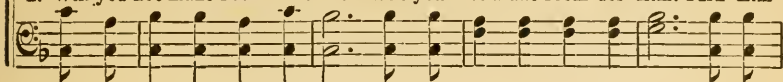
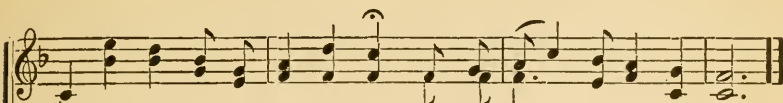
ter-nal cri-eth: "Come, ye bless-ed," Or: "There is no room for thee."
nied Him here, be sure that morn-ing, There will be no room for thee.



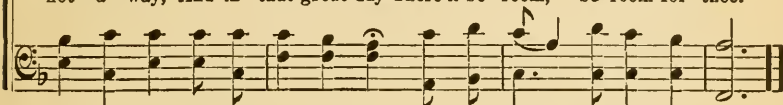
REFRAIN.



1. "Ye could find no room for me, Ye could find no room for me; When I
2. Will you not make room for Him? Will you not make room for Him? Turn Him





came to thee, Ye re-ject-ed me, Now there is no room for thee."
not a-way, And in that great day There'll be room, be room for thee.

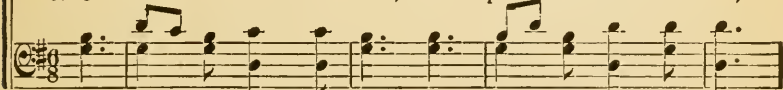


I Love to Think of Heaven.

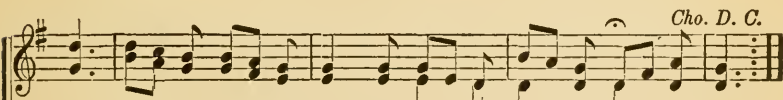
REV. E. W. DUNBAR.



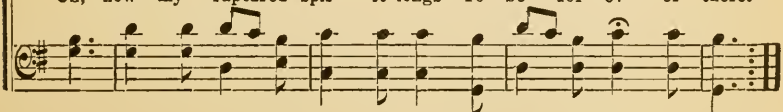
1. I love to think of heav'n, Where white robed an-gels are;
2. I love to think of heav'n, Where my Re-deem-er reigns;
3. I love to think of heav'n, The saints' e-ter-nal home;
4. I love to think of heav'n, The greet-ings there we'll meet;
5. I love to think of heav'n, That prom-ised land so fair,



CHO.—There'll be no sor-row there, There'll be no sor-row there;



Where many a friend is gath-ered safe, From fear, and toil, and care.
Where rapturous songs of tri-umph rise In end-less, joy-ous strains.
Where psalms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade, And all our joys are one.
The harps—the songs for ev-er ours—The walks, the gold-en streets.
Oh, how my raptured spir-it longs To be for ev-er there.



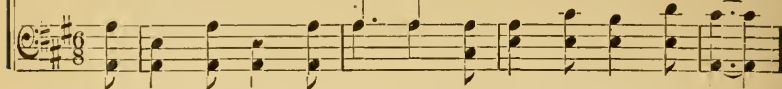
In heav'n a-bove, where [all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

E. E. HEWITT.

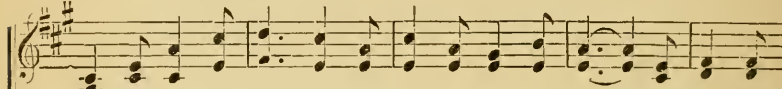
Dr. J. B. HERBERT



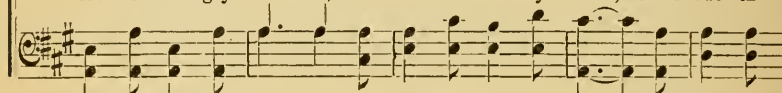
1. Come, sin - ner, leave the shad - ows that throng the down - ward way,
2. Come, doubt - er, gain as - sur - ance by look - ing at the cross;
3. Come, trem - bler, "fear no e - vil;" the Fa - ther still is near;



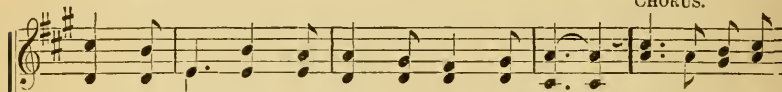
Be - lieve in Him whose mer - cy lights up a new - born day; Be -
Re - nounce for - bid - den pleas - ures, es - teem - ing them as dross; Ac -
The pray'rs His chil - dren of - fer, 'tis His de - light to hear; He



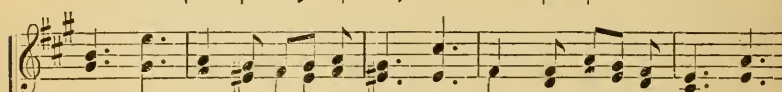
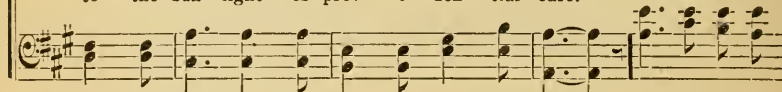
hold the Lamb of Cal - v'ry up - on the throne a - bove! Come out in -
cept each writ - ten prom - ise, as writ - ten on its face, Come out in -
feeds the hun - gry ray - en, He clothes the lil - y fair; Come out in -



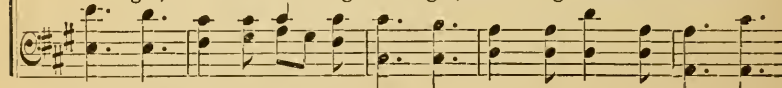
CHORUS.



to the sun - light of God's re - deem - ing love.
to the sun - light of God's a - bound - ing grace. Out in - to the
to the sun - light of prov - i - den - tial care.



sun - light, ev - er - last - ing sun - light, Shin - ing from the bless - ed



Into the Sunlight.

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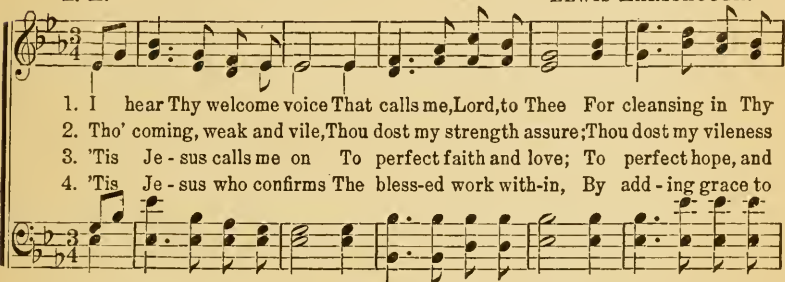


bless - ed home a - bove; Out in - to the sun - light, ev - er - last - ing
 sun - light, Come in - to the sun - light, the sun - light of His love.

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

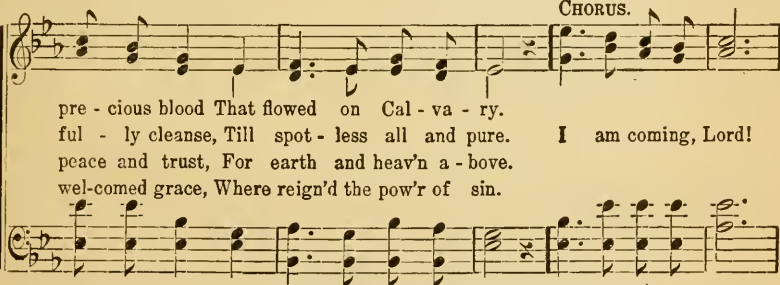
L. H.

LEWIS HARTSHOUGH.

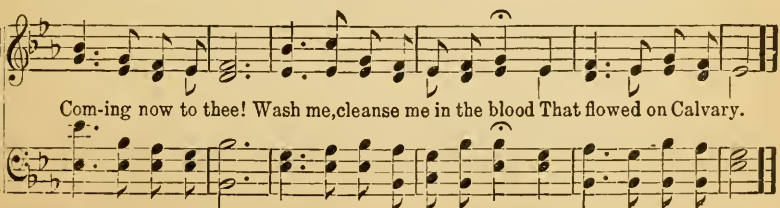


1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleansing in Thy
 2. Tho' coming, weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To perfect faith and love; To perfect hope, and
 4. 'Tis Je - sus who confirms The bless - ed work with - in, By add - ing grace to

CHORUS.



pre - cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am coming, Lord!
 peace and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
 wel - comed grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.



Com - ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. With a pur-pose fixed with-in the heart, Let us be loy-al, our
 2. Tho' on eith-er side the mountains rise, Foes press be-hind us, be-
 3. In our weak-ness He will be our strength; Faint-ing, His arm will up-

du - ty to do, And with firm de - ter - min - a - tion go
 fore us the sea, If we trust in God and march a - head,
 hold and sus - tain; And tho' foes un - num - bered may op - pose,

CHORUS.

For-ward to the prize that li - eth in our view.
 He will lead us on to fin - al vic - to - ry. On, then, to vic - t'ry
 All that Sa - tan's host can do will be in vain.

we shall sure - ly win. On to the bat - tle, let the fight be - gin.

On with re-joic-ing, yield - ing not to sin, Daunt-less, loy - al,

no - ble, brave and true, For-ward to the prize that li - eth in our view.

It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend-eth my way, When sor-rows, like
 2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
 3. My sin, — oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't — My sin — not in
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
 sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es -
 part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no
 back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound and the Lord shall de -

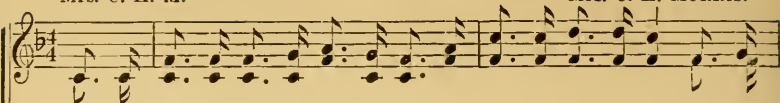
CHORUS.

say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well . . .
 tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 scend, "E - ven so" — it is well with my soul. It is

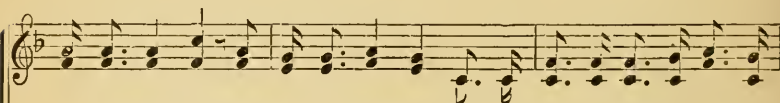
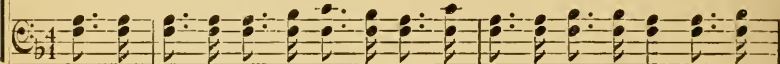
. . . well with my soul It is well, it is well with my soul.
 well with my soul,

Mrs. C. H. M.

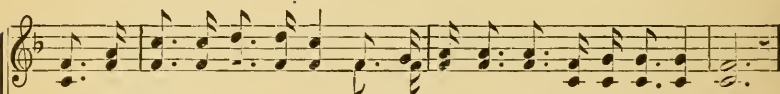
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



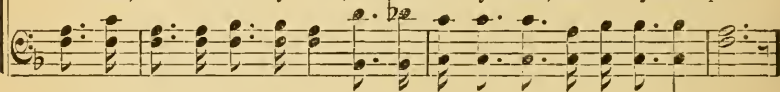
1. We to-day may have the pow-er which they had at Pen-te-cost, Just the
2. It was while they all were praying, that the Spir-it was out-pour'd, We may
3. As the Spir-it gave them utt'rance they be-gan to tes-ti-fy, We may
4. As we tar-ry here, O Father, cleanse and fill each waiting heart, With the
5. Now the glo-rious scene re-pea-ting in an-oth-er Pen-te-cost, Send the



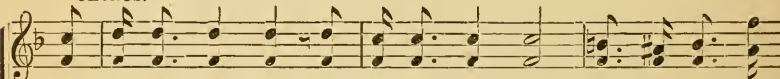
ver-y same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r; This our her-i-tage in Je-sus
 have the same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r; In like man-nor we must wait with
 have the same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r; And three thousand were con-vert-ed
 ver-y same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r; Lib-er-ty and strength for service
 ver-y same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r; Un-to Thee shall be the glo-ry,



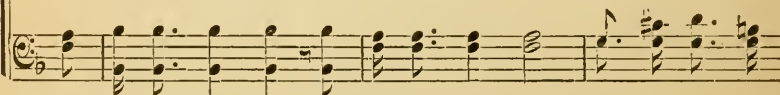
e'en the bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost, Just the ver-y same, the ver-y same pow'r.
 one de-sire and one ac-cord, We may have the same, the ver-y same pow'r.
 and their Lord did glo-ri-fy, We may have the same, the ver-y same pow'r.
 to Thy chil-dren all im-part, Just the ver-y same, the ver-y same pow'r.
 Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost, For the ver-y same, the ver-y same pow'r.



CHORUS.

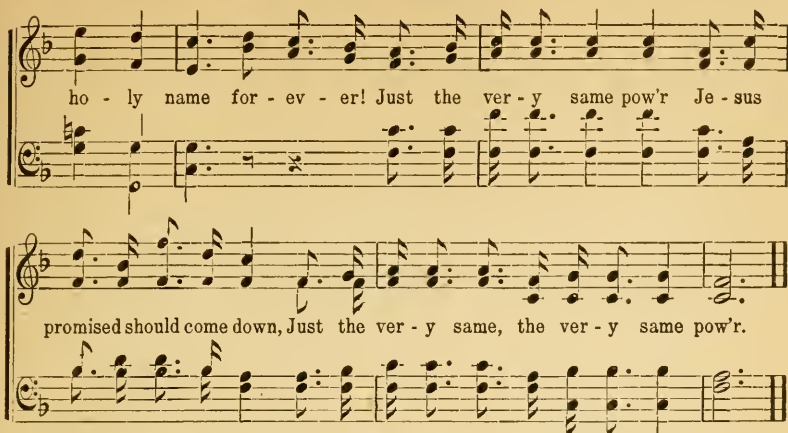


The ver-y same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r, Praise O praise His



Another Pentecost.

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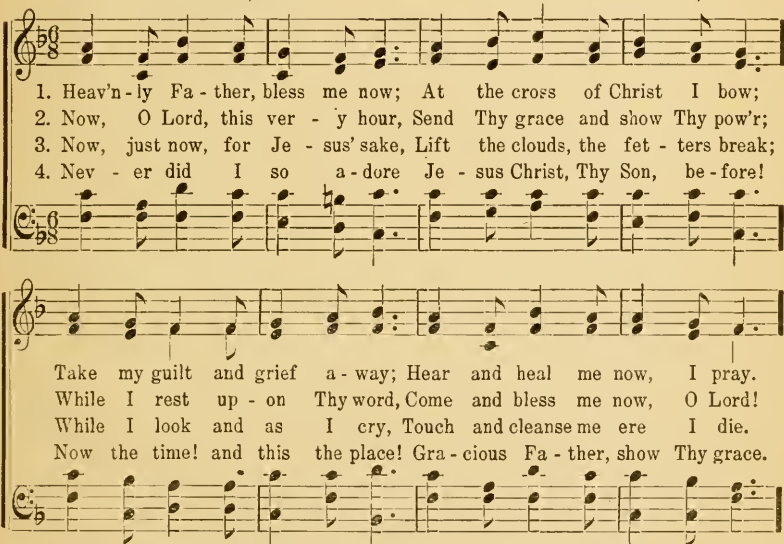


ho - ly name for - ev - er! Just the ver - y same pow'r Je - sus
promised should come down, Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.

Bless Me Now.

ALEXANDER CLARK, D. D.

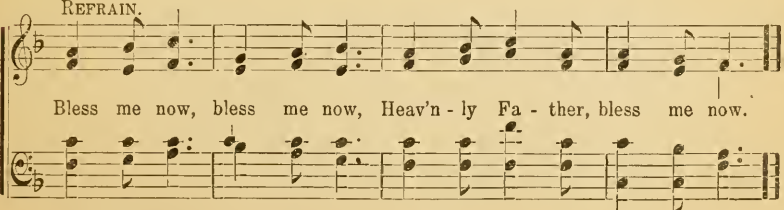
ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



1. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, bless me now; At the cross of Christ I bow;
2. Now, O Lord, this ver - y hour, Send Thy grace and show Thy pow'r;
3. Now, just now, for Je - sus'sake, Lift the clouds, the fet - ters break;
4. Nev - er did I so a - dore Je - sus Christ, Thy Son, be - fore!

Take my guilt and grief a - way; Hear and heal me now, I pray.
While I rest up - on Thy word, Come and bless me now, O Lord!
While I look and as I cry, Touch and cleanse me ere I die.
Now the time! and this the place! Gra - cious Fa - ther, show Thy grace.

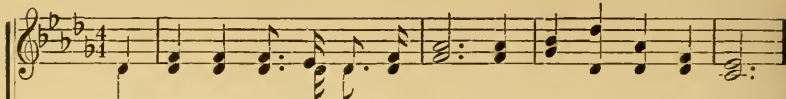
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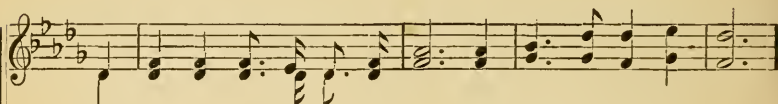
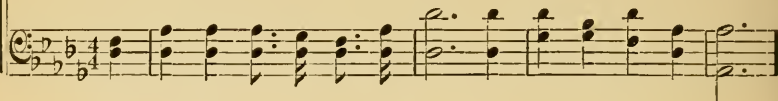
Bless me now, bless me now, Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, bless me now.

W. M. LIGHTALL.

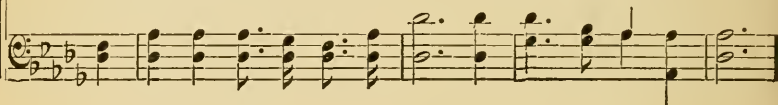
CARL FISHER.



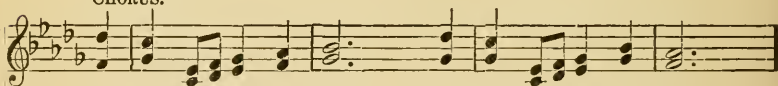
1. This tho't is dear - er far to me, Than world - ly wealth or fame—
2. When first I heard His bless - ed voice, Sin filled my heart with shame;
3. Tho' tri - als dai - ly I may meet, All these my Lord o'er - came;
4. Tho' I am weak, my Sav - ior knows The frail - ty of my frame;



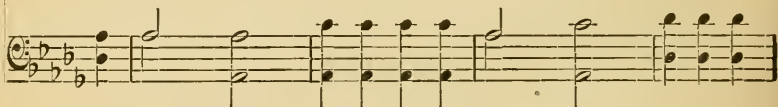
How - ev - er hum - ble I may be He knows me by my name!
 But now, for - giv - en, I re - joice—He knows me by my name!
 He leads the way with wounded feet—He knows me by my name!
 His strength o'er - com - eth all my foes,—He knows me by my name!



CHORUS.



He knows me by my name, He knows me by my name!
 He knows me by my name, He knows me by my name!



That Friend di - vine is tru - ly mine, He knows me by my name!



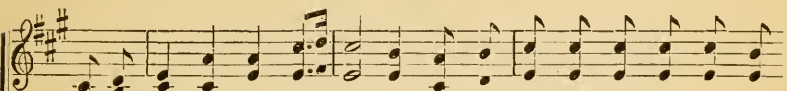
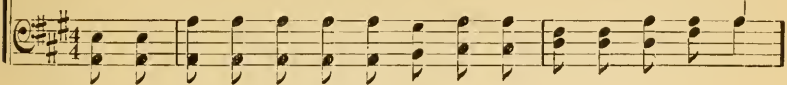
If You Give Your Heart to Jesus. 193

JAMES ROWE.

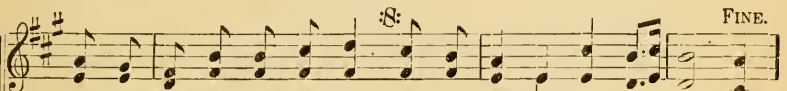
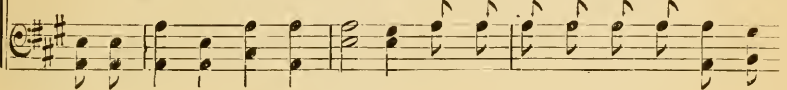
BYRON BURDITT.



1. All the trou - ble clouds a - bove you will be tak - en from your sight,
2. You will go a - long re - joic - ing and will have no fear of sin
3. You will not be lone and help - less in mis - fortune's blight - ing day,



If you give your heart to	Je - sus, And your path-way will be sun - ny
If you give your heart to	Je - sus; Tho' a tem - pest beat up - on you
If you give your heart to	Je - sus, You will have a Friend so faith - ful



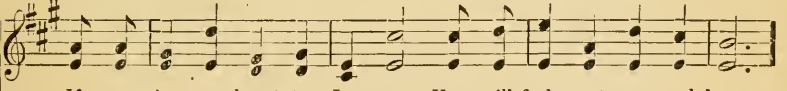
FINE.

and your bur - den will be light, If you give your heart to Je - sus.
per - fect peace will dwell with-in, If you give your heart to Je - sus.
close be - side you all the way, If you give your heart to Je - sus.

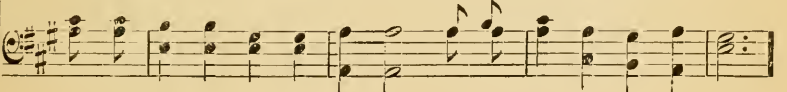


D. S.—*If you give your heart to Je - sus.*

CHORUS.



If you give your heart to Je - sus, You will find sweet peace and love;



D. S.



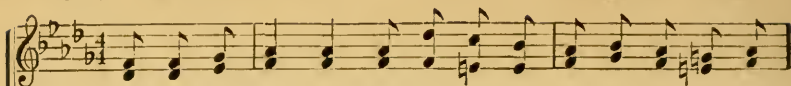
Life no more will be a strug-gle, But each day a bless-ing prove.




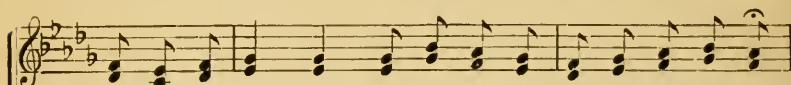
194 He Went Farther than the Cross.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

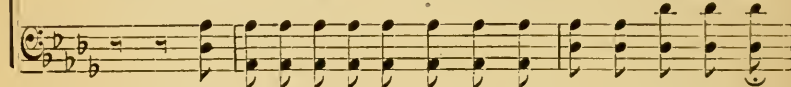
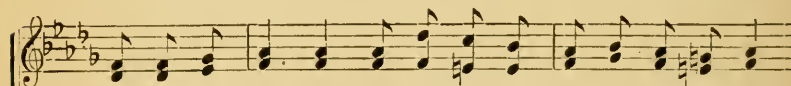
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.




1. For me the Son of Man came down to die up - on the tree;
 2. His death made full a - tone-ment for the sins of all our race,
 3. Geth-sem-a - ne, nor Pi-late's Hall—not e - ven Cal - va - ry


He gave Him-self a ran-som that from sin I might be free;
 Re-vealed the Fa - ther's mer - cy, and His re - con - cil - ed face;
 With all their sor - rows were e-nough from sin to set me free,

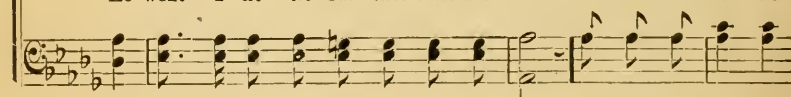
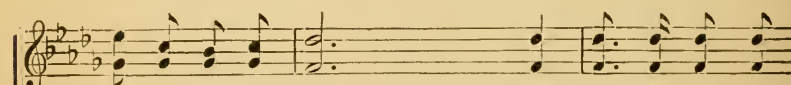
But in the sto - ry of His grace in God's own book, I see
 But for a full re - demp-tion, in the rich - es of His grace
 But in His love and mer - cy, O so won - der - ful to me



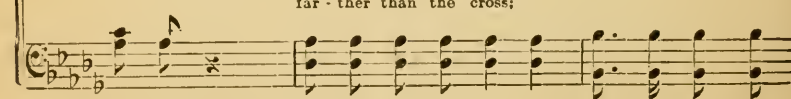
CHORUS.



He went a lit - tle far - ther than the cross. He went a lit - tle

far - ther than the cross, He went a lit - tle
 far - ther than the cross;



far - ther than the cross, far - ther than the cross; Triumphant from the grave He came! He lives to save, For He went a lit - tle far - ther than the cross.

What a Friend.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
D. S-All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!

D. S.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need-less pains we bear,

2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our Refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer:
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!
 2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light,
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound, Send the light.
 4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, Send the light,
 Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
 Send the light!" And a gold-en off-ring at the cross we lay,
 Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,
 Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,
 Send the Light!

CHORUS.
 Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . We will spread the
 Send the light! Send the light!

ev-er-last-ing light, With a will-ing, willing heart and hand,
 last-ing light, With a will-ing heart and hand, Giving

Giv-ing God the glo-ry ev-er-more; We will fol-low,
 God the glo-ry ev-er-more; We will fol-low His com-

follow His command, Send the light, . . . the blessed gos - pel light, Let it
 Send the light, the bless-ed gos-pel light,
 mand

shine from shore to shore! Send the light! and let its
 Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light! and
 ra - diant beams Light the world for-ev - er-more.
 let its ra-diant beams Light the world for-ev - er-more.

The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hal - lowed be Thy name;
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
 and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
 for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever. A - men.

-

Musical notation for the end of the piece, marked "FINE." The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a final cadence. The word "FINE." is written above the final note.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The system ends with a double bar line.

D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
D. S.—End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
D. S.—Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

The first system of musical notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (half). The bass line consists of: F3 (half), G3 (half), A3 (half), Bb3 (half), A3 (half), G3 (half), F3 (half), E3 (half), D3 (half), C3 (half). The system ends with a double bar line.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some notes beamed together. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

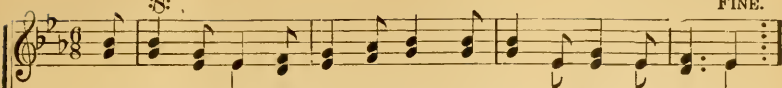
The Great Physician.

199

WM. HUNTER.

J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.



1. { The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus; }
He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus! }
2. { Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus! }
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }



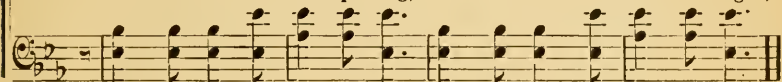
D. S.—Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!

REFRAIN.

D. S.



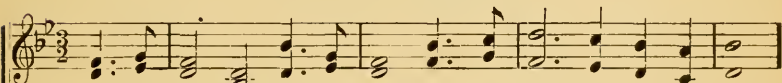
Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,



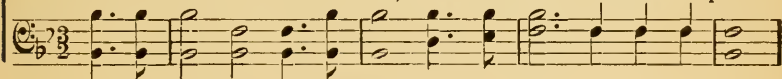
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

Rock of Ages.



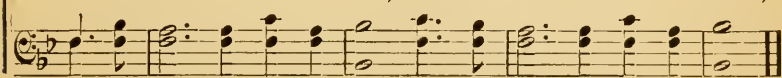
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.



D. C.

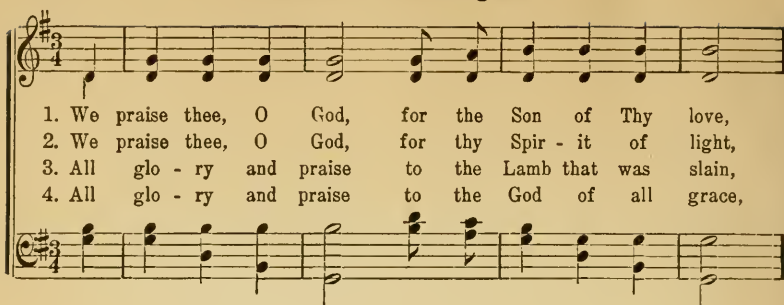


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From the wound - ed side which flowed,

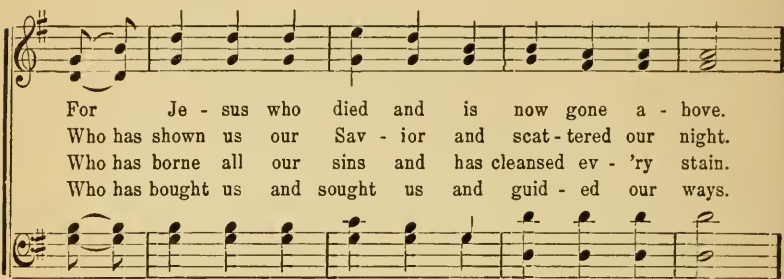


- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.



1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise thee, O God, for thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,



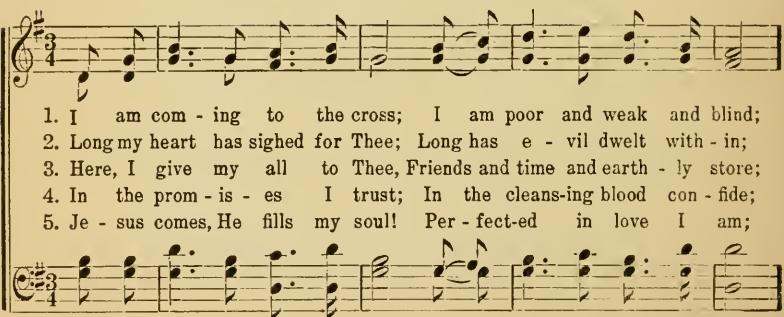
For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us our Sav - ior and scat - tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
 Who has bought us and sought us and guid - ed our ways.

REFRAIN.



Hal-le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry; Hal-le - lu - jah! a-men! Re-vive us a-gain.

I am Coming to the Cross.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;
 3. Here, I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;
 4. In the prom - is - es I trust; In the cleans - ing blood con - fide;
 5. Je - sus comes, He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in love I am;

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - vz - ry;

1. { O hap - py day that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joyce, And tell its rapt-ures all a-broad. }
 2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
 { Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move }

FINE.
 Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way.
 D. S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way.

D. S.
 He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's and He is mine;
 He drew me and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With him of every good possessed.

I am Coming to the Cross.

D. C. for Chorus.
 I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In the promises I trust;
 In the cleansing blood confide;
 I am prostrate in the dust;
 I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes, He fills my soul!
 Perfected in love I am;
 I am ev'ry whit made whole;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!



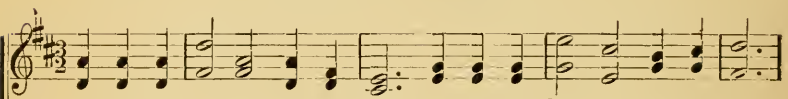
1. Si - lent - ly the shades of ev - 'ning Gath-er 'round my low - ly door;
2. Oh, the lost, the un-for-got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
4. How such ho - ly mem-'ries clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past;



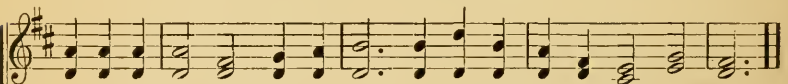
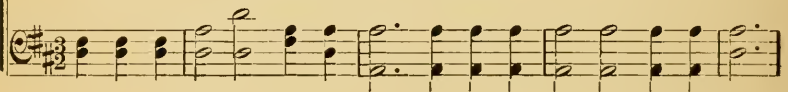
Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me,	Fac - es I shall see no more.
Oh, the shroud-ed and the lone - ly!	In our hearts they per - ish not;
They, un-linked with earth-ly troub - le;	We, still hop - ing for its end.
Point-ing up to that far ha - ven	We may hope to gain at last.



Asleep in Jesus.

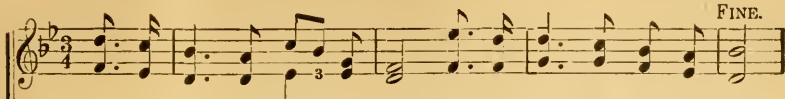


1. As-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
2. As-sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. As-sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose wak-ing is su-preme-ly blest:

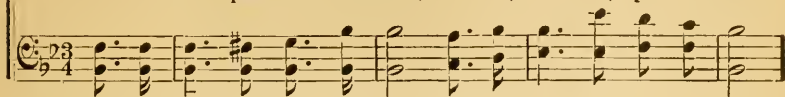


A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing That death has lost his venom'd sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Sav-ior's pow'r.





1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.



Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;



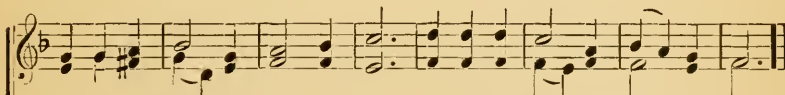
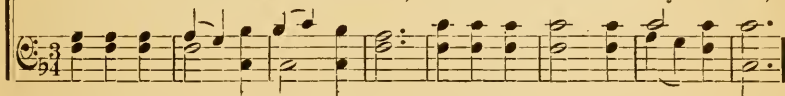
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Chart and compass came from Thee;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Sun of My Soul.

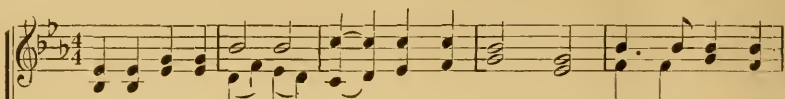


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,



O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't: How sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast!
Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose our-selves in heav'n a - bove!

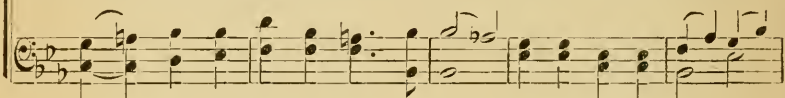




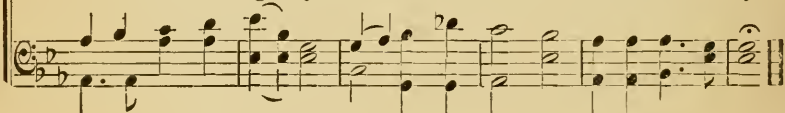
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera-phim
 praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,



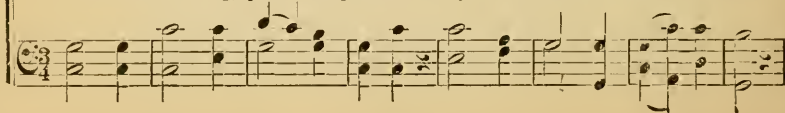
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!



In The Cross.

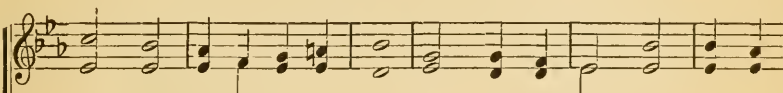
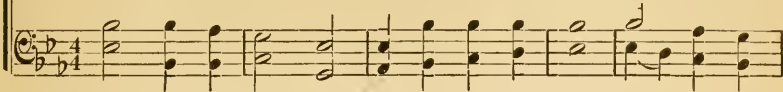


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

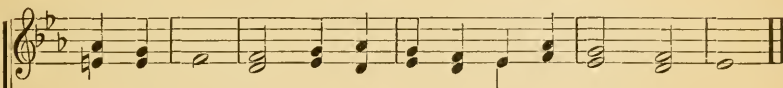
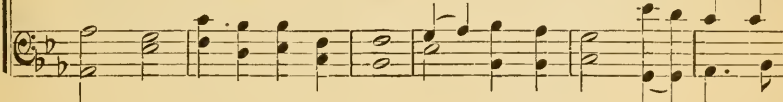




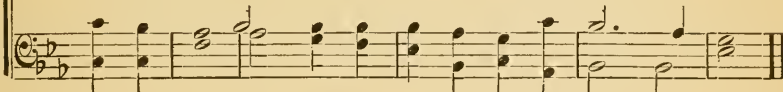
1. A - bid with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the



deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers fail, and
 dim, its glor - ies pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a-
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain



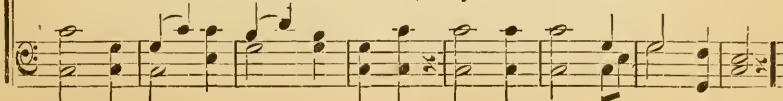
com-forts flee; Help of the help-less, O a - bid with me!
 round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bid with me!
 shad-ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!



In the Cross.



All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bid.



GEORGE HEATH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;
 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

FINE.

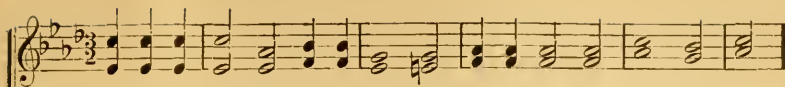
1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, }
 { Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }
 D. C. - Whis - pering soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Wea - ry souls, for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear:
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."



1. Ye Christian her-alds, go, pro-claim Sal - va-tion in Im - man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With ho - ly zeal your hearts in - spire;
3. And when our la - bors are all o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—



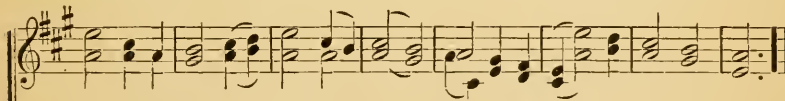
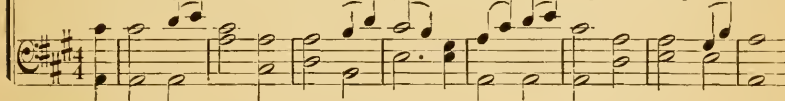
To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar-on there.
 Bid ra-ging winds their fu-ry cease, And calm the savage breast to peace.
 Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown the Savior Lord of all.



Battle Hymn of Missions.



1. E - ter - nal Fa-ther, Thou hast said, That Christ all glo - ry shall ob-tain;
2. We wait Thy tri-umph, Sav - ior, King; Long a - ges have pre-pared the way;
3. Thy hosts are mustered to the field; "The Cross! the Cross!" the battle call;
4. On mountain tops the watch-fires glow, Where scattered wide the watchmen stand;
5. Oh, fill Thy Church with faith and pow'r, Bid her long night of weep-ing cease;



That He who once a suf-f'rer bled Shall o'er the world a con-qu'ror reign.
 Now all a-broad Thy ban - ner fling, Set time's great bat-tle in ar - ray.
 The old grim tow'rs of dark-ness yield And soon shall tot-ter to their fall.
 Voice ech-oes voice, and on - ward flow The joy-ous shouts from land to land.
 To groan-ing na - tions haste the hour Of life and free-dom, light and peace.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 oft - en for each oth - er flows, The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

Come, Thou Fount.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou fount of ev - ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }
 D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;

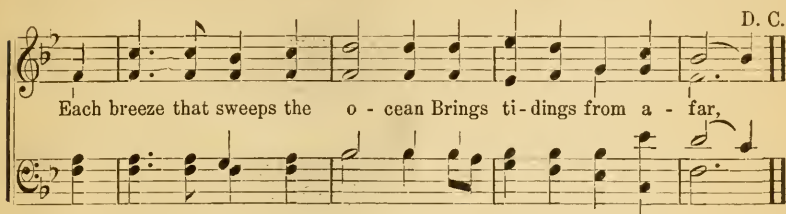
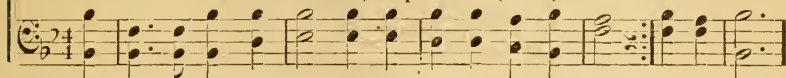
D. C.

2. Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home;
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love,
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.



1. { The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis- ap-pears, }
 { The sons of earth are wak - ing; To pen - i- (Omit.) } ten-tial tears;
 D. C.—Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Prepared for (Omit.) Zi - on's war.

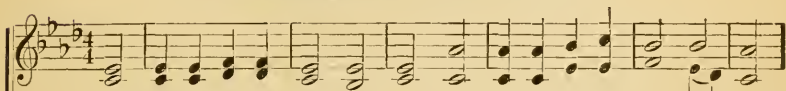


Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far,

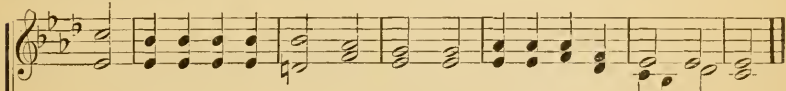
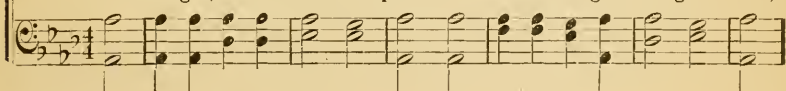
2. See heathen nations bending,
 Before the God of love,
 And thousand hearts ascending,
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel's call obey,
 And seek a Savior's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3. Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay;
 Stay not till all the lowly,
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

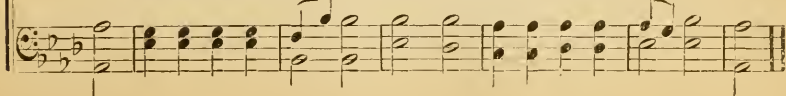
'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's.

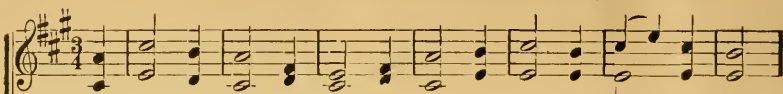


1. 'Tis midnight, and on Ol-ive's brow, The star is dimmed that lately shone;
 2. 'Tis midnight, and from all re - moved, The Sav-ior wrestles lone with fears;
 3. 'Tis midnight, and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
 4. 'Tis midnight, and from oth - er plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;

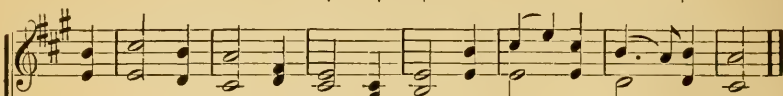


'Tis mid-night, in the gar - den now, The suff'ring Sav-ior prays a - love.
 E'en that dis-ci-ple whom He loved Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
 Yet, He that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for-sak - en by His God.
 Un - heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

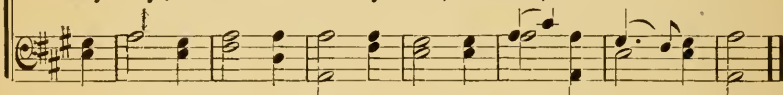




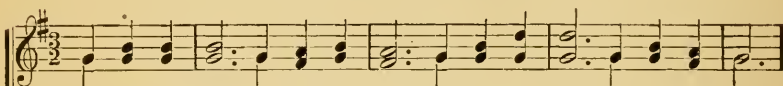
1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne—
3. Oh, for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Con-fid-ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev-'ry tho't re-newed, And full of love di-vine,
5. Thy Spir-it, gra-cious Lord, im-part; Di-rect me from a-bove;



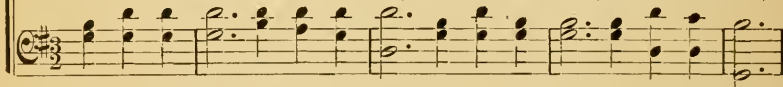
A heart that al-ways feels the blood So free-ly shed for me.
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone!
 Which nei-ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in.
 Per-fect and right, and pure and good, A cop-y, Lord, of Thine!
 May Thy dear name be near my heart, That dear, best name of Love.



My Heavenly Home.



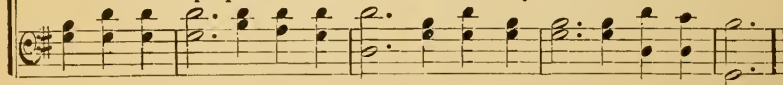
1. My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair, Nor pain nor death can enter there;
2. My Fa-thers house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky;
3. Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, Which flames devour, or waves o'er-flow;



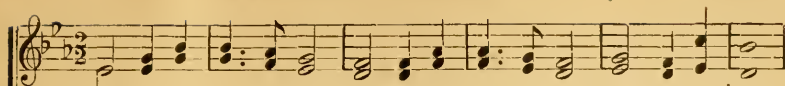
CHO.—I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!



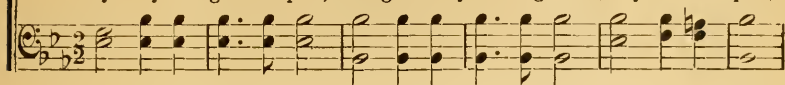
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine, That heav'n-ly man-sion shall be mine.
 When from this earth-ly pris-on free, That heav'n-ly man-sion mine shall be.
 Be mine a hap-pier lot to own A heav'n-ly man-sion near the throne.



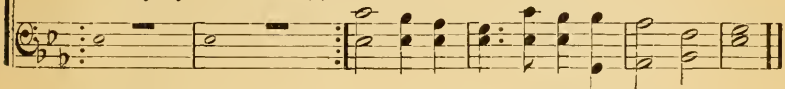
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart, Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire;



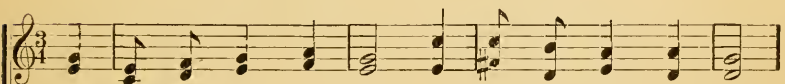
- { Now hear me while I pray, } Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 { Take all my guilt a-way, }
 { As Thou hast died for me, } Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
 { Oh, may my love to Thee, }



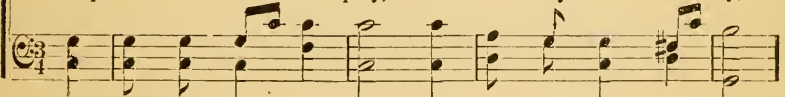
3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

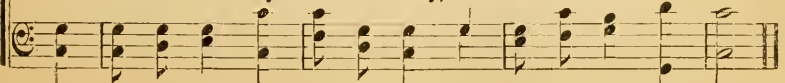
A Charge to Keep I Have.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,



- A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 Oh, may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do may Mas - ter's will.
 And oh, Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give.
 As - sured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.



FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the temp - est still is high; }
 D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last;

D. C.

Hide me, Oh, my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

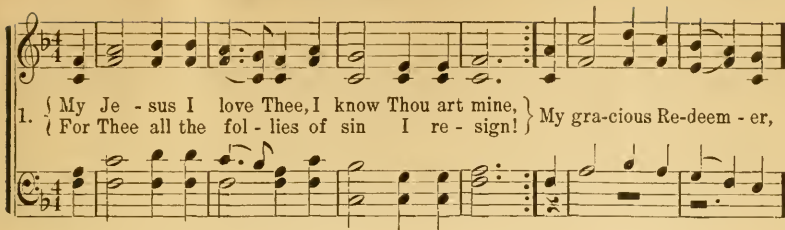
2. Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind;
 Just and holy is Thy name:
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

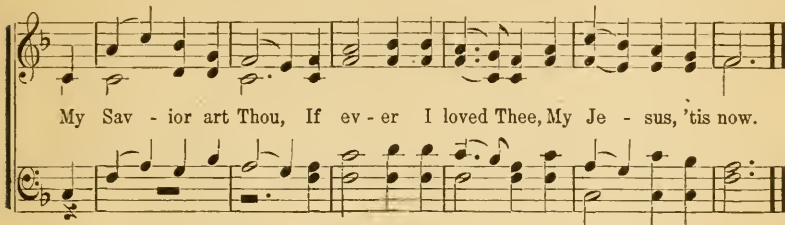
Thus Far the Lord.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days,
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per - haps, am near my home;
 3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;

And ev - 'ry ev'n - ing shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial of His grace.
 But He for - gives my fol - lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
 While well - ap - point - ed an - gels keep Their watchful sta - tions round my bed.



1. { My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, } My gra-cious Re-deem - er,
 { For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign! }

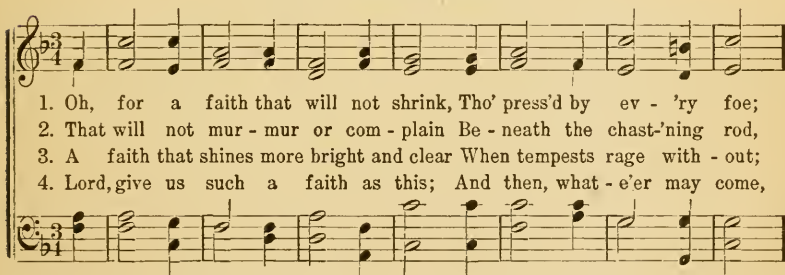


My Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

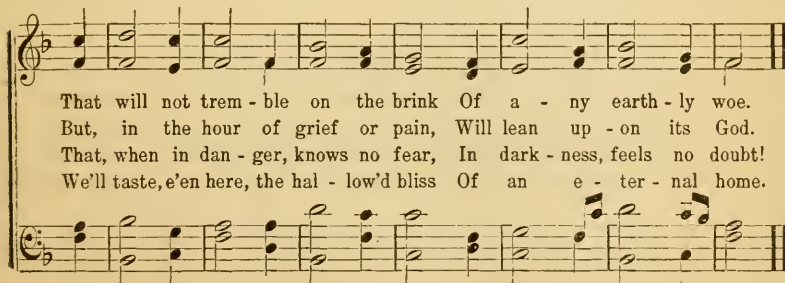
2. I love Thee, because Thou
 Hast first loved me,
 And purchased my pardon
 On Calvary's tree;
 I love Thee for wearing
 The thorns on Thy brow;
 If ever I loved Thee,
 My Jesus, 'tis now.

3. In mansions of glory
 And endless delight,
 I'll ever adore Thee
 In heaven so bright;
 I'll sing with the glittering
 Crown on my brow;
 If ever I loved Thee,
 My Jesus, 'tis now.

Oh, For a Faith.



1. Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev - 'ry foe;
 2. That will not mur - mur or com - plain Be - neath the chast - ning rod,
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with - out;
 4. Lord, give us such a faith as this; And then, what - e'er may come,



That will not trem - ble on the brink Of a - ny earth - ly woe.
 But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God.
 That, when in dan - ger, knows no fear, In dark - ness, feels no doubt!
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hal - low'd bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

FINE.

1. { A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die? }
 { Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? }
 2. { Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree? }
 { A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree! }
 3. { Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, }
 { When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the crea-ture's sin. }

D. C.—Yes, Je - sus died for all man-kind; Bless God, Sal - va - tion's free.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me;

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away—
 'Tis all that I can do.

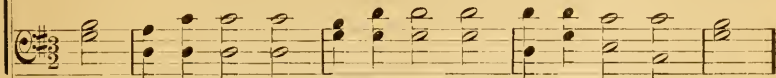
Father, Whate'er Of Earthly

1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-'reign will de - nies,
 2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - ry mur - mur free;
 3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine, My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
 The bless-ings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee;
 Thy pres-ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end;



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sov'-reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe?



CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je - sus died for me;

Repeat for Chorus.



Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y, grace un-known, And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.



And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

Salvation! Oh, the Joyful



1. Sal - va - tion! Oh, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears;
2. Bur-ied in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
3. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round,



A sov - 'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
But we a - rise, by grace di - vine, To see a heav'n - ly day.
While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.



CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With ma - ny a con - flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, relieve;
 6. Just as I am, Thy love un - known Hath brok - en ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight - ings with - in, and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Must Jesus Bear the Cross.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
 4. Oh, pre - cious cross! oh, glo - rious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!

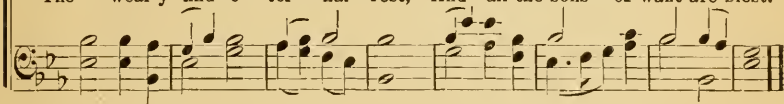
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
 Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;
2. For Him shall end-less pray'r be made, And prais-es throng to crown His head;
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love, with sweetest song;
4. Bless-ings a-bound wher-e'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to loose his chains:



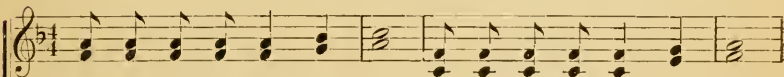
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet per-fume, shall rise With ev-'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in-fant voic-es shall pro - claim Their ear-ly bless - ings on His name.
The wear-y find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.



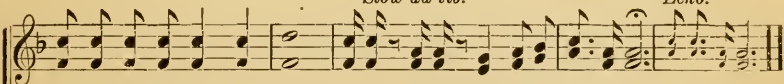
Death and Eternity.

C. H. G.

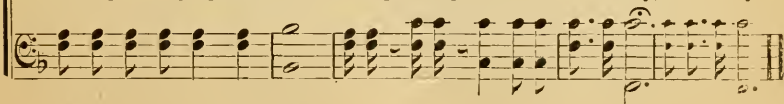
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Com - ing with the morn - ing light, Com - ing when the day is bright,
2. Com - ing to the young and proud, Com - ing to the gray head bow'd,
3. Com - ing with un - hin - dered sway, Com - ing ev - 'ry fleet - ing day,
4. Com - ing to the sin - ful one, Com - ing when our life is done,

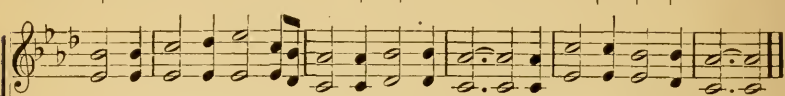
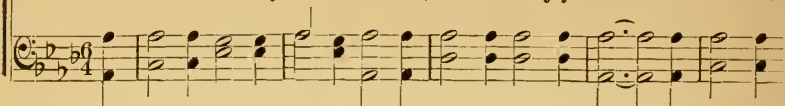

Slow ad lib.
Echo.


Com - ing in the si - lent night, Coming, coming, death and e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty.
Coming with a snow white-shroud, Coming, coming, death and e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty.
Coming with the shad-ows gray, Coming, coming, death and e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty.
Gath'ring to the judgment throne, Coming, coming, death and e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty.

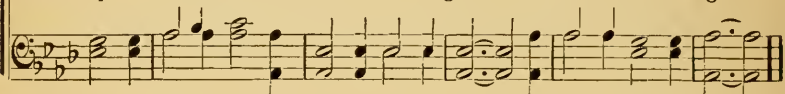




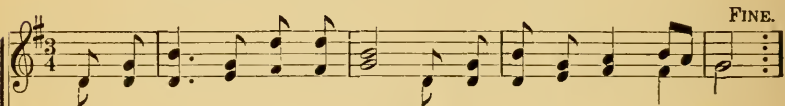
1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Savior's brow; His head with
 2. No mor-tal can with Him compare Among the sons of men; Fair - er is
 3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me



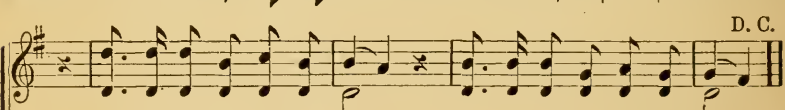
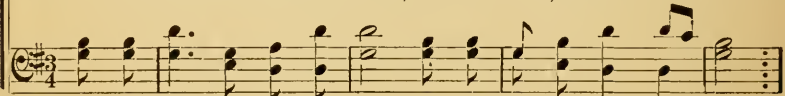
radiant glories crowned His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 He than all the fair Who fill the heav'n-ly train, Who fill the heav'n-ly train,
 bore the shame-ful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
 triu - mph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.



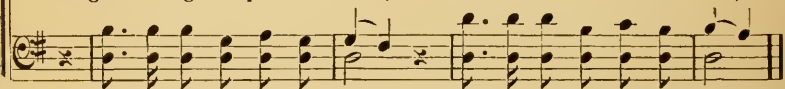
Hasten, Lord, the Glorious



1. { Hast - en, Lord, the glo-rious time, When, be-neath Mes - si - ah's sway }
 { Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gos-pel call o - bey; }
 D. C. - Sa - tan and his hosts o'er-thrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

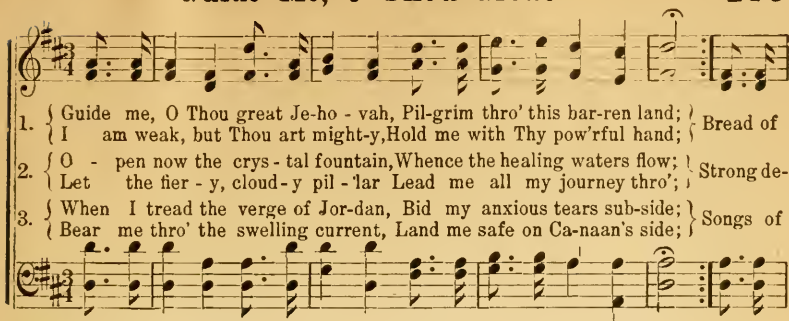


Mightiest kings His pow'r shall own, Heathen tribes His name a - dore;

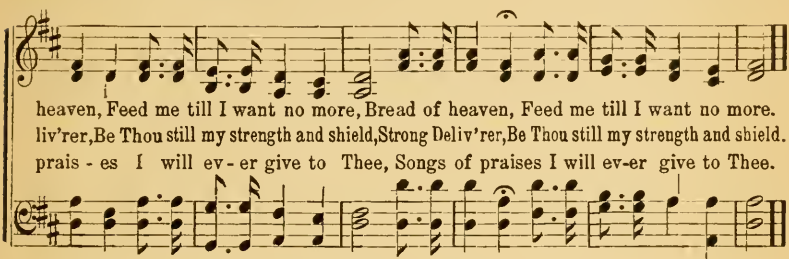


2. Then shall wars and tumults cease,
 Then be banished grief and pain;
 Righteousness, and joy and peace,
 Undisturbed shall ever reign.

Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
 Ever praise His glorious name;
 All His mighty acts record,
 All His wondrous love proclaim.

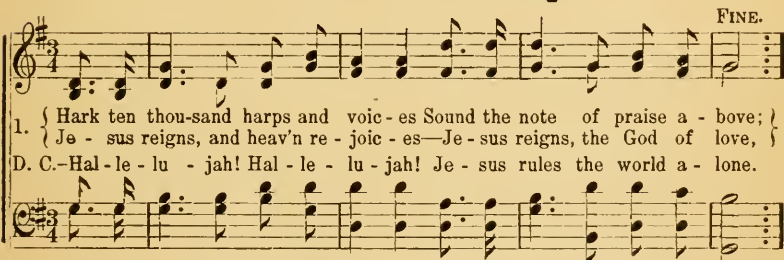


1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land; } Bread of
 { I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand; }
 2. { O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow; } Strong de-
 { Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my journey thro'; }
 3. { When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious tears sub-side; } Songs of
 { Bear me thro' the swelling current, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side; }

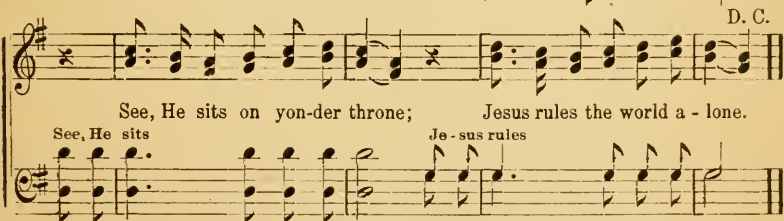


heaven, Feed me till I want no more, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
 liv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield, Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee, Songs of praises I will ev - er give to Thee.

Hark! Ten Thousand Harps



1. { Hark ten thou-sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove; }
 { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es—Je - sus reigns, the God of love, }
 D. C.—Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.



See, He sits on yon-der throne; Jesus rules the world a - lone.
 See, He sits Je - sus rules

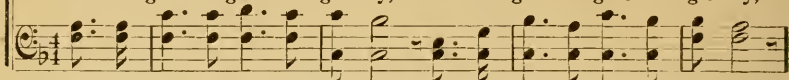
2 King of glory, reign forever,
 Thine an everlasting crown:
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Savior, hasten Thine appearing;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away:
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King!"
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Glory, glory to our King.

The Way of the Cross.



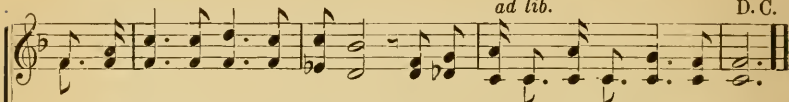
1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,



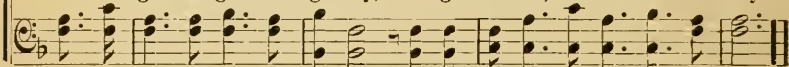
D. C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

ad lib.

D. C.



I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing: "Take thy cross, and fol-low, fol-low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

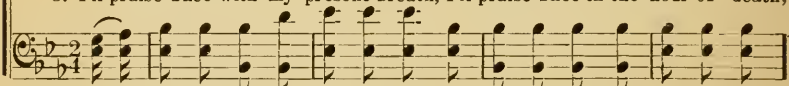


Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

This Note Shall Swell.



1. I'll praise Thee, Savior, Prince of Peace, In songs of praise that ne'er shall cease;
 2. I'll praise Thee for the crim-son flood, For cleansing in Thy pre-cious blood;
 3. I'll praise Thee when 'tis dark and drear; 'Mid sorrow's frowns I will not fear;
 4. I'll praise Thee in a loft-y strain, I'll praise Thee in a sweet re-frain;
 5. I'll praise Thee with my present breath, I'll praise Thee in the hour of death;



CHO.—And a-bove the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,

D. C. Chorus.



'Til time, and life, and tho't en-dure, I'll praise Thee, Sav-ior, ev-er-more.
 I'll praise Thee for Thy Spir-it's pow'r, That fills and keeps me ev-'ry hour.
 In dark-est night I'll raise my song, And roll the glorious strains a-long.
 I'll praise Thee more than tongue can tell, For Thou art do-ing all things well.
 I'll praise Thee as I mount a-bove, I'll praise Thee in the realms of love.



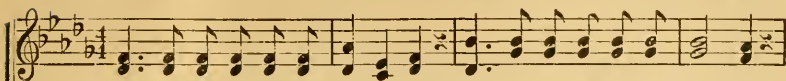
And a-bove the rest this note shall swell, My Je-sus hath done all things well.

God Be With You.

221

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.



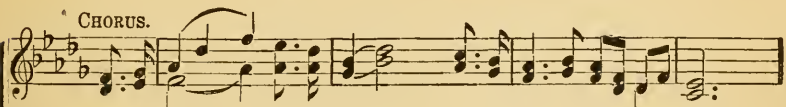
1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,



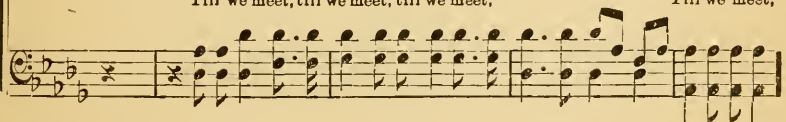
With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put His arms un - fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning waue before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



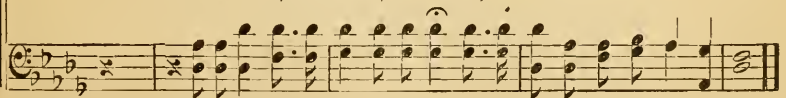
CHORUS.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,



Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,



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